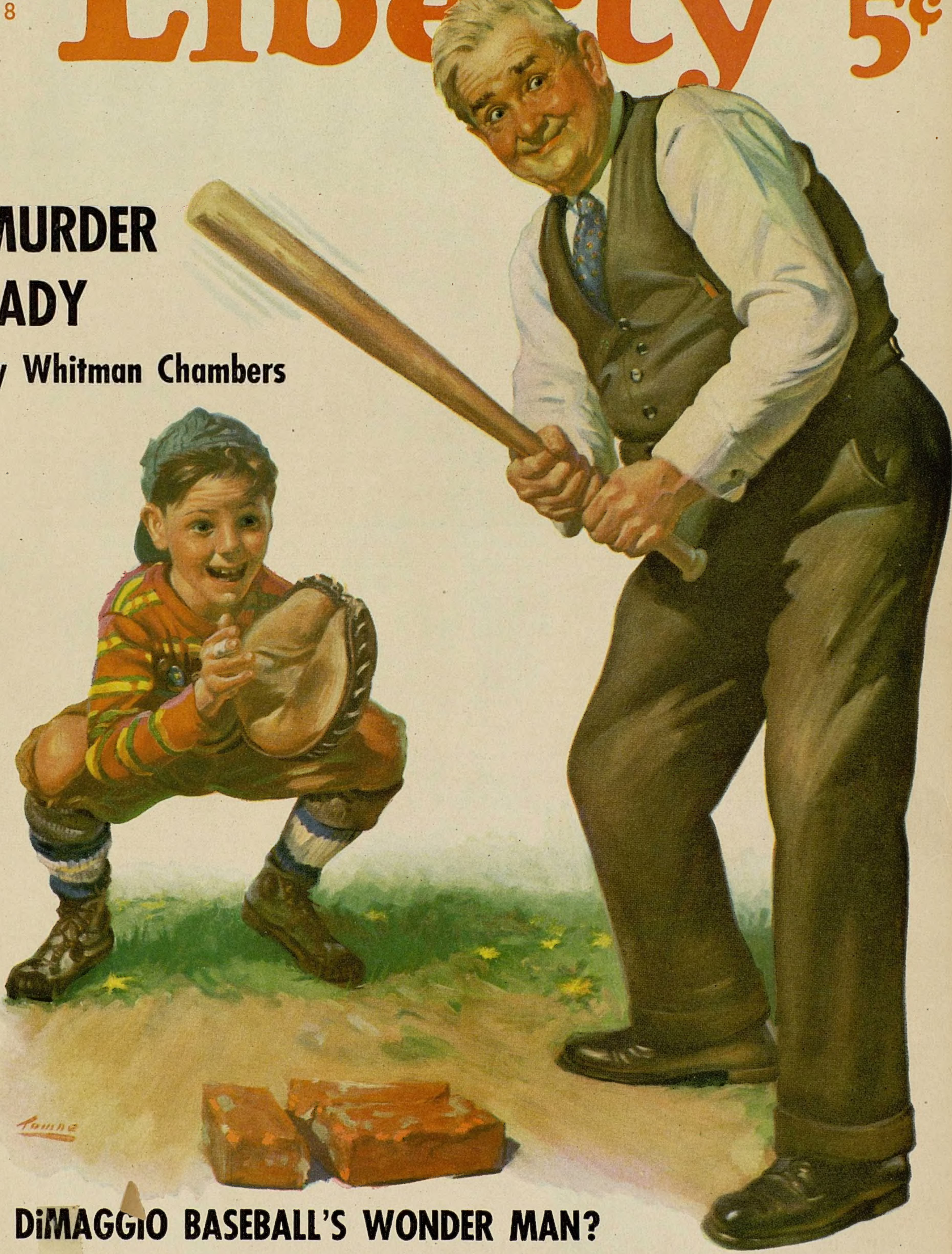
## WHAT I THINK OF ROBERT TAYLOR by Clark Gable

APR. 16,
1938

# ★ Liberty

5¢

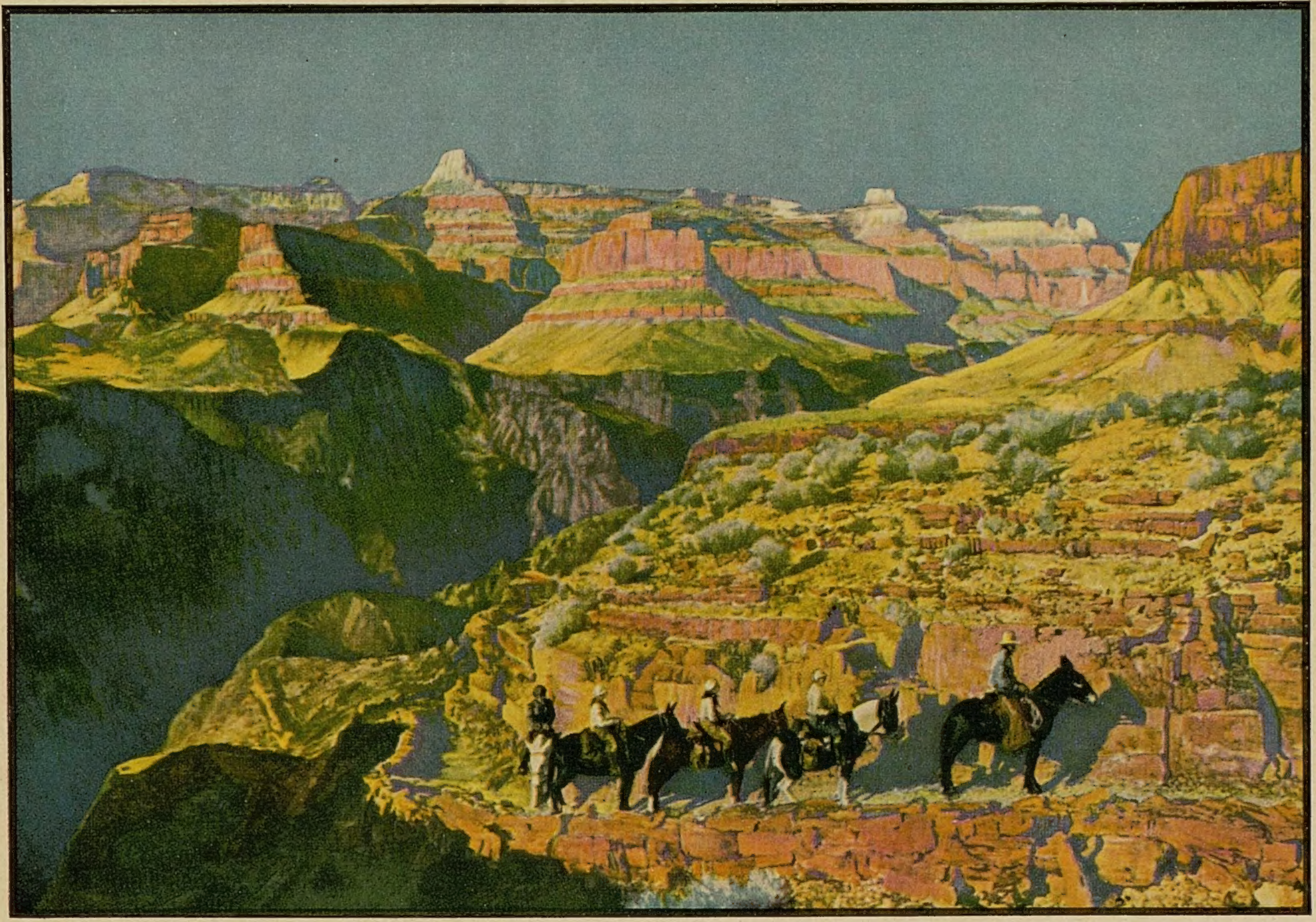


## MURDER LADY

by Whitman Chambers

## IS DiMAGGIO BASEBALL'S WONDER MAN?

## THE NEW FACE OF LIBERALISM by H. G. Wells



GRAND CANYON FROM THE SOUTH RIM

# PAINTED BY OUR PARTNER . . MOTHER NATURE

Perhaps we do Mother Nature an injustice when we say she is our partner. It is nearer the truth to say she is the head of the firm.

Nature, you see, actually makes BUDWEISER . . . every golden drop of it. She is the one who produces the exquisite barley, pearly rice and aromatic hops for which we pay the farmer premium prices. She is the expert that sprouts the barley, seasons the malt and mellows the brew with slow fermentation and thorough aging.

All we can do is create conditions under which Nature works best. We give to our silent partner every facility and all of the skill that the rich experience of three generations can provide—and she gives you BUDWEISER.

*Mother Nature works her wonders leisurely. Why not follow her example and, as we journey through life, take time to live by the way? Into this scheme for good living* BUDWEISER *fits superbly . . because it inspires good fellowship and kindly thoughts.*

Budweiser
BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
Budweiser
Lager Beer

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

**Budweiser**

EVERYWHERE

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

# Try the treatment that works

# LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

## *Keeps hair good-looking—scalp youthful and healthy*

**DON'T TAKE CHANCES**

Don't treat dandruff with unproved remedies. Play safe. Use Listerine—the same antiseptic which was used in the reported laboratory tests.

**WITH LISTERINE, DANDRUFF GONE IN 30 DAYS**

In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine twice a day, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff in a month.

***Listerine attacks the* Cause *of dandruff, not merely its* Symptoms. *In a New Jersey clinic, 76% of patients got quick relief. Thousands hail the successful results of Listerine Antiseptic.***

If your hair is dull and lifeless . . . If your scalp lacks tone and vigor, itches and burns . . . If dandruff bothers you temporarily or chronically . . .

Start right now with the delightful Listerine treatment—the only treatment, so far as we know, backed by clinical evidence *that dandruff can be cured.*

Tomorrow, your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier.

Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic.

Nothing complicated about this proved treatment. Just douse Listerine on the scalp and accompany it with vigorous massage by the fingertips. Do this once or twice a day, and keep it up systematically. Remember, dandruff is a germ infection and requires persistent treatment.

The moment Listerine goes on the scalp it bathes each hair in an antiseptic bath. Next it reaches deep down into the hair follicles and kills Pityrosporum ovale, the queer, bottle-shaped germ which causes dandruff. Freed from this parasite, the follicle, the hair that penetrates it, and the scalp outside of it return to normal, gaining new vigor and health. At the same time, Listerine permits healing of any irritation which may be present.

Once you try Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff, you will echo what thousands are saying: "The surest, most delightful remedy ever."

To help us check how many people read this ad, we will send a regular 25¢ can of Listerine Tooth Powder upon receipt of 10¢ in coin to cover cost of handling and mailing. Offer good in U. S. A. only. Address Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 604, St. Louis, Missouri.

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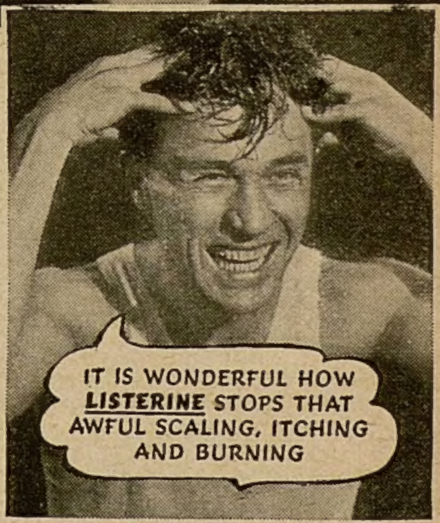
### DO OTHERS OFFER PROOF?

Before you invest a single penny in any remedy claiming to relieve dandruff, ask yourself: Has it been subjected to authentic research by competent authorities? Are its claims backed by ample clinical and laboratory proof? So far as we know, only Listerine offers such proof. On its scientific record alone, it stands forth as the truly effective treatment for dandruff.


IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

WOMEN SAY THE BEST WAY TO APPLY LISTERINE IS BY MEDICINE DROPPER APPLIED TO THE PART IN THE HAIR

APRIL 16, 1938

# Liberty

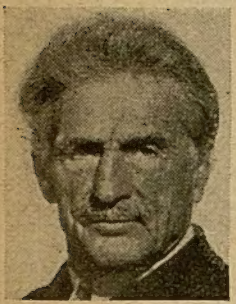
VOL. 15, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

# WILL HUMAN GREED AND SELFISHNESS DESTROY CIVILIZATION?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

It is a strange twist of human nature that the more we are favored, the more we crave, and the less we appreciate what we receive.

That grim law that brings about the survival of the fittest can be applied to nations as well as to individuals. Nations seem to have their birth, growth, ultimate maturity, and final death just the same as individuals.

Man power, patriotism, loyalty are the factors that build national power.

Hitler and Mussolini have given the building of man and woman power every possible consideration. We have neglected this important responsibility. Not only has it been ignored but we have allowed devitalizing forces to enter into the lives of our people with little or no protest.

Greed for power . . . national expansion is the danger that threatens the entire world, and those who crave national power through conquest are never satisfied.

Napoleon's greed for more and more and still more was the cause of his downfall.

And are we to be swept into the vortex of this inhuman world conflict?

The brutalities of savagery have often made us recoil with horror; but modern war, from recent descriptions, is apparently savagery on a wholesale scale. When we think of the possibility of being forced into such a caldron of hate and horror, it is indeed a cause for anxiety. Unless we can find a binding force that will harmonize opposing forces in our own country . . . unless we can make selfish groups who are fighting each other realize the necessity of unity in action . . . as a great nation we may be headed for the scrap heap.

Not so many years ago capital was in the heydey of its power and labor was enslaved, although in recent years great executives have realized that it would be profitable for them to interest themselves in the health and happiness of their workers, and year by year the status of labor has greatly improved. But the depression naturally brought severe suffering to many workers, and with the support of the present administration, labor has taken the "bit in its teeth." Some labor leaders have tried to make capital the "goat." But these two mighty forces have the same objective. Labor wants more wages and a better status of living. Capital wants more profit to expand its business to give workers more jobs, and neither labor nor capital can work without each other.

These two mighty forces upon which our civilization is erected should recognize that together they will stand, a mighty, invincible force, but in fighting each other they will fall. Their mutual salvation depends upon unity, harmony, the elimination of undue greed and selfishness on either side, and, furthermore, the recognition of the need at times for sacrifices on both sides.

We have enjoyed a greater freedom than has ever been given a civilized people, but with the greed for power and more power that now threatens to destroy European civilization, the more thoroughly we prepare to meet the emergencies that we may have to face, the less likely we are to be thrust into this Gorgon horror of wholesale murder.

We could make our nation invincible. We could have a commanding force in the air which would protect our shores. We could build a navy that would command the respect of every nation. If it had the appropriate strength, other nations would not dare to attack any of our possessions. We should have an armament on land and sea and air that would be feared by every war-glorifying nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

**ATTENTION!!!**

Be sure to hear Bernarr Macfadden on the Good News of 1938 radio program Thursday evening, April 14, on the N. B. C. coast-to-coast Red network at 9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Mr. Macfadden will appear on this famous hour featuring Hollywood's greatest film stars, to award the Photoplay medal for the best motion picture of the past year chosen in a nationwide readers' poll. Consult your local paper for station.

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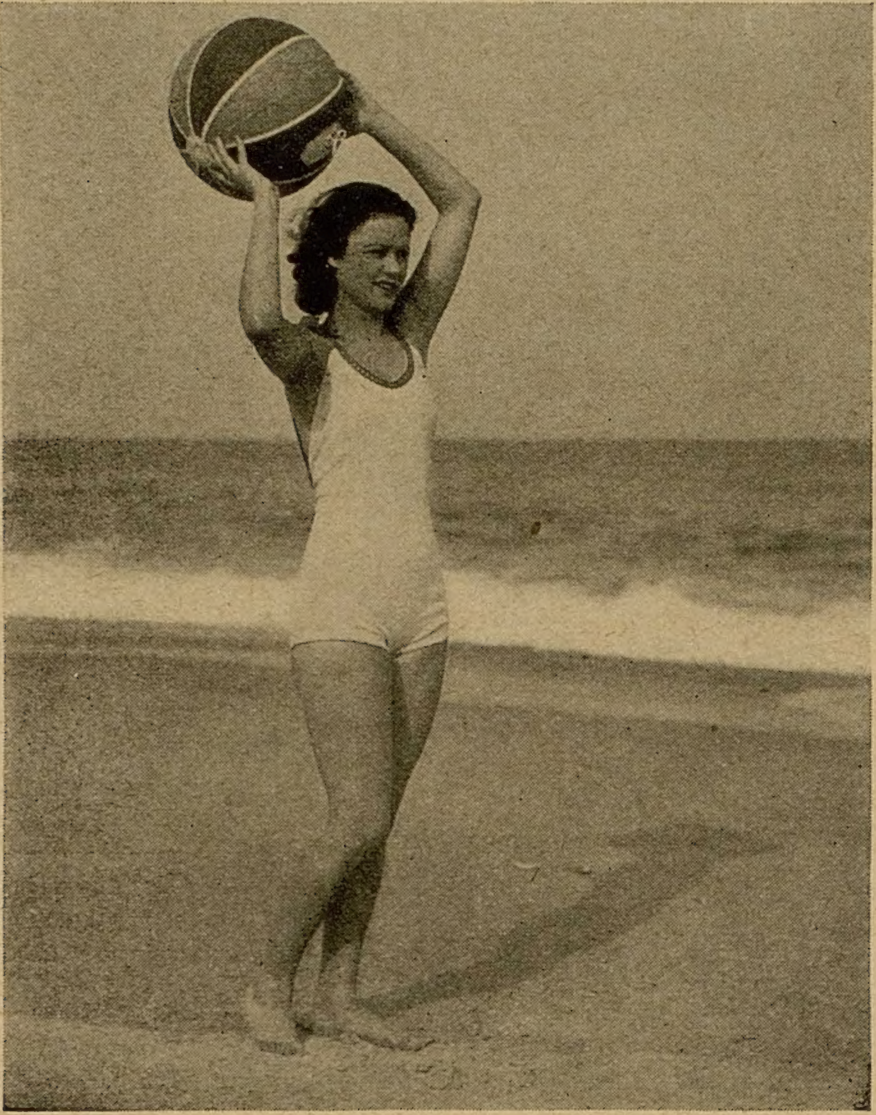
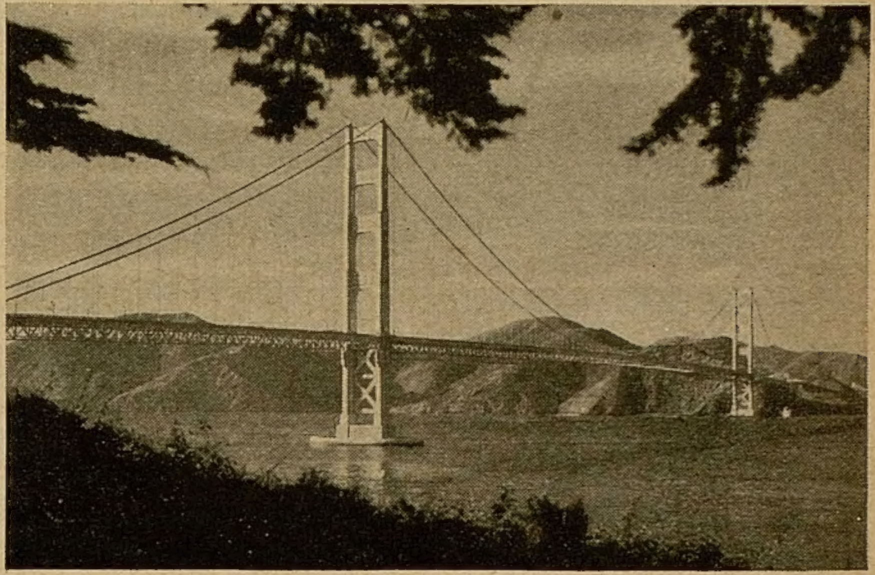
# 100,000 MILES FREE VACATION TRAVEL!

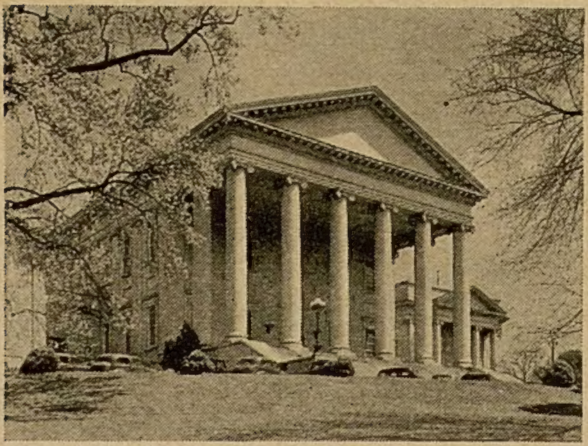


Wrightsville Beach. North Carolina Dept. of Conservation photo.

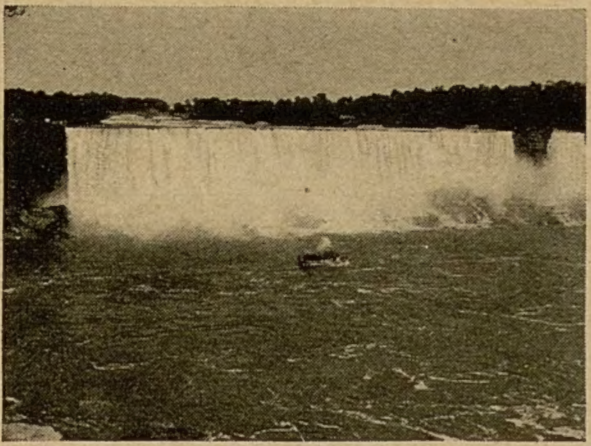
YOU can still get into this informative game and win transportation to the vacation land of your dreams ! Your chance is still excellent. Begin by unscrambling the jumbles on Coupon 4 on this page. That will put you well on your way toward the prize mileage. The rules explain exactly how to win. Read them carefully. Then fill in the coupon. To help you get started, if this is your first attempt to play, here is an example: The letters YONLOWTESEL in a jumble could be rearranged into YELLOWSTONE, a famous vacation destination. Each jumble can be solved similarly into a vacation name. If you need the first three coupons, you can obtain reprints by writing to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When they are received you can work out your solutions and be even with the field. Here is a correction on Coupon 3: The fourth jumble should read DONBENTAR.



Golden Gate Bridge. All-Year Club of Southern California photo.



State Capitol, Richmond. Virginia Con. Comm. photo.



Niagara Falls. New York State Bureau of Publicity photo.

Lake Kezar. Maine Development Commission photo.

## FOLLOW THESE RULES TO WIN !

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining " Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

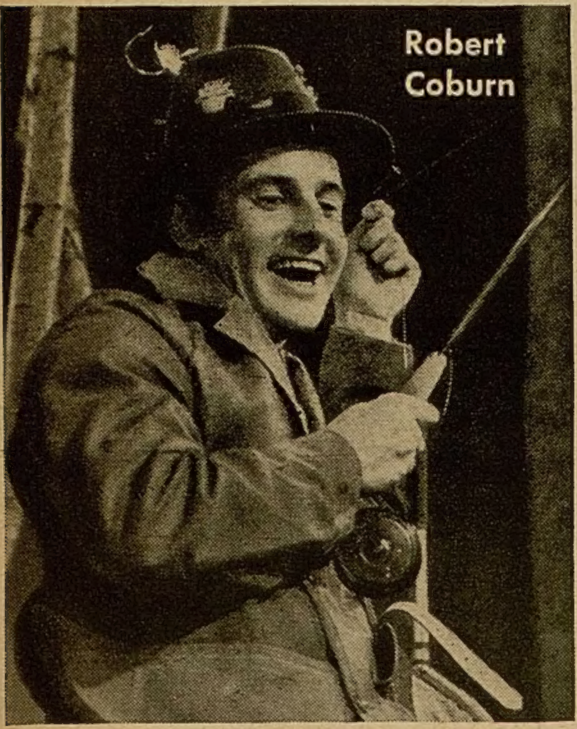
7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

## No. 4...USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. ADESANAP..........
2. HOSEOMADE..........
3. ARATAGOS..........
4. TOTRORTEBI..........
5. STONOPATHUM..........
6. KORCYWETYIN..........
7. CABACYOS..........
8. ROREGUREVI..........
9. AUTUQUCAHA..........
10. SURGPETTERBS..........

# WAKE UP AND LIVE



Robert Coburn

## Going strong

"In college, back in 1932, I was up to my neck in athletics, besides carrying a full schedule of classes. Result was I got sluggish and irregular. The athletic coach told me what I needed was Fleischmann's Yeast, pronto. So I began eating 3 cakes a day.

"It certainly was the goods. My elimination became regular again, the heavy feeling disappeared. I'm sold on Fleischmann's Yeast—still eat it, to keep in shape for my job."—*Robert Coburn*

**There's an important message for you in each one of these real-life experiences.**

**Read how these four people have found a way to New Energy and Happier, More Interesting Lives**

Jean Davidson and friend

## Loads of Fun These Days

"After I went away to college last fall my skin suddenly broke out in awful spots on my forehead. I hated to go out, even to class. I sat down and wrote Mother I wanted to come home—but she didn't see it my way.

"A letter from my best friend reminded me of Fleischmann's Yeast. I remembered she'd cleared up pimples by eating it, and I went right out and bought some.

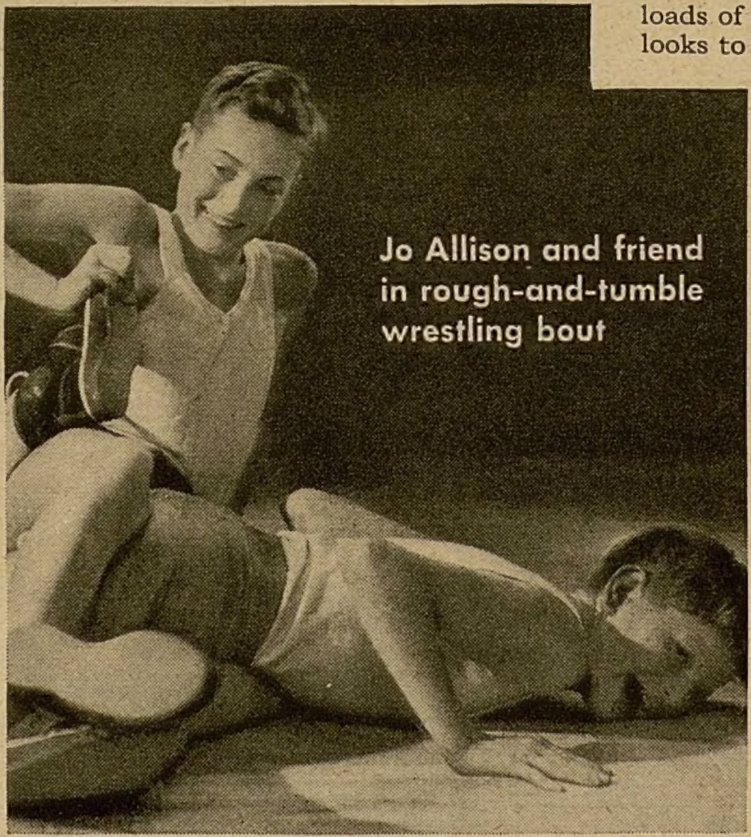
"That was late in September. By the middle of October my face was *definitely* improved and by the end of the month my skin was so good I could just forget it. Young people can have loads of fun these days. But girls just *have* to be sure of their looks to be happy, I think."—*Jean Davidson*

## Good Times at School

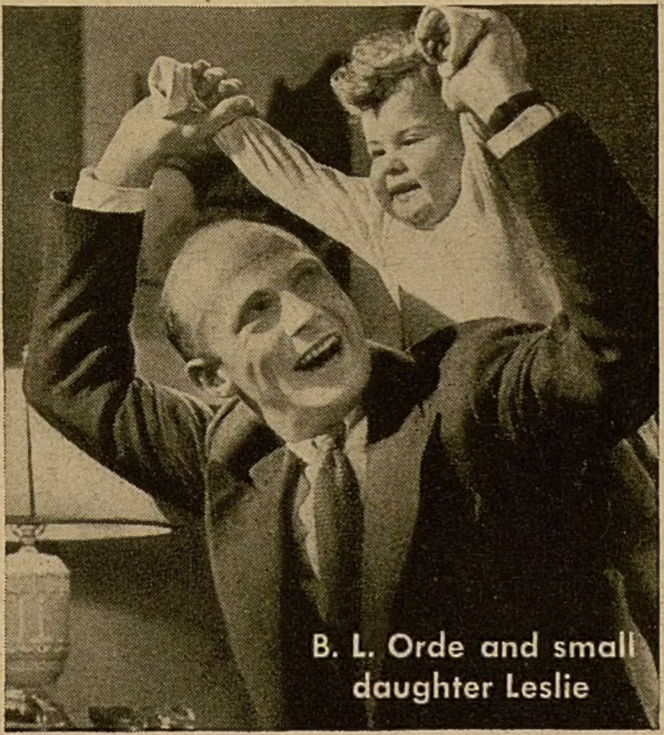
"Last spring, my face got looking sort of red and bumpy. I tried cutting out sweets. But that didn't seem to help. Then one day Mother brought home some Fleischmann's Yeast and I started eating it.

"After about two weeks I felt just *swell.* And then my skin began to look better. I kept right on eating yeast—and I was just fine when school started this fall.

"Now I'm having lots of fun. I'm surely glad Fleischmann's Yeast helped to clear up my skin so that I look all right again."
*Jo Allison Humes*



Jo Allison and friend in rough-and-tumble wrestling bout



B. L. Orde and small daughter Leslie

**IT IS the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* in each cake that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.**

**These microscopic yeast plants help stimulate and increase the flow of gastric juices in the stomach. Your entire system is kept cleaner, healthier and more active. Skin troubles begin to clear up—your bowels to become regular, that pepless feeling to go.**

**Each cake of this fresh food is fortified with 4 vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. 3 cakes a day, together with your meals, give you *all* of these vitamins you need.**

**Start to eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before *each* meal.**

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

## Enjoying Life Once More

"A few months ago, I started in on a new job. I was anxious to make good and didn't realize how hard I was driving myself. Result was I got pulled down, felt nervous, and all in.

"I knew I'd have to do something to snap out of it quick. Eleven years ago, Fleischmann's Yeast had helped build me up after a bad siege of boils. So I decided I'd start in eating it *regularly* again.

"It gave me the pep it takes to put over my job, and I'm enjoying life once more."—*B. L. Orde*

BEGINNING

# MURDER LADY

## BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

Author of "13 Steps"

**A vivid, thrilling novel of human hearts caught in a desperate, tangled web of tragic mystery**

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

### PART ONE—DEATH TAKES A BRIDEGROOM

I SAT between those two dicks who had been my friends. They weren't my friends any more. Nobody can drop a friend faster than a cop when he reaches for his handcuffs. The air in the close hot room was rank with ether and disinfectant. In the operating room, on the other side of the closed door, I could hear instruments rattle on glass trays, and now and then the murmur of the surgeons' voices.

Sergeant Delaney said: "Hot in here," and then added, as though definitely excluding me: "Ain't it, Joe?"

Inspector Levine said: "Yeah." And after a moment: "How'd she look to you, Ed? Dying, wouldn't you say?"

I could feel Ed Delaney's hostile eyes boring into me. Though I never moved my gaze from the door of the operating room, I could see the bitter sneer on Ed Delaney's lips.

"Cinch," he said shortly. "She ain't got a chance. Slit prac'ally from ear to ear. The guys on the meat wagon said she'd lost a gallon o' blood before they scooped her up."

I could feel my stomach turn over and tie in a knot. I kept staring at that door, not daring to look down at the blood on my hands.

Waiting is hell sometimes. . . . Waiting . . . and thinking . . . thinking back to the night Laura Lane was married. . . .

STANDING there alone on the porch of the fine home Harry Hanneman had built for his bride, I was so completely sunk I could hardly see.

It had been pretty funny, that wedding. Funny, because all the time I had thought I could take it. All the time I had thought I could say:

"Nuts to you, Laura Lane! . . . Go ahead and marry the guy. Do you think I give a hoot?"

Well, fifteen minutes ago she'd married the guy. And here I was, feeling like somebody had kicked the cock-eyed world right out from under me.

*"Nuts to you, Laura Lane!"*

I kept saying it over and over to myself, but it didn't do any good. Nothing, not anything at all, I knew then, would *ever* do any good.

Back in the beautiful big living room the radio was blaring and everybody was talking and drinking Harry Hanneman's champagne. Everybody was getting drunk—except Laura, who could drink all night and never show it; and Harry, who never drank at all.

I stood there on the porch, looking out over the city and the lights of San Francisco across the bay, thinking what a sap I was to take it the hard way.

Could I blame Laura? Harry Hanneman was on his way to Congress. Harry Hanneman had a million dollars. And Harry Hanneman was a pretty swell guy—so long as no one gave him a Binet test.

"Darling!"

I didn't have to turn around. Who else in the world could say "Darling" and set my every nerve tingling?

I could feel her arm creeping around my waist.

"Darling, those were only words I spoke in there. They didn't mean anything to me."

Her voice, always throaty, could be heard a mile when she whispered.

"Shut up!" I hissed. "Do you want Harry to hear you? Words or not, you're married to him, you know."

"Not really. Not in my heart. You know that." She paused, and I could smell the fragrance of her hair, could feel her arm tighten. "Don't you, darling?"

"I don't know a thing—except that I'm sunk and pretty disgusted with you."

"Look at me!" she demanded impatiently.

I turned my head and glared at her. In the dim light of the porch, in *any* light, she was the loveliest woman I ever saw.

Her warm gray eyes probed mine for a long moment, and I felt my head begin to spin and my spine turn to water. Then she dropped her eyes, said softly:

"We'll be leaving for the airport in just a few minutes. But before I leave, Les, I want you to know"—her voice fell so low I could barely hear it— "I love you. I love *you,* darling, with all my heart."

Well, there it was. Insane. Married less than half an hour ago, and telling me she loved me.

SHE turned and came in front of me, and I felt her arms sliding up over my shoulder blades. I shut my eyes then, but it didn't do any good. Her face was just as near and clear, her full red lips just as tantalizing.

And then she raised herself on tiptoe.

"Please, darling, *please* believe me. I've always loved you. I always shall. Kiss me!"

Yes, it was all very queer. I had loved Laura Lane for five years, and had told her so at least once a week for four of them. And until this moment I had never kissed her.

"Laura," I said, "I'm quite sure I hate you. I've never known, never even imagined, anybody as utterly selfish and as utterly soulless as you are. What satisfaction can you get out of torturing me?"

"I don't mean to torture you, darling. I only want you to know I love you."

Well, you couldn't be near her, not that near, without getting a touch of that same sheer insanity. I opened my eyes. Her face was not six inches from mine. Her lips were moist and parted. Her wide-set eyes were starry.

"All right, if you love me," I said impetuously, "my car is right down there. Forget all this. We'll go. You and I alone. Laura, you know I want you. We'll go, you and I—to the end of the world!"

Sappy? Yes, I'd call it that—now. But it was different—then. It was the way she had with me, with every man, I think, who ever looked at her. Sex appeal is a shabby phrase. Magnetism smacks of the charlatan. It's too hard a thing, I guess, to put a handle to.

I drew her to me eagerly. I kissed her parted lips and felt her slim soft body tight against mine.

"Laura! Will you go away with me?" I pleaded.

*Give up a fine new husband, a million dollars, a career in Washington society? What a sap I am!*

Her soft lips moved on my lips as she murmured: "Darling, darling! If only I could!" And then, the words tumbling over one another: "I'll have to run now, sweet. I have to tell everybody good-by. They won't hold that plane, you know. Not even for Harry Hanneman. Kiss me. Kiss me hard, darling."

I kissed her. I held her tight enough to crush the life out of her. And then she was tearing away from me, running back into the living room, calling gaily:

"Harry! Harry! We'll have to hurry, darling."

She left me leaning there as limp as a wet dishrag.

AFTER they had gone, we went over to Hack Doyle's house, which was across the street and half a block up the road. Walking along in the dark, I looked back at the fine big house Harry Hanneman had built.

It looked sadly alone and out of place, for Piney Hill is not a high-class subdivision. There aren't many lawns on Piney Hill, though there are lots of flowers and dogs and children.

Harry Hanneman had built there to be near the half dozen newspaper people who lived in this small isolated section of the city. For Harry had been a reporter himself, until at twenty-five he had come into his inheritance. He had gone in for politics then, but he still considered himself a newspaperman, though all he had ever been in the five years on the Telegram was a cub reporter.

Hack Doyle, who was managing editor of the Times-Star, dragged out a quart of rye and stood it on the kitchen table. The women, Mimi Doyle and Alyce Campbell and June Taylor, had collected three bottles of beer and gone into the living room to post-mortem.

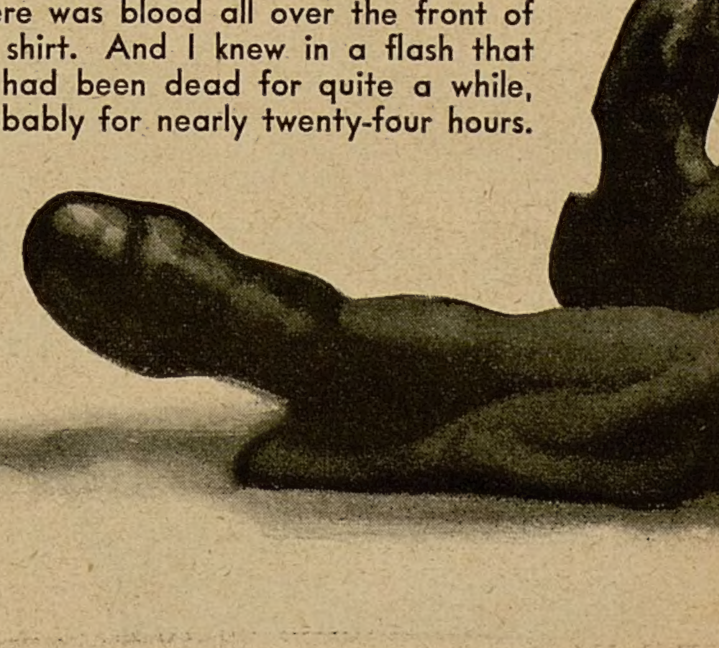
"I don't go for champagne myself," Hack said, uncorking the bottle. "It makes me melancholy, and I'm feeling bad enough about this wedding anyway. Say when."

"When," Red Campbell said. "Why should *you* feel bad about it?"

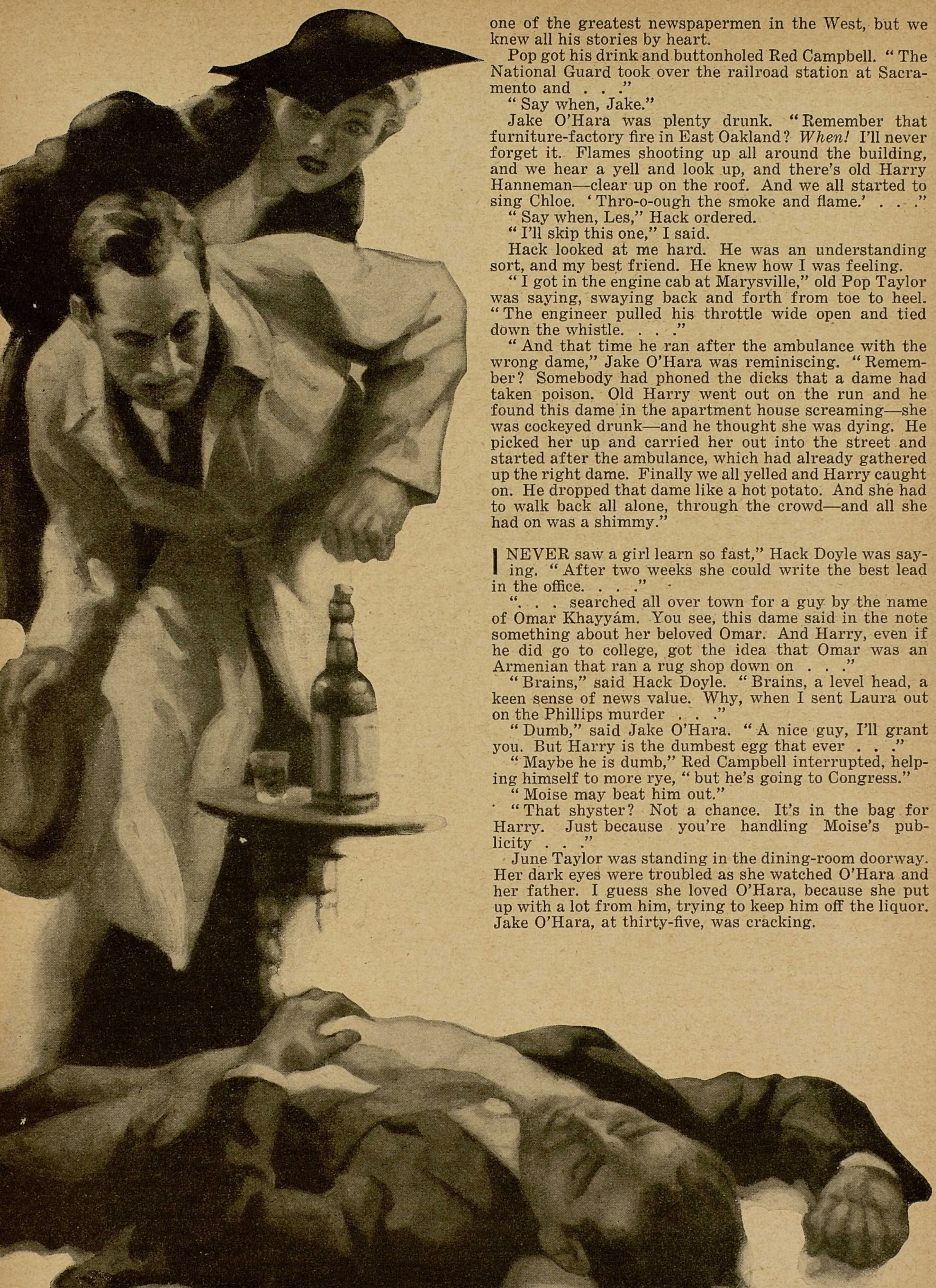
Red, who worked for Doyle, started to look at me, then caught himself and reached for his glass.

"Laura Lane," said Hack mournfully, "was my greatest achievement. Five years ago, at eighteen, she walked into my office, a green college freshman. At twenty she was writing her own column, and it was the best in the paper. Today she's syndicated in thirty-odd newspapers. At twenty-three. Tie that, Red. Say when, Pop."

Pop Taylor swayed over to the table, continuing his interminable story about covering the great railroad strike of '98. No one ever listened to Pop's stories. They were good and he was a nice old guy and he had once been



He looked almost peaceful lying there. There was blood all over the front of his shirt. And I knew in a flash that he had been dead for quite a while, probably for nearly twenty-four hours.



one of the greatest newspapermen in the West, but we knew all his stories by heart.

Pop got his drink and buttonholed Red Campbell. " The National Guard took over the railroad station at Sacramento and . . ."

" Say when, Jake."

Jake O'Hara was plenty drunk. " Remember that furniture-factory fire in East Oakland? *When!* I'll never forget it. Flames shooting up all around the building, and we hear a yell and look up, and there's old Harry Hanneman—clear up on the roof. And we all started to sing Chloe. ' Thro-o-ough the smoke and flame.' . . ."

" Say when, Les," Hack ordered.

" I'll skip this one," I said.

Hack looked at me hard. He was an understanding sort, and my best friend. He knew how I was feeling.

" I got in the engine cab at Marysville," old Pop Taylor was saying, swaying back and forth from toe to heel. " The engineer pulled his throttle wide open and tied down the whistle. . . ."

" And that time he ran after the ambulance with the wrong dame," Jake O'Hara was reminiscing. " Remember? Somebody had phoned the dicks that a dame had taken poison. Old Harry went out on the run and he found this dame in the apartment house screaming—she was cockeyed drunk—and he thought she was dying. He picked her up and carried her out into the street and started after the ambulance, which had already gathered up the right dame. Finally we all yelled and Harry caught on. He dropped that dame like a hot potato. And she had to walk back all alone, through the crowd—and all she had on was a shimmy."

I NEVER saw a girl learn so fast," Hack Doyle was saying. " After two weeks she could write the best lead in the office. . . ."

". . . searched all over town for a guy by the name of Omar Khayyám. You see, this dame said in the note something about her beloved Omar. And Harry, even if he did go to college, got the idea that Omar was an Armenian that ran a rug shop down on . . ."

" Brains," said Hack Doyle. " Brains, a level head, a keen sense of news value. Why, when I sent Laura out on the Phillips murder . . ."

" Dumb," said Jake O'Hara. " A nice guy, I'll grant you. But Harry is the dumbest egg that ever . . ."

" Maybe he is dumb," Red Campbell interrupted, helping himself to more rye, " but he's going to Congress."

" Moise may beat him out."

" That shyster? Not a chance. It's in the bag for Harry. Just because you're handling Moise's publicity . . ."

June Taylor was standing in the dining-room doorway. Her dark eyes were troubled as she watched O'Hara and her father. I guess she loved O'Hara, because she put up with a lot from him, trying to keep him off the liquor. Jake O'Hara, at thirty-five, was cracking.

June saw me watching her and smiled. I went over.

"They've all got a bad case of remembers," I said.

Mimi Doyle, who evidently heard me, called from the living room: "When all Les wants to do is forget. Come in here, Les. Maybe we can help you."

I didn't care to go in there and listen to Mimi and Alyce Campbell put Laura on the pan. I knew that's what they were doing, because it was their chief sport. I took June's arm and said:

"Let's get a breath of air."

"I ought to take dad home, Les."

"He's all right. He's doing fine. Come on."

"We ought to all go home. It's late and I have to work."

June had a fine position in the advertising department of a big dress shop. But she wasn't thinking of that. She was thinking of Jake O'Hara, with his first job in months. She was thinking, probably, that Jake's rent was overdue, and he needed a new suit, and owed everybody in town, and would never get another publicity account if he didn't make good on this one with Stacey Moise. Not pleasant thoughts—because Jake was washed up as a newspaperman.

"Come on," I said.

WE went out the side door, walked around the house and found a couple of chairs on the front porch. We sat there for quite a while, not saying anything.

From the living room I caught snatches of talk: "But, my dear, that hat! I know she's beautiful and could probably get by with a copper kettle, but . . ."

That would be Alyce Campbell sounding off. Alyce, who had delusions of grandeur and kept Red paying on about fifteen different installment accounts, liked to think of herself as the style arbiter of the Hill.

". . . little tramp. That's all she is. Why, only two weeks ago she cornered Hack on the back porch. . . ."

This, of course, from Mimi Doyle, who had the reputation of being the worst tramp on the Hill.

"Nice people," I said.

"They're not really vicious, Les. They're just bored. They have to talk about something."

"What's wrong with the weather?"

"Nothing. It's perfect."

"I mean, why can't they say something good about somebody once in a while?"

"Because, possibly, they're not too happy themselves."

"And it burns them to think somebody else might be happy," I said.

I knew she had turned toward me in the darkness as she said softly: "Is *anybody* happy, Les?"

"I know of one, anyway."

"Harry Hanneman? Yes, you're probably right. He's been happy all his life. Earnest and sincere, trying his best in a rather puerile way to make the world a better place to live in, but happy nevertheless."

She paused a moment, and from a long way off I heard the low hum of the eastbound Mainliner.

"I wonder how long he'll be happy," June murmured.

"Maybe a week or two," I said. "Then he'll wake up, unless he's slower than usual. Laura doesn't love him. Laura doesn't love anybody. Not even herself. She hasn't the faintest capacity for feeling love. For feeling *any* emotion. That's why she was such a good newspaperwoman—because she could walk through the most heart-rending situation and get every detail of the story and never feel a thing."

June's voice was gently admonishing: "And you talk about Alyce and Mimi!"

"They're different. They hate Laura. I happen to love her."

"Why?"

"If I could answer that question, June, I could pick a winner in every race at Bay Meadows tomorrow. I could tell you why that big transport hit a mountain in Wyoming. I'd be omnipotent. And I could tell you why you're wasting your youth on a drunken bum like Jake O'Hara."

"He isn't a bum, Les," she said calmly.

"I'll take that back. He isn't. He's a swell guy and a smart newspaperman—when he's sober. But he'll never be sober, June. Not for keeps. You've tried for three or four years now to stand him on his feet. You keep him off the stuff for weeks, and then something pops up and he slips. Just a couple, which means a week's binge. He's always been that way, June, and he'll never change. Only for the worse. . . . Well, there they go."

The big Mainliner with her red and green running lights was passing right over our heads. Laura and Harry were probably peering down, trying to single out their fine new house on the Hill.

When the red and green lights had gone out and the stern light was only a speck against the sky, I turned back to June. She was crying silently.

"Gee, kid, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

"Why not? It's all true. Everybody knows it. And I know it better than any one. But Jake's so helpless when he's drinking, and he hasn't many friends left, and he needs somebody to take an interest in him and try to square him around. Like tonight. If I let him go home, he'll wake up in the morning and feel he has to have a drink to get going—and—he'll have half a dozen—and he'll lose his job with Stacey Moise—and—"

The last I saw of June that night she was walking down the road with her father on one arm and Jake O'Hara on the other, both of them plastered.

At noon the next day Hack Doyle came into my office. He didn't look well.

"What time did you get to bed?" I asked.

Hack shrugged his ponderous shoulders. Twenty years ago he was an All-Coast end on Washington State. Now his six feet three have run to beef and a stoop.

"Four," he said sheepishly. "After you left, Ackerman Holt and Tom Crowley dropped in. You know the Hill. Open a bottle of beer and every thirsty man *and* woman within half a mile smells it and comes over. Well, it's all right. We go to their houses when we smell a party. But it cuts down on a fellow's sleep. You ready to go to lunch?"

"I'm just finishing a story for the Graydon Terminals."

"Have they a press agent now?"

"Since this morning."

"Good. Any other new accounts?"

"No."

"Who's handling Harry Hanneman's stuff while he's on his honeymoon?"

"He's letting it slide. He'll only be gone a week. And when he comes back he'll handle it himself."

Hack laughed. "Harry Hanneman, the boy reporter. Well, you'll never see Harry passing up an opportunity to write something for the newspapers. When he gets to Washington, he'll be issuing press releases every day. Well, finish your copy. I'll be over at Eddie's. I want to talk to you about something else."

Hack went out, a lumbering big animal as wide as the door.

LATER we stood at the bar in Eddie's and ate rare-roast-beef sandwiches and Hack told me what he had on his mind.

"Stacey Moise phoned me a little while ago."

"Yeah?"

"He fired Jake O'Hara. Jake came in this morning cockeyed. Moise said there were a lot of big-shot politicians in his office—"

"Couple of slot-machine operators probably."

"So he fired him."

"I was afraid of that. It's tough."

"Yes, that job looked like Jake's last chance."

I wasn't thinking of Jake. I said: "What'd Moise want with you?"

"He asked me if I could recommend a good press agent."

I thought about that for a while. Stacey Moise was running for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Twenty-seventh District, against Harry Hanneman. There were half a dozen others in the race, but none of them counted. It was between Moise and Harry, with Harry a four-to-one shot to win the nomination, which in that district virtually means the election. I knew Moise well, and liked him like poison.

"Go on, Hack," I said finally.

"I told him there was only one press agent in town who had a real 'in' with all the papers."

"That's a lie, but I appreciate it. I don't believe I'd care to work for Stacey Moise."

"His money is as good as anybody's. He's offering fifty a week for the ten weeks till the primary—weekly, in advance."

"Nuts. That cheap shyster never put out anything in advance in his life. Besides, Harry would probably be sore if I worked against him."

"Is that important?" Hack asked impatiently.

"No-o-o—"

"I get it." Hack's voice was almost vicious, and I wondered about it. "You're afraid everybody will say you're sore about Laura and are trying to get Harry licked."

"I don't quite see, Hack, why Laura has to be dragged into this."

He laughed, not steadily. "I don't either. My mistake, Les. But look. Harry has a little sense. Not much, but a little. He'll understand it's purely a matter of business."

"I'll think it over, Hack. Thanks anyway."

WHITMAN CHAMBERS

*is a Californian. He makes his bow in Liberty with a novel that is a worthy successor to his sensational Thirteen Steps, which was chosen by the American Mercury as an outstanding mystery. Mr. Chambers is married, and he and his wife are confirmed trailerites.*

I went up to Moise's office that afternoon.

In the reception room sat a neat blonde, a young and ornamental little job in five-dollar-a-pair stockings and a dark blue satin dress that was as tight as a silk bathing suit.

"Moise in?" I asked.

Her sharply-penciled eyebrows rose a little. "*Mr.* Moise is busy. Won't you sit down?"

"No. Just tell him Les Burns would like to see him."

The name evidently jogged her memory; she'd probably heard Moise talking to Hack Doyle about me.

"Oh. Mr. Burns," she said, smiling. "I'll tell him you're here."

She rose and went into the next room. From her walk, the way she swung her hips, you could tell she was a great student of the movies. She came back right away and held the door open for me, and I heard Moise's booming voice: "Come in here, Burns! Come in!"

Moise was all alone when I went in. He was a big handsome egg about forty, loudmouthed as an auctioneer of flash jewelry, and just about as sincere.

"Glad to see you, Les. Glad to see you!" he shouted. "Take a chair. How's the publicity racket?"

"Oh, so-so," I said. "Nice place you have here."

It was indeed a very snazzy set-up, and I wondered how many months he was in arrears with his rent.

"Not bad, not bad," he beamed. "How'd you like my new secretary? Neat, huh?"

"And gaudy," I said. "How's her shorthand?"

"Oh, who cares about shorthand? Look, Les. I'd like you to go to work for me."

"That's what I want to talk to you about. Suppose you keep Jake O'Hara on—"

"That drunken bum!" Moise yelled. "If that guy ever shows his face in my office again, I'll toss him out on his ear. Why—"

"Now wait, Moise. Listen to me, will you? Jake's a friend of mine, see? And Jake is sick."

"Jake is drunk!" Moise shouted angrily.

SURE Jake is drunk, but with a guy like Jake drunkenness isn't a vice, it's a disease. The man needs help, and, as I just told you, he's my friend. Here's my proposition: If you'll keep him on, I'll do his work whenever he's under the weather. I'll keep your publicity going into all the papers, and I'll do an honest job for you. You know I'll shoot fair with you, and you know that for every dollar you pay Jake you'll get five dollars' worth of free advertising in the papers."

"It's out!" the big shyster snapped. "I tell you, I won't have that mug in my office. I have people in here, important people. What do they think when they see a drunk reeling around, talking like a fool? They think Moise is maybe a drunk, too. No! It's out, I tell you!"

"Now look, Stacey. I promise you he'll never show up here drunk again. I'll take care of him when he's on the liquor and I'll keep him out of the way. You've got to admit when he's sober—"

"I tell you, Burns, it's no soap. The campaign is too critical, see? If I'm going to beat this Hanneman guy I got to have every vote I can get."

It wasn't my place to tell him he didn't have a chance.

"Now suppose," he went on, "I got some church dames here in my office, and that drunk comes staggering—"

"I tell you, Moise, I'll keep him away from here."

"No! It's absolutely out. If you want the job, oke. I'll pay you fifty a week for ten weeks—weekly, in advance. I got money now, see? I got important backing. There'll be a check waiting for you here every Monday morning. Now, if you want to be a sap and turn the check over to O'Hara, that's your own business. But I won't have that lug around the joint any more, see?"

I KNEW it was a waste of time to argue with him, because in the first place Stacey Moise was as stubborn as a bad-tempered sow, and in the second place he was right. You can't buck a combination like that.

I didn't know how I was going to handle the job for ten weeks without neglecting my other accounts, and I didn't know how I was going to get around O'Hara's stupid pride and make him take the money, but I said:

"It's a deal, Moise. I'll be here in the morning and we'll cook up a good story for our first blast."

Moise started to beam again. "Attaboy, Les. You won't lose by this. When I get to Washington, I'll remember you. And I'm on my way, pal. I'm on my way."

Going out, the blonde job gave me a nice smile. "Are you with us or against us?" she asked brightly.

"I'm with you," I said. "And so long as we're going to be associated in the questionable enterprise of trying to send that ton of shyster to Washington, I ought to know your name."

"It's Miss Maple. But you may call me Peggy," she said archly, "when we're alone."

"Sister, if I have anything to say about it, you and I are never going to be alone."

I went back to the office, and an hour later Red Campbell phoned me from the City Hall press room in a dither:

"Look, Les. Jake O'Hara is in here, stewed to the gills. He says you chiseled him out of his job with Moise. I thought you'd like to know, because you usually drop by the pressroom in the afternoon, and if you do, there's sure to be trouble."

"Thanks, Red. I'll be right over."

"Hey! I said—"

I hung up on him and went over to the City Hall, hoping Jake would be sober enough to listen to reason. As soon as I saw him, however, I knew he was too far gone. He was sitting at a desk in the press room, with a row of drinks in paper cups lined up in front of him.

"So you won't drink, huh? Nuts to you, Red Campbell!" And he knocked a drink flying across the room. "So you won't drink, Johnny Purcell!" And he sent another one flying.

Then he saw me. He lurched to his feet with an oath, and snarled:

"There's muh pal. There's the dirty—"

He went on from there—he went a long way. Campbell and Johnny Purcell and the other reporters in the room stared with their mouths open, not in surprise at O'Hara but in amazement at me for taking it.

I waited until Jake ran down. Then I said:

"Look, fellows. When Jake snaps out of this—if ever—tell him he still has his job and is still earning his salary, but he's not to go near Moise's office. Impress that on him, will you? Drunk or sober, he's to stay away from Moise. O. K. I'll be seeing you."

I didn't see them or O'Hara or any of the gang but Hack Doyle for nearly a week. I usually had lunch with Hack and he kept me posted. Jake was still on the stuff on all cylinders and June Taylor was having a devil of a time with him.

Then, late that Friday afternoon, I got a telegram from Laura. It read:

DARLING MEET ME OAKLAND AIRPORT EIGHT TONIGHT
LOVE FROM YOUR LAURA

Meet *me!*

*Has she left Harry? After only six days have they broken up? And if they have, where is he? He wouldn't stay in New York, sacrifice his career, just to keep from being in the same town with Laura. And certainly he isn't home, or is he?*

I called Hack, told him of the telegram.

"It does seem odd, Les." Hack's voice was worried. "If a publicity-hungry politician like Harry Hanneman was in town, the newspapers would certainly know about it. When were they due back?"

"Not until tomorrow."

"Well, it's a funny one. Are you going to meet her?"

"I don't know."

"No, you don't! Les, you're sure a sucker for a left. So long."

DURING the next three hours I almost blew my top. One minute I'd find myself cursing Laura, and the next minute the ache of longing was so acute I was practically drooling, and by the time the big transport came down, my brain was whirling.

Laura, looking like ten million dollars in a new sable coat, came down the steps and into my arms, just as naturally as though it were the usual thing for a bride to come back from her honeymoon into the arms of the other man. Her kiss took away my breath.

"Oh, darling!" she purred. "I'm so glad to see you."

"Where's Harry?" was all I could gasp.

"I know it sounds terrible, Les, but you have no idea how I missed you."

"Where's Harry?"

"New York was lovely, and we had a grand time, and we saw six shows in four days, and—"

"Laura! Where's Harry?"

"Harry? Why, don't you know?"

"If I knew I wouldn't be asking."

"Why, he came home last night. On this same plane. He started worrying about his campaign and decided he couldn't stay the week out. I had some fittings I refused to skip, so I stayed. It's odd he didn't come in to see you, or call you, or let you know he was home."

I was steadier now. A fellow can always steady down when he sees a crisis looming up. I said: "I'll get your bags, Laura."

Later, driving out to the Hill, she chattered away about New York. I hardly heard her. I was so busy trying to piece things together. Finally I said: "Wait a minute, kid. Now let me talk. Does Harry expect you tonight?"

"No. I planned to stay over two more days, but I got through with the fittings and—"

"Then why didn't you wire him to meet you?"

I could feel her moving closer to me.

"Because," she said simply, "I wanted *you* to meet me. Do you blame me? After all, you know, I love you. I'm going right on loving you. Harry—well—" She choked a little. "Poor Harry."

"Why 'poor Harry'?"

She didn't say anything for a while. Then: "I'm sorry. I can't tell you any more. Please don't ask me."

"Why shouldn't I ask you?"

"All right, go ahead and ask. It won't do you any good. I'm sorry I said 'poor Harry.' Please forget it."

"Look. You want me to take you to the new house?"

"Certainly."

"What do you plan to say to Harry when you walk in there with me?"

"Well, I thought I'd tell him that—"

"Skip it, Laura. Unless I'm all wet, you won't have a chance to tell Harry anything. Harry is not in town."

"Not—in town!"

"He never came home," I said, and after a second: "Do you blame him?"

"Stop that!" Laura cried. "Why do you think he didn't come home?"

"Because he hasn't poked his head into a newspaper shop today."

"Maybe he was too busy to get out any publicity, or to go around and see any of you fellows. Maybe—"

"Never since he has been in politics has Harry been too busy to get out publicity."

"Oh, God, Les!"

We didn't say another word until I swung the car up the steep winding road toward the new house on the Hill. Then Laura clutched my arm.

"There's a light in the living room, Les!"

"So what?"

"So he's home, you fool!" Laura cried. "Oh, why did you have to frighten me so?"

I pulled the car up in front of the house.

"Look, darling!" Laura said quickly. "Maybe you'd better not come in. It might look better. Leave my bags on the sidewalk and I'll tell Harry I took a cab."

For a minute I just sat there frozen. The doors of Harry's garage were closed. If Harry had come home last night, he would have used his car today. And Harry Hanneman had never been known to close a garage door.

I got out and walked around and opened the door on Laura's side of the car. "We'll leave the bags where they are. You won't be staying here tonight."

"Why won't I?"

"Because if you did, you'd stay alone, and you'd be frightened. Come on, kid."

She didn't say another word as I took her arm and we walked up the long flight of stairs to the porch. I tried the door and it was open and I walked into the hall. I could hear Laura behind me, breathing hard.

The living room was on the right, behind a wide arch draped with heavy gold velours. I stopped, turned, met Laura's eyes. They were frightened. Her face had gone dead-pale; even her lips were blue white. I reached up, caught hold of the thick drapery and threw it aside.

Harry Hanneman lay on his back in the center of the big Persian rug. He looked almost peaceful lying there, like a too-fat baby, sleeping.

There was blood all over the front of his shirt. Brown, dried blood. And I knew in a flash that he had been dead for quite a while, probably for nearly twenty-four hours.

The gun, a .38-caliber automatic, lay on the floor beside him. On a coffee table near the davenport stood an opened bottle of whisky. Beside it an empty glass—one empty glass.

"Poor Harry," Laura said softly. "Poor, poor Harry."

I KEPT staring at that single empty glass. I knew what Harry had thought about liquor. I was sure that never, under any circumstances, not even to nerve himself to suicide, would Harry drink whisky.

I glanced at Laura. She looked calmer now. The color was coming back into her face and there was a faint, sad smile on her lovely lips.

"Laura! Where were you at this time last night?"

"At this time I was getting ready to check out of my hotel in New York," she replied coolly and, it seemed to me, much too promptly. "Does it matter?"

She turned and looked at me, and I knew she read my mind as clearly as though I had said aloud:

*You could have followed Harry home on another air line, got here two hours after he did. You could have done this thing, gone back to Reno by train or plane or bus, and picked up that transport there. And, because it would be so easy to check your story that you left New York last night, no one, not even the police, will bother to do it. Oh, Laura, did you kill poor old Harry?*

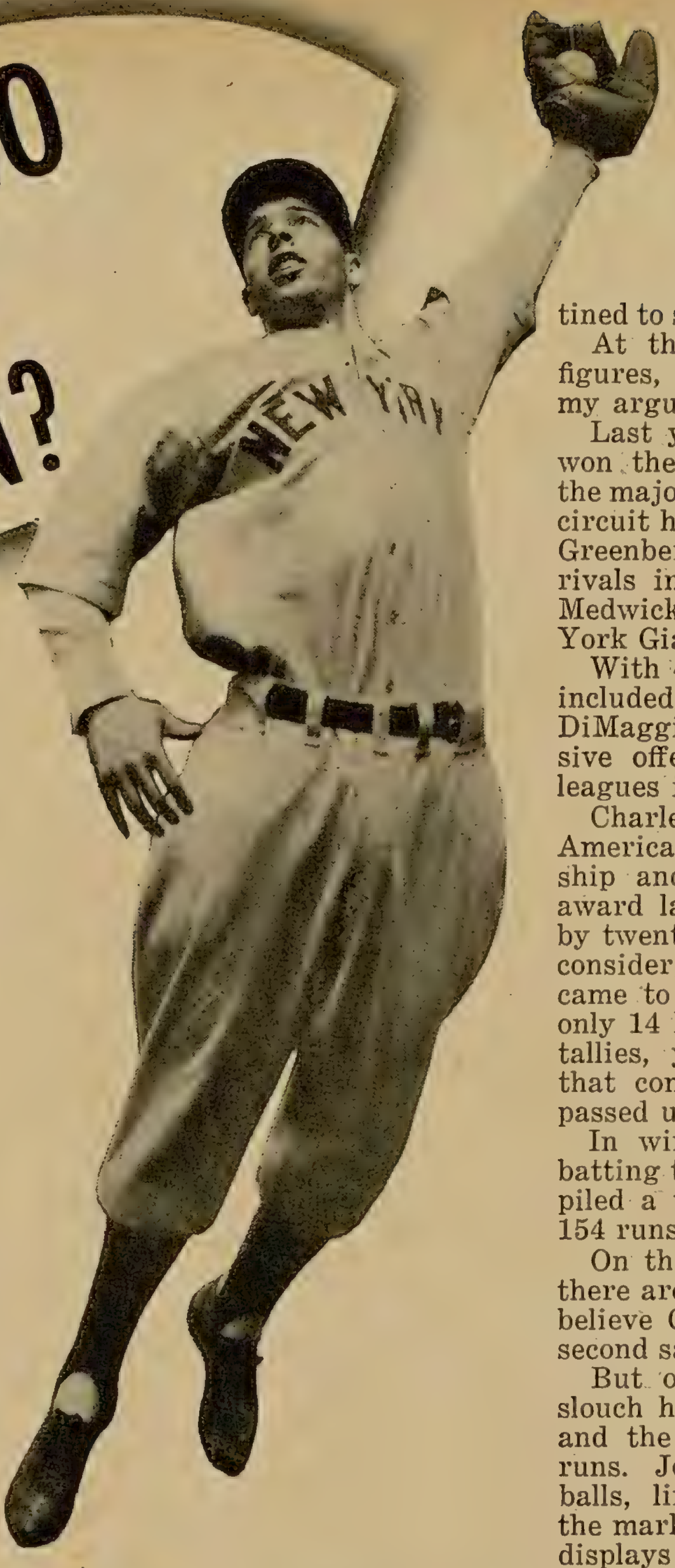
Yes, that is what I was thinking, and Laura knew it, and yet she said steadily, brazenly, her lips still curved in that faint and enigmatic smile:

"The road ahead, darling, lies straight and true and paved with gold. Shall we travel it together?"

A question like that—with her husband of only a week lying dead at her feet!

*Can the ghastly suspicions of Les be anywhere near the truth? Is the beautiful Laura a monster? Who else besides her could have had a motive for killing her bridegroom? Like a necromancer, the author weaves a weird spell for you in next week's Liberty. Be on your guard!*

# Is DI MAGGIO Baseball's WONDER MAN?



## A sports expert surveys the facts behind a swift, dramatic rise to fame

### BY DANIEL M. DANIEL

Noted baseball writer

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

WHEN Babe Ruth slid from the peak of baseball achievement into retirement, experts announced that time would not bring even his approach as a producer of diamond drama, splasher of color, and manufacturer of home runs. But almost immediately time answered the challenge. We got Joseph Paul DiMaggio, Jr., center fielder of the New York Yankees.

Coming up from the San Francisco Seals in 1936, Joe won unanimous acclaim as one of the most amazing recruits the game had seen. Having fought through that critical second year—the most trying in a baseball player's career—with results hitherto not achieved by a major-league sophomore, Giuseppe presents a most intriguing subject for the fans and a more than alluring clinical exhibit for the writers.

Just how good is this lad DiMaggio? Is he truly the baseball wonder of today, the paragon to be of tomorrow, the man who will threaten the accomplishments of Ruth and the run-making records of Lou Gehrig?

Here is a young man who, at twenty-three, is confronted with the opportunity to make a million. It has required no deep study in colleges, no business acumen, to bring him face to face with that golden chance.

He is big, strong, well put together, fleet of foot, keen of eye, every inch of him an athlete in splendid condition. He can hit a baseball with consistency farther than anybody else. He can throw even as Thor hurled his hammer. He has come hurtling into a fame which not even Ruth or Ty Cobb approached, with two seasons of American League competition. As a consequence, many experts do not hesitate to pronounce DiMaggio the number one player.

However, there are recognized authorities who see DiMaggio's aspirations and his place in the game in serious jeopardy from counterchallenges by Joe Medwick, left fielder of the St. Louis Cardinals and winner of the National League's most valuable player award for 1937, Hank Greenberg, the chief slugger of the Detroit Tigers, and Hank's teammate, Rudy York, who established himself as a vehement factor in the home-run struggle last season.

DiMaggio is menaced, too, by a pitcher—the nineteen-year-old Bobby Feller, strike-out remarkable of the Cleveland Indians, who seems to have it in him to revive the ancient glories of Mathewson and Johnson.

Certainly it is no rose-strewn path which lies before DiMaggio.

Giuseppe failed to land the American League most valuable player award for 1937, but it is my personal belief that he was the number one player for that year and that he is destined to scale the real heights in 1938.

At the risk of boring you with figures, let me quote a few to make my argument clear.

Last year DiMaggio hit .346. He won the home-run championship of the major leagues with 46. In his own circuit he finished six ahead of Hank Greenberg. His closest home-run rivals in the National League were Medwick and Melvin Ott, of the New York Giants, who tied at 31.

With 418 bases on 215 hits, which included 35 doubles and 15 triples, DiMaggio built up the most impressive offensive record in the major leagues in 1937.

Charley Gehringer, who won the American League batting championship and the most valuable player award last season, outhit DiMaggio by twenty-five points. But when you consider that Gehringer's total bases came to a mere 293, that he belted only 14 homers and drove in just 96 tallies, you begin to wonder what that committee was about when it passed up Giuseppe of the Bronx.

In winning the National League batting title with .374, Medwick compiled a total of 406 bases, drove in 154 runs, and got 41 passes.

On the defensive side of baseball, there are many qualified experts who believe Gehringer to be the greatest second sacker of all time.

But our Signor DiMaggio is no slouch himself in the art of defense and the science of stopping enemy runs. Joe's style of fielding, on fly balls, liners, and grounders, bears the mark of baseball genius. He also displays a better arm, by far, than the much-talked-about Bob Meusel showed for the Yankees, a stronger wing than Jack Murray displayed for McGraw's Giants.

This may be disputed by some of the old guard, who figure that baseball died when Matty quit the Giants and Ty Cobb lost his magic art with the Tigers. But there are just as many strong arms in the major leagues now as there were in the "good old days." It is important to remember that in the old days the ball was dead. Outfielders played in. The throw to the plate was far shorter than it is now, with that lively leather being belted far and wide.

Please remember also that DiMaggio has attained his high position in only two seasons of major-league baseball. In a few more years he is likely to crash the all-time outfield composed of Babe, Ty, and Speaker.

DiMaggio is the fans' ballplayer, the ballplayers' ballplayer, and the managers' ballplayer. And in *my* book he is the greatest player in baseball.

THE END

# THE CAT CAME BACK

### The droll, engaging story of a nine-lived detective, an evil-doer's strange fate, and a small boy's happiness lost and found

## BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY JEROME ROZEN

PUNKINS could hear his father putting the screen door on the kitchen downstairs. His mother called, "Hurry up, Punkins—breakfast's ready!" and he finished buttoning his school shirt laboriously, and sat down on the floor to lace his shoes. His mother's quick footsteps pattered from the stove to the table; then he heard her voice, "Dan Turner! That cat is going to have kittens again!"

His father said, "Probably," and laughed.

Punkins tied one shoelace and thought about Phoebe, the cat. She was so funny with her kittens, the way she'd wash them and cuddle them in her black velvet paws for a while, and then, when they got big, she'd shake them off and box their ears and act as if she was no relation to them.

His mother's voice was mad. "My land, we've still got three from the last batch, eating us out of house and home! We've got to get rid of her, and that's all there is to it!"

His father said, "Aw, Laura—"

"You don't have to feed them and let them in and out a hundred times a day and trip over them!" she went on. "I'm going to call Joe Cole right now!"

She always said that, and Punkins tied the other shoelace, and then sat up incredulously, because he heard the crank of the telephone in the kitchen below.

His mother said, "Ellen, give me Joe Cole's house. . . . Joe? This is Laura Turner. Can you come around this morning and get our female cat?"

Punkins catapulted down the stairs. "Oh, no!" he cried. "Not Phoebe, ma!"

She had hung up the receiver. "Oh, dear!" she said, looking at him.

His father put his hand on Punkins' shoulder. "Don't cry," he told him. "Be a big boy. Your mother has all the trouble, and it isn't fair to her."

"But he'll shoot her!" Punkins sobbed. "I know he will!" Joe Cole did shoot cats for people; he did all the odd jobs in Foxport.

His father said, "That's the kindest way, Punkins. She won't ever know what happened. One minute she'll be all right, and the next minute she'll be purring around up in cat heaven, where there's catnip growin' wild on all the clouds, and ponds of milk, and no dogs—"

"We'll keep Tomboy," his mother said quickly. "He's the spitting image of Phoebe—and he won't have kittens."

Punkins couldn't stop crying. They had had Phoebe four years—and when you are nine years old, four years is much the same as forty later on.

His mother looked as if she wanted to cry, too. "Oh, Dan, perhaps we'd better—" she began; but his father interrupted her.

"No," he said. "These things have to be, Punkins, and you've got to learn to be brave. People can't keep all the mother cats and kittens in the world—there'd be too many. Eat your breakfast and stop crying."

Punkins sat down and felt the cool easterly wind off the harbor on his wet cheeks, and his father sat down opposite him. His mother was busy putting up his lunch for school.

"Come on," said his father when they had finished. His mother kissed him and gave him his lunch box, and they went out and got into the car, with his father's tool kit between them on the front seat. At the crossroads he got out and walked slowly up Elm Street toward the school, and his father drove on to the town hall, where he was shingling.

He didn't care if he was late for school, in spite of having a perfect record for the whole year. He had to see Joe Cole. Joe was in his yard.

"Oh, Joe, find her a home!" He panted, from running.

"Eh?" asked Joe.

"Phoebe—our mother cat. Don't shoot her, please!"

"Well, well," Joe said. "It's kinda hard to find homes for female cats, you know, Punkins. Course, they're the best mousers—"

"Will you try?" asked Punkins.

It was the best he could do, and he had to run terribly fast to get to school on time. The morning seemed years long, and he kept wondering about Phoebe and if Joe had got her yet.

"Dan!" Miss Bentley was speaking his name, and the entire forty-three members of the first four grades turned in their seats and looked at him and grinned. "Is it too much to ask you to listen when I'm talking?"

"No'm," said Punkins. It was too much, but of course he couldn't say so.

"Don't you feel well?" she asked sharply.

"No'm," he said, and added, "I'm all right, ma'am."

She wasn't, really, a cross teacher. She looked at him an instant longer, and then said, not crossly, "Well, try to pay attention. I know it's hard, the last weeks of school."

Finally it got to be lunch hour, and then, unbelievably, Punkins was able to forget about Phoebe, because such an awful thing had happened. The whole school was buzzing with it. Somebody had broken into the bank and stolen a lot of money and killed old Mose Merritt, Miss Bentley's uncle. Nothing like that had ever happened in Foxport before, and after lunch Miss Bentley's eyes were red from crying.

Punkins heard his father tell about it at supper. Mr. Coates, the meatman, went into the bank and old Mose was lying on the floor. He'd been alone and somebody had come in and hit him, and he'd fallen so that his head struck the safe, and now he was dead.

Punkins' mother's voice sounded scared, "But, Dan, who could have done such a thing?"

"Must've been a stranger," his father said.

After all, they knew everybody in Foxport; there wasn't any one who would kill old Mose.

"A tramp, maybe," said Punkins' mother.

"The state cops are workin' on it," his father said.

Everybody worked on it. Everybody in Foxport had ideas and suspicions, and they all did everything they could, but they never found any of the money, or any trace of the murderer. At recess, at school, all the kids played detective. And after school let out for good, and Punkins was promoted to the fifth grade, and his mother and his father, too, came to the exercises, they kept on playing detective. Bill Morse was the cashier at the bank now, and pretty soon everybody sort of forgot all about it, except for the kids still playing murder and robbers and detectives.

The summer went all at once, and suddenly it was September and every one was excited about Labor Day, with the parade and the ball game and the summer people having boat races and swimming meets, and the day after that would be school again.

Punkins walked down to the town wharf, because he was sort of saying good-by to all the places that were part of vacation, and he watched the men from Pierce's lumberyard carrying boards and packages of good-smelling shingles off a big schooner that had just come in, and there were some kids he knew fishing from a dory, but he had to go home because it was almost dinnertime.

He was in the kitchen watching his mother get the food ready, when Tomboy miaowed at the door, and he let him in. Tomboy chirped, and ran over to the stove, and then looked up and miaowed very loud.

"For land's sake," said Punkins' mother, "that cat's a fool! I haven't fed him there all summer." She pushed him with her foot. "Your saucer's under the table, Tomboy," she told him, just as if he could understand. "Go on—get out of my way!"

There was a loud miaow outside the door again, and Punkins and his mother looked at each other, surprised. Punkins opened the door, and in came Tomboy! He rushed right over to his saucer under the table where the other cat just like him was, and the other cat spat and reached up a paw and hit him on the ear.

Punkins' mother called, "Dan!" and stood staring at the cats. His father came in and looked; and she said, "Dan, that's Phoebe! She went right to the place I always used to set her food!"

Punkins' father said, "Pretty hungry ghost!" But his mother marched to the telephone.

"Get me Joe Cole's house," she said. "Joe? Listen. Did you shoot that cat of ours last spring?" Then she was listening, saying, "Oh. Hm. He did, did he? No, never said a word. Well!" She hung up the receiver and looked at Punkins and sort of smiled. "I don't see how it can be, but it's Phoebe!" she declared. "Joe didn't shoot her. He said he had her in a burlap bag in his car, and he met the captain of a lumber schooner and they wanted a female cat for a ratter. They were on their way to Florida, and—"

"There's a lumber schooner in today—I saw it!" Punkins cried.

"Well, what do you know!" Punkins' father said. "Cats do beat all! She knew when she was home! Stepped right off that boat and walked a mile 'n' a half—"

PUNKINS' mother was petting Phoebe and still smiling. "I guess we'll have to keep her, after that," she said.

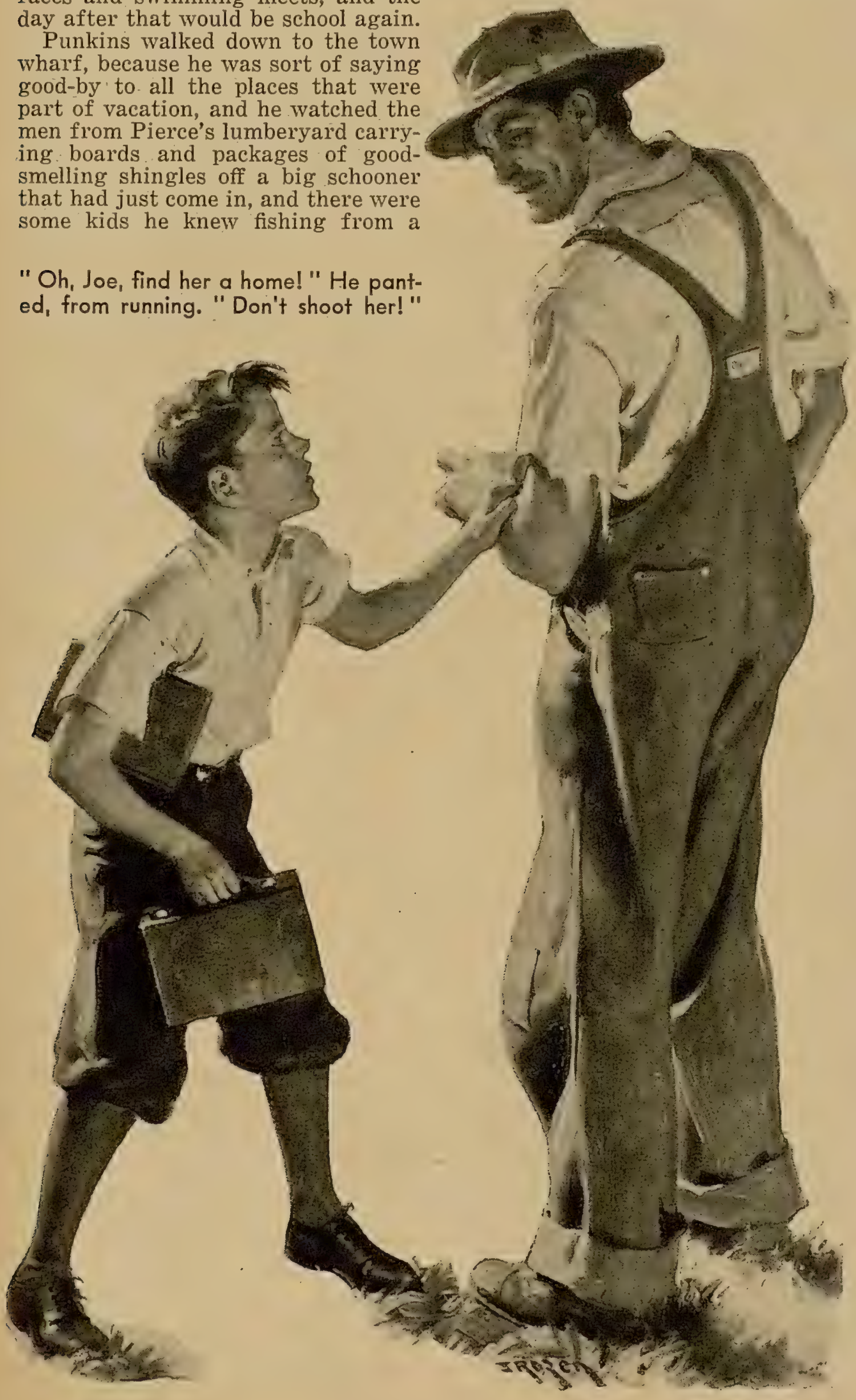
Punkins was kneeling down too, and Phoebe sounded like a sawmill at full tilt. Tomboy still had his ears back, not remembering his mother.

"She's a smart cat, all right!" Punkins said happily. "She's as smart as a reg'lar detective." His blue eyes suddenly blazed. "Pa! Remember when old Mose got killed? The day Joe took Phoebe away? Maybe the—the murderer is on that schooner! Maybe that's how he got out of town with nobody seein' him! Maybe—"

Punkins' father was cranking the telephone. "Get me John Doty, quick," he said. . . . "Constable? This is Dan Turner. Listen—" His words tumbled out, while Punkins' mother stared at Punkins with round eyes.

And that's the way it was. They found all the money in the man's sea chest, because he hadn't dared to spend it yet. And he confessed he'd hit old Mose and then gone out the side door. And Punkins was so much a hero that he didn't even mind about school commencing, because all the kids wanted to hear him tell about it. And Punkins' mother looked at Phoebe that night, and sort of laughed and said, "Dan, that cat's going to have kittens again, but I'll just have to stand it, won't I?" And Punkins' father said, "I guess you will. Maybe they'll be different, this litter, though. What kind of cats do they have in Florida, anyway?"

THE END



"Oh, Joe, find her a home!" He panted, from running. "Don't shoot her!"

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

# From one who knows at least the half of i

He likes riding and hunting, and has a passion for loud clothes, fast cars, and hot swing played by Negro bands. He has, too, a good sense of humor.

BOB TAYLOR has taken it on the button without squawking. He's had fame thrown in his face when he wasn't prepared for it and didn't know what to do with it. Some of the press caught him off guard with tricky questions which a more experienced man would have laughed off. Bob at first tried to answer seriously, and that was a mistake which brought him a certain amount of panning.

This is no defense of him. He doesn't need defending any more. On his own, he's waded through the mess, remembering how to grin and never once howling for mercy. When they flung that "pretty boy versus intelligence" business at him, he replied, wisely, that he "had no choice," so what could any one say?

Personally, I'd no doubt have popped somebody eventually. But Bob sat back and grinned—and waited.

Like any newcomer, Bob started in small roles. Hollywood made its usual scarefaces at him, and, after his first surprise, he put on blinders and went quietly about his business. It wasn't long before his roles were leading ones and he became a real attraction.

Bob did all this against odds of being a small-town kid in a city too big and too brutal for his experience, of not knowing how to cope with the attentions heaped on him. His own strength, his breeding, saved him.

Even if I didn't know him personally as a regular guy, my admiration for him would be boundless, for that reason. I've got the "I wish I had" jitters right now. When the avalanche first descended on Bob I could have told him what to expect. In a way, I'm sorry I didn't. But, in any analysis, he had to have those experiences sooner or later. The fact that he took his necessary medicine all in one big dose is O. K. so long as it hasn't left him bitter. And it hasn't, so he's lucky.

It is a great indoor pastime in Hollywood to try to build rivalry and hope for feuds between stars. Just between us, nearly all of these are figments of the imagination and often the "feudists" know little about them. So it did not surprise me, when Bob became a screen favorite suddenly, for people to ask if I didn't resent his intrusion into the picture. I am still asked that question.

Always I must explain patiently that there's a shortage of successful leading men in Hollywood.

Therefore, the more Taylors there are, the more vacations the rest of us can take.

It's been interesting watching Bob's gradual adjustment to success. The whole situation had him dazed at first. You see, contrary to all the build-up, he's no sort of suave Romeo tearing through the affections of mobs of women. Glamour and exotic pastimes don't bewilder him, but if there's a choice he'll skip them.

The trip Bob made to England, his contact with all sorts of people, and the four months he spent there away from home and very much on his own, did him a world

# WHAT I THINK OF Robert Taylor

### BY CLARK GABLE

of good. He's no longer an unevolved college kid but a fairly adjusted man who knows where he's going and how to get there.

I've heard it said that Bob's whole start in pictures was wrong. My only answer is that if this is true, he's done pretty darned well despite it. But how can any one say definitely that success began either right or wrong? You never know how the public will react to a given set of circumstances, or a routine campaign.

Bob was depressed at first because he didn't feel his roles were right for him. Now that he is being given clear-cut parts, like the lead in A Yank at Oxford and in Three Comrades, he's reassured, self-confident.

Bob lives quietly at his ranch house in San Fernando valley. In some ways he is a little lonely, since the protective shell he's built up in defense of his natural shyness has not helped him make many friends. The few he has—Barbara Stanwyck, the Franchot Tones, a few fellows at the studio—are stanch and loyal.

His passion for loud clothes is a hold-over from his youth, when a new pair of shoes was an event. He likes loud music too. Swing, especially by Negro bands, delights him. And he likes cars—big powerful ones. I've nothing to say at this point, because that's my gag too. Bob and I both once had too much of rattling junk heaps that fell apart after thirty miles an hour.

In business he's cautious. Adversely, in physical things he's headstrong and not really afraid of anything.

I board my horses at a farm near his new place in the valley, and so we ride together a lot; and he'll take the horse he's on anywhere the rest of us will.

Of course I know the good psychologists among you will rise to say that Bob's anxious to prove he's a real guy and so is ready to do any sort of reckless thing. But I recall one time that he took a chance when nobody was there to see it.

It happened up at Point Magu, which is near Oxnard and nice wild country; ducks are plentiful and the trails are good for riding. Five or six of us at the studio—Sam Wood and Jack Conway and Bob and Eddie Mannix and John Considine and myself—have taken a lodge there and formed a kind of gun club.

On this particular afternoon we had been out after duck and hadn't had much success. Mannix got two, but that was all, until just as we were starting back, Bob took a pot shot at one flying low a good distance off, and hit it. We kidded him about its being a poor old wreck of a bird that just had heart failure anyway when it dropped, and then went out after it.

When we reached the place where it had fallen, we found that the ground dropped away about one hundred feet into a ravine. Halfway down the cliff was a ledge covered with brush, and the duck had caught there.

" Too bad," we said, and started back to the lodge.

During the rest of the afternoon I didn't notice Bob around anywhere. Then, just before dinner, I walked through the kitchen and saw, hanging from the wall, *three* ducks freshly killed.

I went into the living room, found Bob standing by the fireplace, and stared at his hands. They were pretty well cut up. He had gone back by himself and climbed down the cliff after his duck.

It's a hard thing to get him on paper in a few words, but it's safe to say that aside from superior shrewdness, acting ability, and the fact that girls seem to like his looks, he's representative of the average American young man in the better brackets. He has principles and ideals inbred in youngsters of his class and background.

Hollywood offers the opportunity for any kind of life, the same as any city or community, and Bob chooses to live his without any attempt at " flash."

He takes things big but slowly. Don't expect lightning reactions from him. When he's considered a situation thoughtfully, he'll have an answer for it—almost always the right one. He has, too, a good sense of humor. At broad wit he laughs broadly; but when a gag is being done subtly, it will be Bob, surprisingly, who sometimes touches it with finesse.

Next year I'm going to try my luck hunting in Mexico. I haven't asked Bob yet, but if he approves the idea, I'd like to take him with me. When you can stand a guy for weeks on a long hunting trip like that, then he must be human.

THE END

The truth about that Gable-Taylor 'feud'!

# Hotel Hostess

## BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

JUDITH GILLMORE, left almost penniless at the death of her father, takes a job as hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh. The village is not strange to her, for she and her family spent many summers there, and Alex Corbin, manager of the hotel, was a friend of her father. Judy knows his eighteen-year-old motherless daughter, Betty; William Martin, the young doctor who lives at the Rivermount; and many of the townspeople. She also knows—and dislikes—Bert Wallace, the spoiled playboy son of the man whose money is behind the hotel.

Judy attacks her duties with enthusiasm, and is amazingly successful at arranging dinner parties and bridge foursomes for the older guests, and hikes, picnics, and dances for the younger ones. She likes Bill Martin, but on Betty Corbin's return from school she realizes that she may not see much of him in future. For the younger girl is obviously in love with the doctor and he seems to return her affection.

One week-end at the beginning of the summer season, just after the arrival of Saks Lewis and his college-boy orchestra which is to furnish the music at the Rivermount dances, Bert Wallace flies up from New York. He greets Judy with easy familiarity and invites her to cocktails in his suite.

" I'm part of your job," he tells her, " and I'll expect a lot of attention. I'll be expecting you. *Alone!* "

### PART THREE—JUDY MAKES A DISCOVERY

JUDITH regarded Wallace's departing back with mixed emotions, a mingling of annoyance, anger, and a swift rather cynical amusement, all touched with troubling uncertainty. But her further contemplation of the situation was interrupted by the appearance of an agitated girl whose trunk had not arrived and who simply couldn't find the head porter. Having disposed of her, Judith found that it was teatime and so left her desk for the tea table and her immediate duties.

She found her " regulars " already at the end of the lounge by the great stone fireplace, talking to one another in apparent amity. She was able to remember that Mrs. Renwick took one lump and lemon, Mrs. Orson two lumps and cream, and Mr. Smith nothing but straight tea, medium strong. Other guests, drifting through the lounge, paused and came over for a cup, and Bill Martin, appearing out of the blue, greeted her casually.

" Tea? "

" Haven't time. Thanks just the same." But he lingered to speak to little Gertrude Miller, the convalescent youngster, and her mother, and before departing came over to the tea table again.

" Sure you won't have any? "

" Perfectly. I could go for a cooky, though." He took one, bit into it reflectively. " I passed by a little while ago, but you were so engrossed with the new arrival that you didn't see me," he said.

" Which new arrival? "

" Lady, do not stall. The one and only Wallace," he answered.

Her problem returned to her with redoubled force, and she looked up at Bill's engaging face hesitantly, wondering if it would be wise of her to ask his advice. But of course not. If she couldn't handle relatively minor things like this on her own, she wasn't fit for her job. Besides, Bill's attention was distracted; for Betty came flying up to them, her blonde curls in disorder and her youth and vitality almost overpowering.

" What, no tea! Hasn't she offered you any? " she demanded.

" Twice. I refused. I must get to my office. I have hours in "—he looked at his watch—" ten minutes."

" Then sit down and have your tea." Betty, catching him off guard, pushed him firmly into a big chair and sat down on the arm. " He likes his strong and straight," she informed Judith, " and I want mine weak with lemon. Bill, I haven't seen you all day; you've neglected me shamefully," she accused him.

" My time is not my own, my little geranium," he said affectionately.

Judith gave them their tea. She felt shut out, alone. A little later, when most of the guests had gone, when Bill had gone off to his office with Betty clinging to his arm, she left the lounge to go to her room. But, on second thought, she knocked on the door of Mr. Corbin's office.

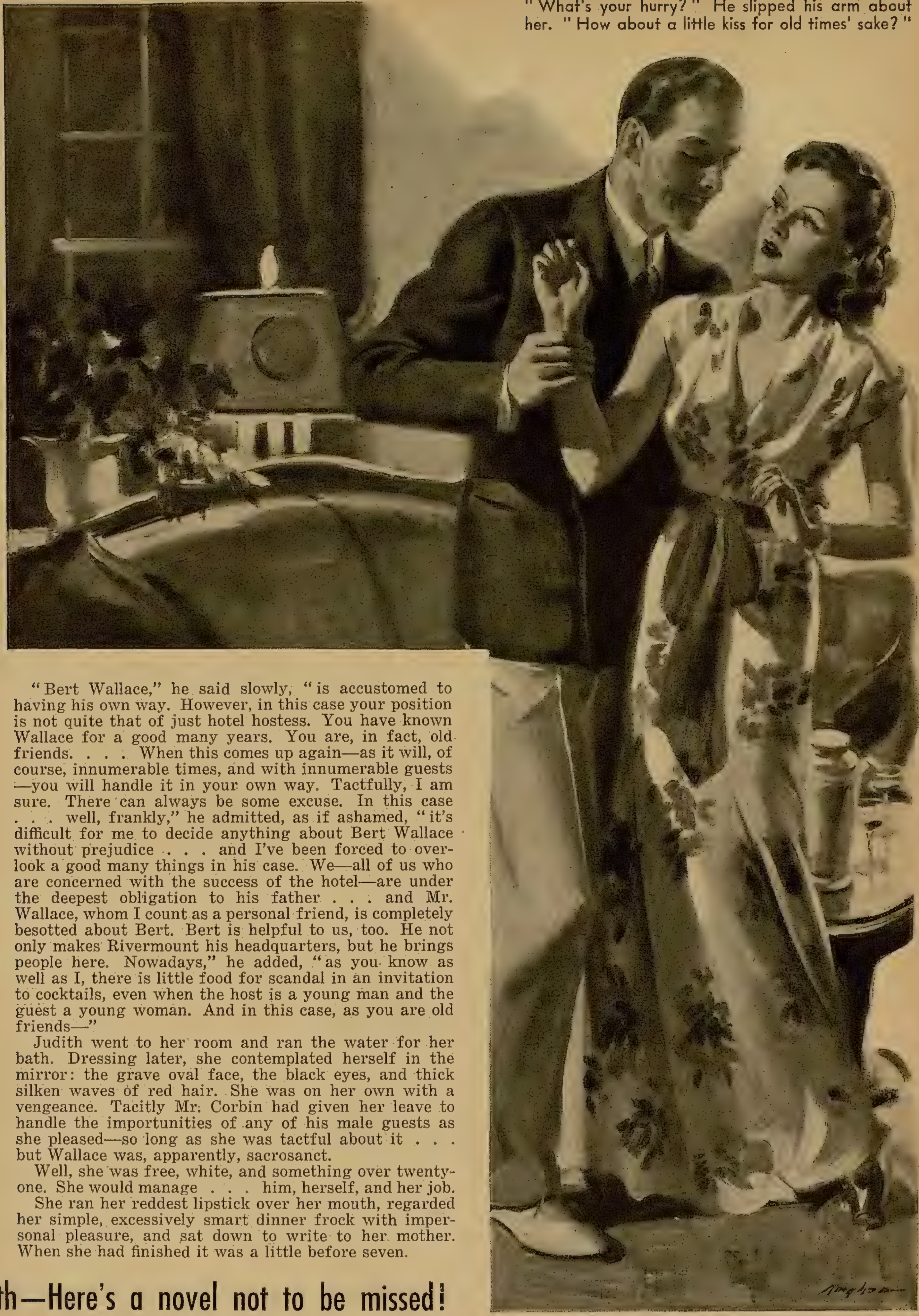
He was alone and welcomed her, smiling. Judith went in and stood beside the desk.

" No, please don't get up," she said; " I won't take very much of your time. You'll think me rather foolish." She hesitated and flushed, looking, to his dismay and appreciation, even younger than Betty. " But I feel I must ask your advice about one thing and then I won't trouble you again."

" Fire away," he said cordially.

She told him of Wallace's invitation. " Not that it was an invitation, really," she said ruefully; " it was more like a command performance. And honestly, Mr. Corbin, I don't know what to do. If I were here as a guest I could take it or leave it. But I'm not a guest." She paused, waiting, and he frowned a little and looked away.

A cloud crosses the sun . . and sudden love flames in a colorful romance of moder



"What's your hurry?" He slipped his arm about her. "How about a little kiss for old times' sake?"

"Bert Wallace," he said slowly, "is accustomed to having his own way. However, in this case your position is not quite that of just hotel hostess. You have known Wallace for a good many years. You are, in fact, old friends. . . . When this comes up again—as it will, of course, innumerable times, and with innumerable guests—you will handle it in your own way. Tactfully, I am sure. There can always be some excuse. In this case . . . well, frankly," he admitted, as if ashamed, "it's difficult for me to decide anything about Bert Wallace without prejudice . . . and I've been forced to overlook a good many things in his case. We—all of us who are concerned with the success of the hotel—are under the deepest obligation to his father . . . and Mr. Wallace, whom I count as a personal friend, is completely besotted about Bert. Bert is helpful to us, too. He not only makes Rivermount his headquarters, but he brings people here. Nowadays," he added, "as you know as well as I, there is little food for scandal in an invitation to cocktails, even when the host is a young man and the guest a young woman. And in this case, as you are old friends—"

Judith went to her room and ran the water for her bath. Dressing later, she contemplated herself in the mirror: the grave oval face, the black eyes, and thick silken waves of red hair. She was on her own with a vengeance. Tacitly Mr. Corbin had given her leave to handle the importunities of any of his male guests as she pleased—so long as she was tactful about it . . . but Wallace was, apparently, sacrosanct.

Well, she was free, white, and something over twenty-one. She would manage . . . him, herself, and her job.

She ran her reddest lipstick over her mouth, regarded her simple, excessively smart dinner frock with impersonal pleasure, and sat down to write to her mother. When she had finished it was a little before seven.

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Wallace's rooms were on the sixth, hers on the fifth. She walked up the stairs, turned down a corridor, and knocked. He opened the door, and stood there smiling at her, very correct and almost too good-looking in excellently tailored white flannels and a blue coat.

"Come in," he said heartily; "I've been waiting with the utmost impatience."

The Rivermount management had provided him with a pleasant apartment—a big living room, many-windowed, filled with flowers and comfortably furnished. Off it, one presumed a bedroom and bath.

Evidently he did not trust to the hotel's barkeeper, for the ingredients of a cocktail were on a small serving table, with ice and a shaker. He mixed expertly, shook with abandon, poured her drink into a chilled glass, and passed her some tiny caviar sandwiches. Then he sat down beside her on the couch. "Well, here's mud in your eye," he said cheerfully, "and gold in your job. Like it?"

"It's very good," she said, tasting.

"Of course it is. But I meant the job, not the cocktail."

"I like it a lot," she told him, "so far."

WALLACE finished his drink, set the glass on the table, slid a careless arm along the back of the sofa.

"You're certainly going to enliven my summer," he told her. "I'll expect a lot of attention, Judy."

"You'll get all you're entitled to," she promised, smiling, "but, by the looks of this week-end, your percentage won't be very large. Think how busy I'll be when the summer crowd starts coming!"

"I'm the summer crowd," he said complacently. "I'll be up every week-end more or less, and all of July and August. Here, let me fill your glass."

She shook her head. "No, thanks. One's my limit."

"Come on, be a sport. Celebrate our reunion."

She said amiably, "Please, if you don't mind, I'd rather not. I'm anxious to keep my job, Bert, and if I go reeling up to Mr. Corbin's table—"

"Nonsense—you're going to dine with me!"

She said quickly, "Thanks, but I can't. Not tonight, anyway. You see, Mr. Corbin has been kind enough to ask me to sit with him and Betty."

"Wants to take you out of circulation, does he?"

"Not at all. There'll often be lonely people who'll want me to—"

"How about me? I'm lonely," he said dramatically.

"You needn't be," she said, laughing. "See here, Bert—don't you ever work?"

"Of course," he said, distracted. "Like a slave. Oh, you mean the vacation." He laughed. "That's all set," he told her confidentially, refilling his glass, "and the office is delighted to get rid of me. I'm just a handsome figurehead. I've a large room, all paneled, and a pretty secretary, and I take customers out to lunch. That's my job. But during the summer there aren't so many to take out. So I expect to lure some of them up here for golf and a swim and good Scotch. That's my way of working, and it's pretty effective, if I do say so."

"I've no doubt of it," agreed Judith without inflection. Wallace looked up at her a little sharply, but her face was without expression. She rose, and smiled at him. "Thanks for the drink," she said. "I'll have to run along now; the Corbins are expecting me."

"What's your hurry?" He slipped his arm about her. "How about a little kiss for old times' sake?" he inquired, holding her close.

Judith disengaged herself without much difficulty. Her heart was racing but her composure remained. She said, laughing: "Honestly, Bert . . . is it my job which has altered you? We were never on kissing terms in the old days."

"We can remedy that," he said; "I didn't half appreciate you."

"My poverty," she said lightly, "invests me with a new glamour. That's it. I've become a glamour girl . . . on a salary."

"Don't put me off," he said—"you can't."

He was, she saw, becoming interested and insistent. At first, perhaps, he'd been joking. Now he joked no longer. She thought swiftly, and then said the first thing that occurred to her:

"Bert—hadn't you better be more cautious? After all, consider my position. I may be desperate; I may not like working, really. Perhaps I've just taken this job in order to expedite my search for an eligible husband. You're the most eligible man here, you know—"

She was unruffled; her eyes laughed at him. And young Mr. Wallace, who prided himself on being a confirmed bachelor, stepped back in very real alarm. He said uncertainly, "Do you mean . . .? Of course you don't! But . . ." He regarded her, puzzled, and she knew with amused certainty that from now on he would never be quite sure of her. "You're a cool one," he told her with unwilling admiration, "if that's really your game."

"Of course it is," she said; "it's every woman's—especially every poor woman's. You should thank me for the warning. 'By." She smiled again, and was gone.

Wallace returned to the cocktail shaker. He swore gently and ran a finger around the inside of his collar, which seemed a little too tight. What a girl! He was, he admitted to himself, a little afraid of her. But two could play at that game, and he wouldn't be the one to be hooked. He grinned at himself in a mirror over the serving table. Still, caution remained the byword.

He remembered Judy Gillmore when she had been of another world, his world. A pretty redheaded girl with plenty of spirit. She had told him off properly, that summer, about Ruth—what was her name?—the silly little kid who'd visited her and fallen in love with him. Judy hadn't spared him, and he hadn't liked it, or her, very much. Nor had she held any special appeal for him, once he'd granted her physical charm. Too frank, too outspoken, too—yes, he had to admit it, too darned well bred. And she was still frank and outspoken, heaven knew. Only now she was on her own.

Judith, on her way to dinner, congratulated herself. She had, she thought, spiked young Mr. Wallace's guns rather neatly.

Corbin was alone at his table when she came in. He rose, and, when she was seated and had given her order, regarded her with veiled anxiety.

"You . . . I mean . . . you saw Bert Wallace?"

"I had one drink," she said cheerfully. "I stayed less than half an hour and everything was very amiable," she assured him. "Where's Betty?"

"She'll be along. She's always late. Went out after tea, somewhere. She misses her friends."

"They were nice kids," said Judith. "I was sorry to see them go. Here she comes now, with Bill Martin."

BETTY was coming down the long arched room, her frail full skirts billowing about her slim waist, tugging Bill Martin, who hadn't, it was plain, dressed for dinner, by the hand. She cried, when the table was reached, "I persuaded Bill. It's so seldom he honors us. Judy, you look too divine." She sank into a chair and demanded a menu. "I'm starved." she said.

Bill grinned contritely at Corbin. "I couldn't escape," he said. "This kid ought to be in Congress. She certainly knows how to sway an audience."

"You're always welcome," said Corbin cordially, "but as a rule you bolt your dinner and escape before we come in."

"Just a slave to humanity," murmured Bill. "After the tea which your child forced on me and which never agrees with me, I had office hours. All of five patients from town. And then I was called upstairs, to Mrs. Renwick."

"Anything serious?" asked Mr. Corbin anxiously.

"No," replied Bill, suppressing the desire to add *unfortunately*. "After which I returned to my office and immersed myself in a good book. Or perhaps I fell asleep. Anyway, my routine was thrown out of gear."

"I tried to get him to take me to the grill," said Betty.

"Can't afford it," Bill informed her calmly.

"Well, you can buy me a demitasse," she said, "and we'll dance."

"The exchequer," he agreed solemnly, "will just run to that."

Her father said gently, "You mustn't impose on Bill, Betty."

"It's not imposing. You know the gag about all work and no play . . ."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS AT VALLEY FORGE
OH DADDY, THERE'S WASHINGTON'S HOSPITAL HUT. IT'S JUST AS I'VE SEEN IT IN THE HISTORY BOOKS
THIS CERTAINLY IS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST HISTORIC SPOTS
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
I GUESS THOSE WERE THE DARKEST DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION WHEN WASHINGTON GATHERED HIS MEN AROUND HIM HERE
I CAN ALMOST PICTURE MARTHA WASHINGTON CONSOLING HER HUSBAND THOSE TRYING TIMES
CHUBBINS, JUST IMAGINE THOSE POOR CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS FREEZING THROUGH THAT BITTER WINTER, MANY OF THEM WITHOUT SHOES OR FOOD, OR EVEN TOBACCO TO CONSOLE THEM
WELL, IF THEY WERE LIKE YOU, DAD, THEY PROBABLY MISSED THEIR TOBACCO MOST OF ALL
THAT HISTORIC WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE......
I KNOW, YOU'RE REMINDING ME OF THAT WINTER BACK HOME WHEN WE GOT SNOWED IN
AND RUNNING OUT OF FOOD DIDN'T BOTHER YOU NEARLY AS MUCH AS RUNNING OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT
AT SUCH TIMES, A PIPE-SMOKER REALIZES MORE THAN EVER WHAT PRINCE ALBERT MEANS TO HIM

JOY-SMOKERS SPEAKING!
—ARE YOU LISTENING? READ THE NEWS ON THIS MELLOWER, TASTIER TOBACCO!
I'M TAKING A LIFETIME VACATION FROM TONGUE-BITE. PRINCE ALBERT HAS THE BITE REMOVED—IT'S EXTRA-MILD!
SEAMAN
I'VE TRIED 'EM ALL—BUT FOR RICH TASTE AND FULL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS, GIVE ME P.A.
PUBLISHER
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
YES SIR, MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
*(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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*Peaceful*

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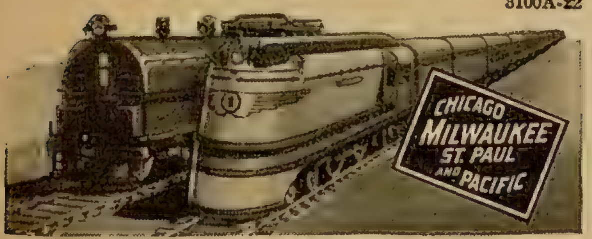


"How about you?" Bill asked Judith. "Care to shake a hoof? I might run to three demitasses."

Judith shook her head, smiling, for it was easy to read the anxious look which Betty shot at her. "Lay off," said the look very plainly, "and give me a break. After all, I saw him first!"

"I have some contract games to arrange," she said; "and then we're having movies tonight, you know."

One of the guests, newly arrived, and an old friend of the Corbins, came over to their table and sat down for a moment. After the introductions, he drew Corbin and Betty into conversation, and Bill turned to Judith.

YOU take your duties very seriously, don't you?" he murmured.

"Of course; why?" she demanded, astonished.

"Mrs. Renwick's room is on the sixth floor," he said ambiguously.

Judith flushed. He had seen her, then, either going in or leaving Wallace's rooms. She said hotly:

"I doubt if I owe you an explanation; but if you mean that Bert Wallace asked me up for a cocktail before dinner, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing," said Bill, shrugging. "More power to you. Only, I warn you that is how our late-lamented hostess lost her job. Too many cocktails before dinner, too much favoritism, and—taking too much for granted."

She said angrily, "I've known you a couple of weeks, and I've known Bert Wallace for years. And I'd be grateful if you'd—"

"Mind my own business? Well, that's a difficult thing to ask of any one of my temperament and profession," he said. He looked across at Betty and smiled. "Well, youngster," he said good-naturedly, "let's get going if we're going to have that demitasse and a couple of dances. . . . Because I've a call to make at nine." . . .

Corbin, his acquaintance departing at the same time, looked after Betty's straight back and smiled at Judith, not noting her preoccupation.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that my child's a little obvious. Poor Bill—he can't call his soul his own! She believes she's irrevocably in love with him and shouts it from the housetops. He's charming to her; treats her as if she were his younger sister; and yet, the position must be difficult for him. These modern youngsters"—he shook his head and laughed—"they're perfectly shameless; they pursue openly. But Martin's a fine fellow. I don't know any one I'd like better in the family than Bill. Don't be deceived by his casualness, Judy. He's a clever and extremely ambitious young man."

She thought, And his ambition may include marrying the boss's daughter. Not that Betty Corbin's father is really his boss, but—

Aloud she said, "They'd make a very attractive couple," and wondered wildly why she disliked the idea so much.

The rest of the holiday week-end was so crowded that Judith had very little time to speculate on Betty's pursuit of Bill Martin or her own position in regard to Bert Wallace. She was busy, it seemed, every minute, arranging parties, card games, introductions, smoothing over annoyances, and meeting her first example of the hotel hostess's nightmare, the Problem Child. This first one was a tired young divorcee, up for the week-end and determined to make the most of it. Judith, not without malice, wished her on Bert Wallace, who was at first nothing loath. At least there'd be no quarter given and taken, she decided, for Bert could look after himself and so could Mrs. Ellerton.

Mrs. Ellerton was a willowy blonde, slightly on the Garbo side, who, however, had no wish to be alone. She was still in love with her husband, she confided in Judith twenty minutes after their first meeting Friday morning, but he had been reft from her by an unspeakable brunette. She named names with the utmost abandon. Not that he had married the wretch, she said hopefully, for it appeared that the unspeakable brunette wouldn't have him. He hadn't enough money now, what with the heavy but merited alimony. Mrs. Ellerton was of the practical opinion that one nail drives out another; so when she wasn't pursuing Judith to her very room, desirous of telling her her troubles—"You are so *simpático*, as they say in Italy," she murmured—she was hounding Bert Wallace: on the golf links, at the stables, in the grillroom and ballroom. And it amused him a little.

JUDITH found herself free to dance several times during the festivities. In fact, Bert, encountering her near the ballroom, dragged her there with a firm hand. When they had started dancing, he said, "What was the idea of sicking the Ellerton on to me, you little fiend?"

"Don't you like her?"

"Oh, immensely; but she cloys. I've promised to drive her to Lover's Leap tonight when the moon is full. For half a dollar I'd push her over." He tightened his arm about Judith. "Aren't you a little alarmed?" he inquired. "The hotel will be overrun with Ellertons during the season; you'll have lots of competition!"

"I love competition," she said gaily.

The big ballroom was by no means crowded. The night was unusually warm for that time of year in the mountains, and couples kept drifting to the big verandas. Firmly Judith resisted any attempt on Wallace's part to follow them. "You asked me to dance," she said, "and dance I will." When the music stopped they were standing near the orchestra platform, and Betty was there too, talking to the young leader. Bill Martin was, of course, nowhere to be seen, and Betty—far from forlorn, as she had plenty of partners—was amusing herself making big eyes at "Sax" and asking him clearly, "Don't you ever get a chance to dance, too?"

"That kid," mused Wallace aloud, "has possibilities."

Judith felt a tiny clutch of alarm about her heart. Worse medicine for a rattlebrained but essentially sweet eighteen-year-old than Bert Wallace could not possibly be imagined. Still, as far as any one could see, Betty had no eyes for any one but Bill Martin . . . except the pair she was now using on Saks Lewis, with decided effect.

The music began a number for which Betty had asked. She whirled back to her partner, a boy not much older than herself, and Judith drifted into Wallace's arms again. "Just this one," she told him. "I have to keep a date with one of my old ladies, and meantime Mrs. Ellerton is looking for you, there in the archway. The moon must be rising," she added, a trifle maliciously.

"Come with us," he begged. "For the first time in my life, I crave a chaperon!"

BUT she declined, laughing, and a little later was walking across the veranda to the cardroom, where she had promised to meet Mrs. Orson for a game of Russian bank, when she saw Bill Martin standing outside the windows, smoking and looking in.

"Peri at the gates of Paradise?" she inquired, pausing. "Why don't you go in and dance?"

"You're far too educated for me," he said, grinning. "No, thanks. Not even with you. And have you forgiven me?"

"I didn't mean me," she said indignantly. "Betty's there . . . and . . . our week-end beauty, Mrs. Ellerton. And there's nothing to forgive."

"Thanks, I've met the lady. She had a headache last evening," he reported without enthusiasm. "No, ma'am; I'm going to bed. I went out on a case, just before dinner, in the village. And I'm dog-tired." . . .

She said, "You haven't had anything to eat, have you?"

"A cup of coffee in the farmhouse kitchen . . . I just got back. But I left a ten-pound boy behind me at the Ralstons', so I've something to show for my dinnerless state."

"The grill's open," she suggested.

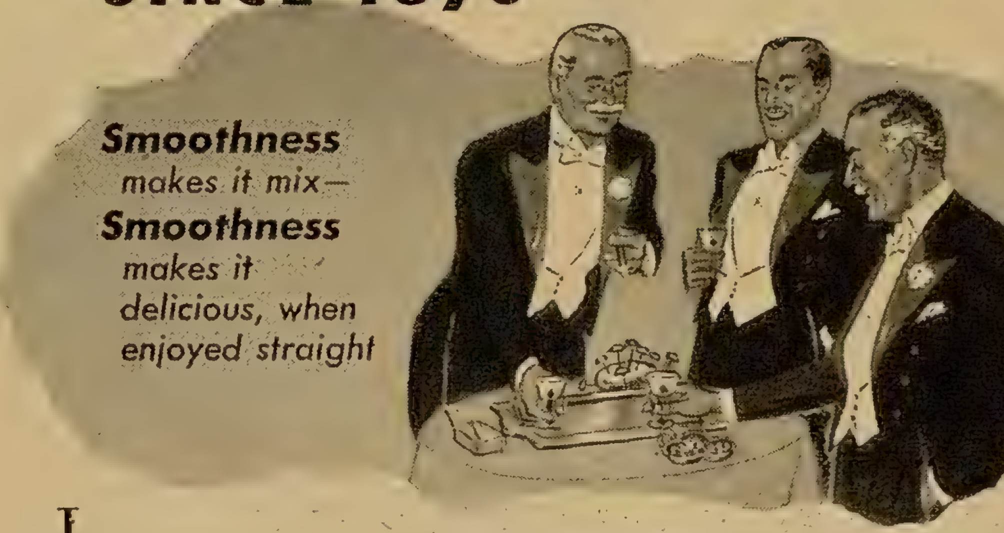
"Lady, I have no money to squander on chicken sandwiches at 9 P. M. . . . Why aren't you dancing?"

"I'm off to play Russian bank," she said. "Good night, Bill."

But in the cardroom she stopped to telephone to the grill and order sandwiches and coffee sent to Dr. Martin's room, the check to be charged to her. After all, she reflected, her expenses were very light and she could afford to be a Girl Scout once in a blue moon.

When she reached her room, shortly before eleven, she found a note stuck under her door. The writing was completely unfamiliar. Opening it, standing there beside the desk at the window, a single lamp throwing its circle of yellow light, she read:

FLEISCHMANN'S
A Mixing Gin
SINCE 1870


Smoothness makes it mix—
Smoothness makes it delicious, when enjoyed straight

In fine American homes since 1870, Fleischmann's has been part of treasured family recipes for smooth mixed drinks.

High in quality—delicate in flavor, it mingles and blends with other ingredients, never overpowers them.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, distilled from American grain. Buy a bottle or case today. To order a *smooth* gin drink, say: "Please make it with Fleischmann's."

*For smoothness in Sloe Gin drinks, buy* FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN *65 proof*
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DRY GIN

Copyright, 1938, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

Thanks for the charity, Lady. I'll get even. How about lunch Monday? Isn't that your day off?

She went to bed smiling, wondering how he knew.

That was Saturday. Sunday night the exodus began. By Monday morning the hotel would be empty again, but on Wednesday two conventions were coming in. From Monday midmorning until after dinner Judith was free.

This Monday, she decided, she'd spend some time with Prudence; she'd have tea with Mr. Alcot; she might even take the Valleytown bus, dine in lonely state, and see a movie.

Bill called her before breakfast.

"Sorry to get you up," he said. "I didn't have a glimpse of you yesterday; I was at the hospital most of the day. Look. What are your plans for today?"

She told him.

"Good. I'll pick you up at Hank's around twelve and we'll have some lunch. Then I'll take you with me on my calls. I've got to be back here for office hours, but I'm going over to the hospital early in the evening, and if you'd overlook my reckless driving . . ."

"Don't be silly," she said; "I think I can hold you down."

AT noon she was gossiping comfortably with Prudence in the Parsons kitchen when Bill clattered in without ceremony.

"Come and get it!" he announced, hugging Prudence and clucking foolishly at the cat, which seemed to know him. "We're going on a picnic."

"Picnic?"

"No spikka da English? I stopped at the Daisy Diner and got us some sandwiches and a thermos of coffee. I told you I'd get even."

"You'll die," said Prudence severely, seized a still warm newly frosted cake, cut it in half, took waxed paper from a drawer, and made a neat parcel. "Here, you two loons," she said affectionately.

They drove out to Hillhigh Falls. It had been a long time since Judith had been there, to sit on a flat rock warm with the sun and watch the narrow white ribbon of the falls unwinding itself over the rocks. Pines and spruce, hemlock and cedar were thick and green about her; the little river chattered noisily below; there were patches of violets at her feet and over her head the cloudless blue sky.

She sat down and put her hands among the brown fallen needles, aromatic and slippery. She sighed, tossed her hat aside, and said, "This is very nearly heaven!"

"I know. I don't have much chance to come here now," he said, pouring the coffee and unpacking the sandwiches. "But when I was a kid . . . the Home used to bring us here now and again."

"Don't talk," she said suddenly, biting into a sandwich. "I mean, we hear so much talking, don't we, both of us?"

He gave her a surprised appreciative look and said rather thickly, "Bad manners anyway. Got enough mustard?"

Judith nodded, and they sat, ate, and drank in a companionable silence. Later, when the crumbs had been cleared away and the papers disposed of, he said, lying full length on his stomach, "I'd forgotten how lovely it was here until yesterday—"

"I thought you were at the hospital yesterday."

"I was. But in the afternoon I came back to the office. My one patient broke the Sunday appointment. So Betty persuaded me to ride with her. I haven't ridden in years . . . not since I worked for old man Kinton one summer and rode his horses bareback all over the fields. I wasn't any too good, but at least I stayed put, and I'm sore as the devil today," he admitted, laughing.

"Betty's a sweet kid," said Judith slowly.

"Yes, isn't she? Sometimes I'd like to put her across my knee and spank her, but she's all right. Alex has done a good job . . . and it must be difficult. She's going back to school this week to graduate."

"Yes, I know."

He wasn't in love with the child; he couldn't speak so casually if he were. But now he was saying, "I'll miss her. She's fun to have around." Then he looked at his watch, whistled, jumped to his feet.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get going; we've work to do."

They made his rounds, then he dropped her at Mr. Alcot's, where she had tea in the garden, and sat there with the gentle old man until dusk, feeling refreshed and recreated by her day, away from people who buzzed and clamored, away from the pressure, the sense of hurry, the anxiety lest something might go wrong. The long golden shadows crept closer. And then, just before dark, Bill's horn honked imperiously and she went out to meet him.

They drove toward Valleytown, the busy little manufacturing center, and had dinner at a farmhouse which served marvelous meals, just on the town's outskirts. After that, replete, they went on to the hospital, and Judith waited while Bill went in. He was gone for almost an hour, and came out apologetic.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said, "but—"

"I've been asleep," she confessed, "and you needn't apologize."

He said contritely, "But I do. I thought we'd take in a movie . . . there's a good one in town . . . but I called the hotel just now and there was a message for me. Betty's hurt her ankle; I've got to get back."

"Oh, poor kid," said Judith, sitting up.

"It may be just a sprain. If it's a break . . . well, there isn't a portable X-ray anywhere in these parts. I wish I could afford my own," he said irritably. "I'll have to get her back to the hospital. Hold your hat; we're on our way."

His anxiety was, she assured herself, merely that of the friend as well as physician. Or was it? She was quiet most of the way home, and when he had parked the car and jumped out, she asked, "Can't I help?"

"No. I'll go see her now. You deserve your day off." He looked at her and smiled. "It was a swell day," he told her, and was up the steps and into the lounge ahead of her, hurrying toward his patient.

SHE followed him slowly. She told herself in a fury of rebellion, I can't fall in love with him. Where would it get us, even if he were in love with me too? I haven't a cent.

Young penniless doctors can't afford penniless wives. If he has any sense he'll fall in love with Betty, if he hasn't already. Alex Corbin has enough to help them. They could live at the hotel. Oh, why *am* I such a fool? she thought. I've been here only three weeks, and I've fallen in love with one of the most exasperating men I've ever known, and certainly, she added, thinking of what she had told Bert Wallace, certainly the most ineligible!

She did not feel any of the flutters and fancies and dawning glows of fiction. Having admitted that she was in love, she felt angry with herself, and extraordinarily tired.

It's just the silly season, she told herself fiercely. In another couple of weeks this place will be full to the doors and I'll forget all about it. I'm lonely, that's all.

But she had a vision of Bill bending over Betty, touching her ankle with careful, competent, tender fingers, and her eyes filled with foolish tears and she fumbled putting her key in its lock. If Bert Wallace hadn't gone back to town, she told herself furiously, she'd call his room and ask him to take her out somewhere where they could dance and laugh and fence with one another. She knew where she stood with Bert.

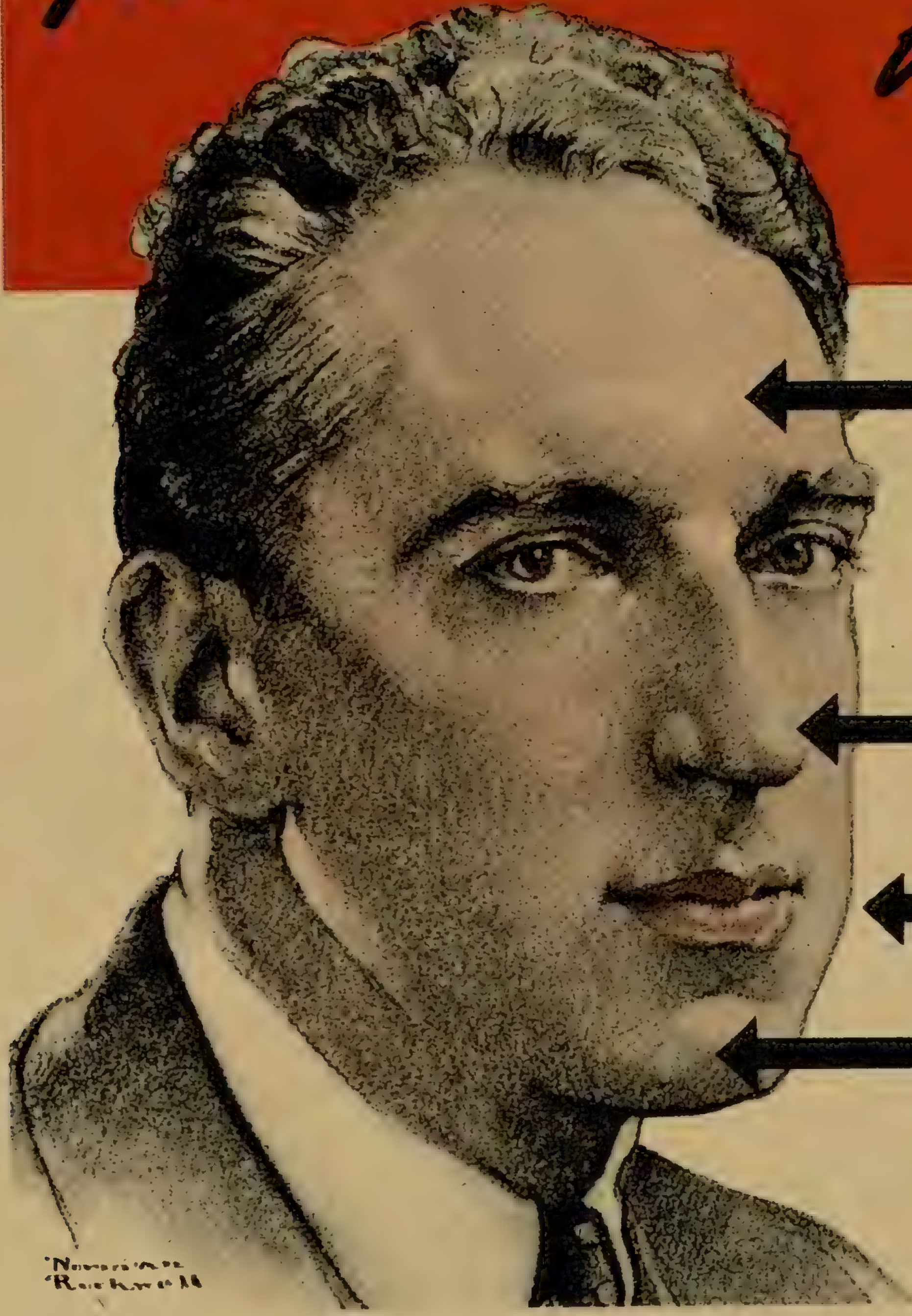
As for Bill Martin, she loved him, and she wished that she had never seen him, that she had not come to Rivermount!

Of course, she thought, lying listlessly across her bed, I can give up the job.

---

*What will come of these tangled romances—with Judy and Betty in love with Bill, Bert Wallace pursuing Judy, and Bill's heart still an unknown quantity? More complications are coming—and a surprising, terrifying experience for Judy. Don't miss next week's Liberty!*

# *How much* TALENT *can be read in your face?*


Norman Rockwell

The Face of
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***Talented scenic designer and theatrical producer***

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Broad *forehead* with prominent knotty bulges above the eyes. Long, pointed *nose* with decided "hump" at the bone ridge a trifle below the bridge. Long-winged nostrils. *Jaw* strong and well developed. *Chin* pointed—with deep depression beneath lower lip.

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**IT'S "DOUBLE-RICH"**
A Mark of Merit straight Kentucky whiskey—90 proof. The record—over 100 million bottles sold!

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

STREETS and alleys out there, tangling their involved, zigzag mosaic.

People out there—a melodramatic North African hotchpotch—haggling, swapping salty jests and full-flavored abuse, swallowing life in greedy mouthfuls.

Shameless, screaming passion of love out there, and shameless, screaming passion of hate.

The sun out there, golden and free.

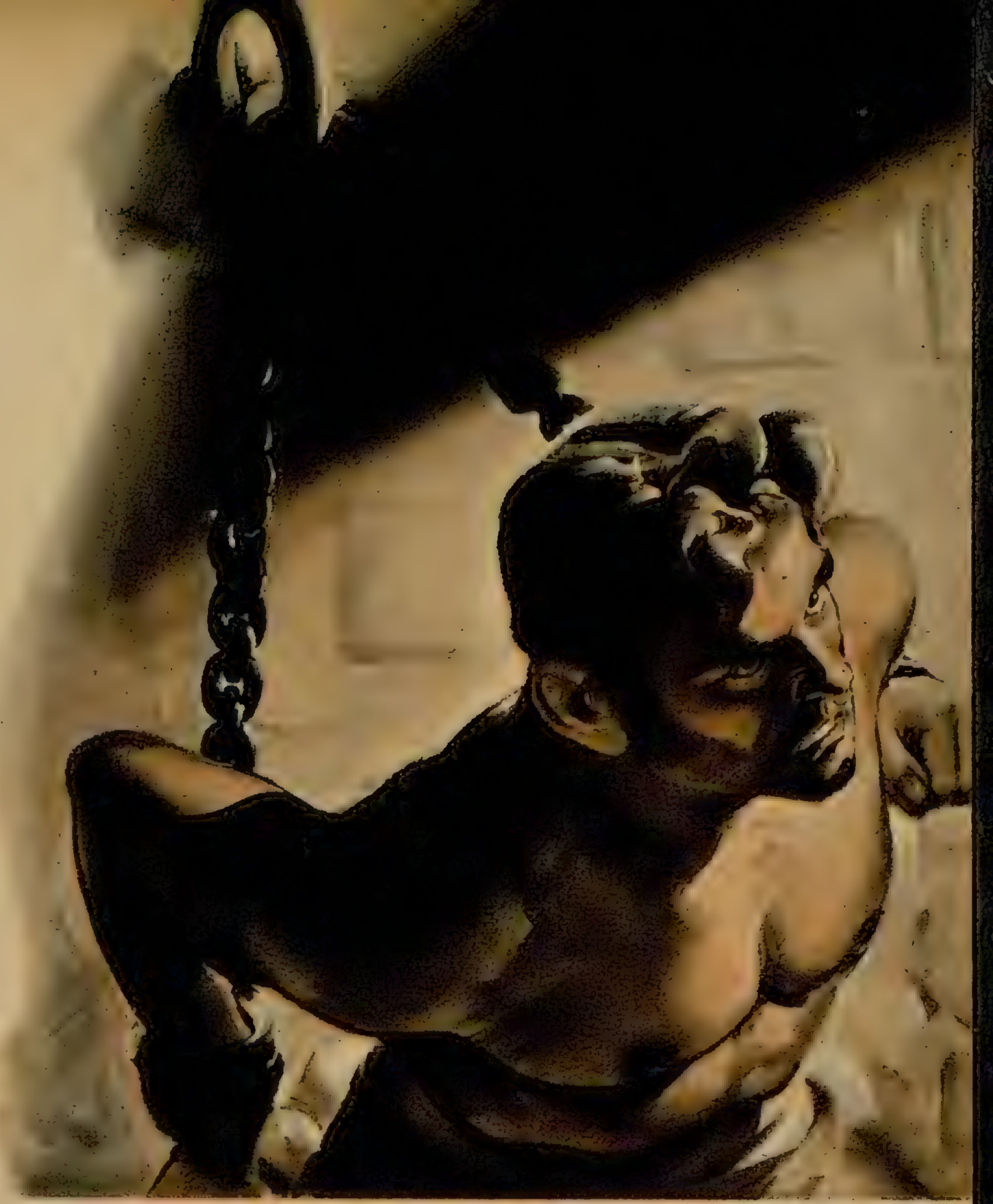
But at the edge of town, no more than a couple of miles away from the heart of Tangier, in the deep cellar—once a dungeon—of Mehmet Hassan's palace that faced the desert, was silence and swathing darkness, and a man's suffering, a man's rage.

Terrible suffering—the way they had fastened his arms and legs against the wall with iron rings so that he could neither stand up straight nor sit down at ease nor stretch full length; the way they lashed his bare back, again and again, with the brutal swing of the rhinoceros-hide whip. Impotent rage, less at the pain than at the affront to his manhood. Rage, too, at the coarse mockery of Mehmet Hassan's servants when, twice a day, they brought him meager fare.

Yet, during the long hours he was alone, it was the silence which he minded most.

Silence, reflected Franklin Grey, which seemed like an evil being pregnant with a stony, unswerving purpose. Mehmet Hassan's purpose—which, he told himself defiantly, the latter would never achieve.

The man—oh, yes—could torture his body; cause him to shriek in physical agony. But never would the other be able to break his spirit; to kill, by the same token, the flaming desire in his heart, the sweet memory . . .



# Because He Loved

"You are so obstinate," Mehmet Hassan had said—was it yesterday?—"And what can it avail you? You see—I am stronger than you." He had paused. "I would kill you, were it not for the fact"—he had spoken without the slightest hypocrisy—"that I am a man of peace who abhors the thought of taking a human life. Thus it must be my patience against yours. And sooner or later . . ."

"Never!"

"Allah—so obstinate! And yet, I repeat, sooner or later I shall find a way to—ah—convince you. It is not only the body which can be made to suffer."

And here, for a while at least, ends the tale; to begin again, months earlier, in the Paris residence of Franklin Grey's aunt, the Marquise de Belleville, who, Chicago born and bred, seemed so amazingly French and aristocratic, indeed so much more aristocratic than all her husband's titled hook-nosed Norman relatives—except for her sense of humor, which had remained strictly American.

"His Royal Highness Prince Mehmet Hassan."

"I'll be right down, Anatole," the Marquise said.

The butler left; and Franklin Grey inquired:

"Who's the Royal Highness? Guy with pink whiskers and a pea-green turban?"

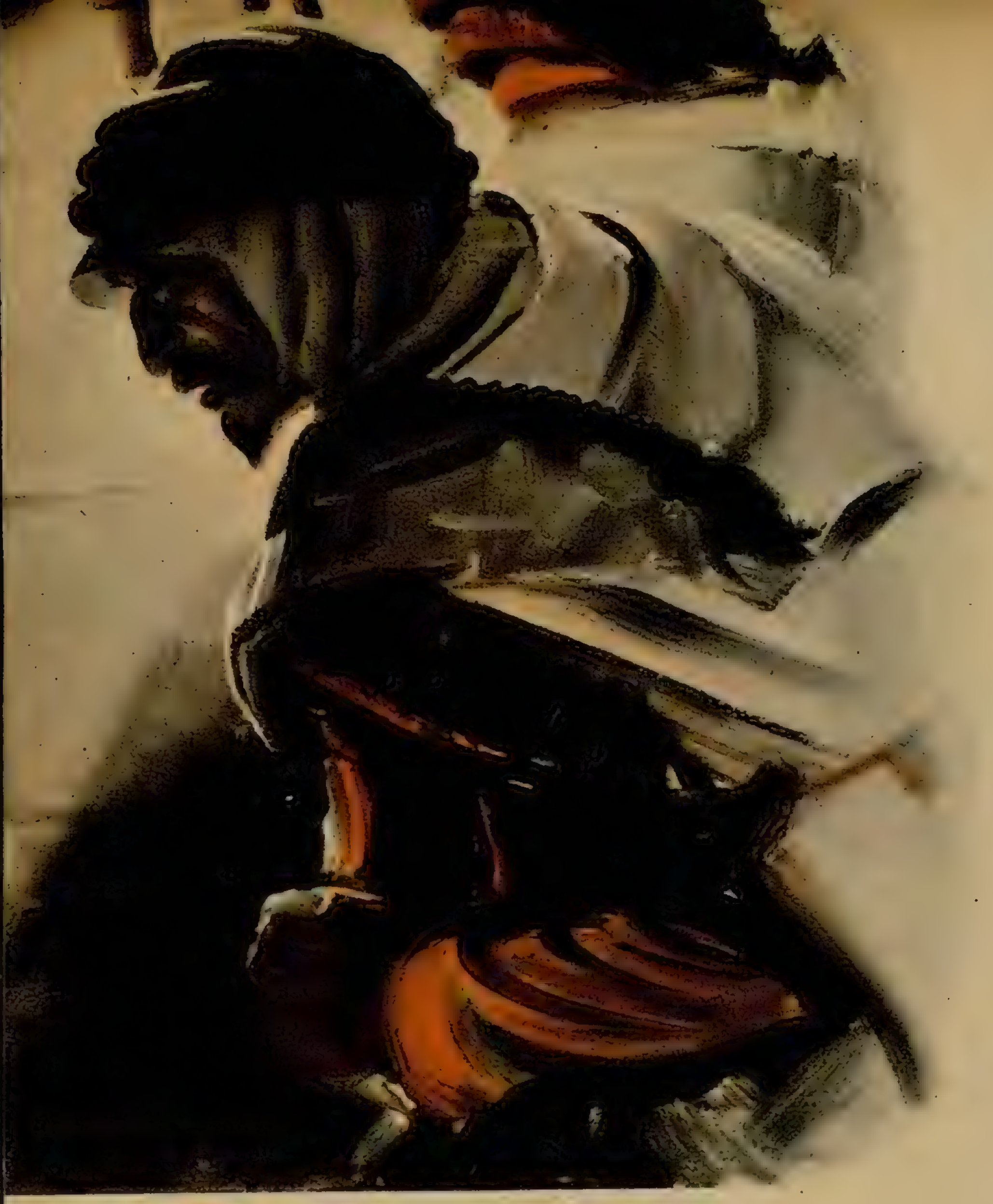
"Don't be so prejudiced! He's a descendant of the Sultans of Morocco. But completely Westernized. Parisian to his finger tips." She picked up mirror and powder puff. "I like him. He's a honey."

"How many wives has the honey?"

"None. He's a widower—with an only child. A daughter, Zaida. Lovely little thing. She's in town with her father—they're visiting the Duchesse de Cassagnac—and are coming to my dance. You'll come too, won't you?"

"You bet!"

"You can torture m
But that doesn
change the fact
the matter . . . th
fact that your daug
ter is in love wi
me—a Christian



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

# Greatly

## Of passion and torture, and peril in an Arab beauty's eyes—The flaming tale of a young American's grim adventure

## BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

By this time they had gone downstairs, were entering the large salon. There the prosperous young American on vacation was introduced to Mehmet Hassan, a tall brown-bearded man dressed in the foppish height of French fashion; and French also his pungent wit, his truly Parisian gift of lending glamour to the most fleeting comment and dazzling a modish trick of speech into a brilliant epigram.

TEN days later, at the dance given by his aunt, he met Zaida—with her silken raven-black hair folded like wings over tiny ears; her short high-bridged nose; her ivory-white complexion, different from that of European women, thicker, like heavy satin with a dull sheen; her supple young body in a low-cut creamy gown. She wore a single jewel, a huge pearl that fell over her forehead like a milky iridescent bubble.

They smiled at each other. They talked—she spoke English adorably. They danced. She shut her eyes dreamily to the swing of the music.

"Faster!" she whispered.

There was between them immediate sympathy and liking. The liking grew steadily. And presently, sitting out a dance, they conversed in an undertone about this and that and the other thing; mostly about themselves—the things they had done and heard and thought. Nor were they conscious of any racial or civilizational difference. They were both of the West, both modern—he by inheritance, and she so evidently by training and deliberate preference.

"Getting on swimmingly with little Zaida, aren't you?" the Marquis de Belleville asked Franklin later.

"Yes," enthusiastically; "I'm nuts about her."

"Falling in love with her, by any chance?"

"Oh . . ."

"None of my business. Right. Still—let me give you a tip. I spent years in Morocco, in the army. I know Arabs. Queer people, with queer prejudices where men like you and me—Christians—are concerned. Deep down in their souls they hate us."

"Not Mehmet Hassan. He's completely Westernized. So is Zaida."

"She may be. But it's different with the men of the Orient. Nor is Mehmet Hassan an exception to the rule—although," slowly, "he was—once upon a time. I've no right to tell you the story. Only—believe me—the man, for all his Occidental veneer, is entirely of Islam, of the Orient."

Franklin Grey laughed carelessly.

"I guess you're jealous—knowing your reputation with the fair sex."

A few days later he called on Mehmet Hassan and his daughter, and offhand, in the former's presence, asked her to come for a drive . . . "unless," turning to the Arab, "you mind?"

"Mind? Why should I?"

So they went. And during the weeks to come—weeks of easy intimacy and, presently, a stirring of sentiment—he saw more and more of her, while Mehmet Hassan smiled upon them benignly.

It was quite suddenly one evening, alone in his hotel, thinking of her, longing for her, that Franklin Grey decided it was love. Oh, yes—there had been women in his life. But they had left no mark. Now, in the ice-green depths of Zaida's eyes there lurked for him the answer to the old eternal tremendous mysteries, that here was a soul to surrender and not only the body.

The next evening, when, on the occasion of a ball, they had escaped from the house and were driving through the Bois, he stopped the car.

"I love you," he said, and the trite words seemed to him to hold the essence of the whole world's truth and beauty. "I love you with all my heart. And you"—haltingly—"do you . . .?"

"I love you, too."

He took her in his arms. He kissed her. She clung to him without moving, her eyes starry. And then came his second question, spoken with a faint laugh:

"I almost forgot to ask you the most important thing, darling. Will you marry me?"

She drew a little away from him.

"No," was her low-voiced answer.

"No?" he echoed incredulously. "Why . . ."

"I love you. But marriage?" She made a hopeless gesture. "There's my father—an Arab, a Moslem . . ."

"But modern through and through. Westernized. I've talked with him lots. And I've found him liberal, tolerant . . ."

"And yet . . ."

"And yet—nothing! Why—if he's such an Oriental die-hard as you're trying to make him out—did he have you brought up in France and England? Why does he take you abroad every year?"

"Because," slowly, "he promised my mother. Mother—you see—came from Vienna. She died when I was a small child."

"I—I'm sorry." He was silent. "Still," he went on, "since she was a European, so much more reason why your father . . ."

"No, no, no! I don't know why. But"—and queerly,

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thought Franklin, she used the same words which the Marquis de Belleville had used—" deep in his soul he hates all Christians."

" Well—I'll not let his silly prejudice stand in the way of our happiness. I'll see him tomorrow and talk him out of it. You know "—with all his old gaiety and self-assurance—" I sold bonds, quite a few of them, during the depression." He added: " You might tell him that you and I—kind of prepare the way . . ."

" Very well, dear."

There was a tremor in her accents; and he demanded:

" Not afraid, are you? "

" I am," she admitted.

" No cause. Everything'll be all right."

So, on the following afternoon, he presented himself at the residence of the Duchesse de Cassagnac and asked for Mehmet Hassan—to be informed that the latter and his daughter were no longer in Paris.

" They went early this morning," said the servant. " The Prince mentioned that business was calling him back to Morocco."

A few days later, Franklin left Paris, took train and boat, and the next Wednesday, early in the afternoon, found himself in Tangier, in front of Mehmet Hassan's palace.

HE was not an imaginative man; was a sanely practical, typical young American. But today he felt strangely uneasy. His first visit to the Orient. And it was all so—oh, so alien, so grim and threatening.

Not only the palace itself, with its frowning battlements, but, to one side of it, the mystery of the desert spawning its yellow brittle eternities of sand. And to the other side the city, silent beneath the afternoon heat siesta, with not a soul, not even an animal, in sight; yet subterraneously alive. . . .

He pulled himself together; dropped the knocker.

A minute later the door opened. A tall plum-colored Saharan stood there. Franklin handed him his card. The other bowed without speaking; ushered him into a large room; bowed again and withdrew.

The American looked about him—and his feeling of uneasiness grew, tightened. For the room stifled him with the grave heavy dignity of its furnishings, its walls shining duskily, dreamily, with the deep browns and greens of half-obliterated tiles, the thick rugs in dull purples and crimsons; and the acrid sandalwood smoke that rose from an incense bowl seemed, somehow, like the scent of the gray, swinging centuries. It made him feel, somehow, like an intruder; caused the skin upon his back to stir a little—to stir and crawl. . . .

He gave a start when a curtain slid apart and Mehmet Hassan came in; a man different from the one he had known in Paris, dressed now Arab fashion in a *djebba* of white silk, sandals on his bare feet, and around his head a loose *dulband* of orange gauze that fell about his ears in straight folds, giving him a queer look, archaic and rather unhuman—as if with putting on Oriental garb he had put on another soul.

Yet his voice, as he exclaimed, " Delighted to see you! " was French, of the West; his gestures, too; his vivacity, as he inquired after mutual Paris friends.

Still Franklin's uneasiness persisted. His replies were automatic, and he found it hard to muster words for the real object of his visit. He had already risen, was on the point of going, when finally—awkwardly—he mentioned Zaida.

" How's your daughter? " he asked.

" Quite well," was the answer; and, immediately dismissing the subject: " Care to lunch with me tomorrow? "

A short silence. Then, with the same awkwardness, Franklin said:

" Look here—speaking about your daughter . . ."

" I would prefer," the Arab cut in, " you didn't."

The younger man was taken aback.

" B-but . . ." he stammered.

" Why beat about the bush? I know why you're here. To ask for my daughter's hand. The reply is no."

The man's chilly brutality flicked Franklin on the raw.

" I suppose," was his heated exclamation, " because I am a Christian? "

" Just so."

" And yet your daughter told me that her own mother . . ."

He stopped. He saw the other's eyes narrowing into slits, the veins on his temples standing out like ropes. But at once the Arab controlled his rage.

I DISLIKE all Christians," he said slowly, " precisely *because* I married one. Because "—his voice peaked a shrill octave—" my wife was no better than a . . ."

He interrupted himself. He sat there, brooding, morose, while Franklin recalled what the Marquis de Belleville had alluded to, a few weeks earlier, when he had warned him against Mehmet Hassan—Mehmet Hassan, who continued more quietly:

" She ran away with an Englishman when Zaida was a baby. I promised her, before we married, that any child of ours would be brought up in Europe. The fact that she was unfaithful to me did not absolve me from keeping my promise. But—marriage? No, no, no! "

Franklin felt sorry for the Arab; even understood, in a way, why the latter hated those of his race and faith . . .

" Still," he blurted after a moment, " that gives you no right to sacrifice your daughter's happiness — and mine."

" I refuse to discuss the matter."

" Oh "—furiously, rather childishly —" if you think you're going to get away with . . ."

The Arab laughed. It was a harsh laugh.

" What, exactly, can you *do?* This

is the Orient. This is Tangier. Here I am master." He rose, he pointed to the door. "Ah"—the arrogant Moslem aristocrat speaking, the descendant of Moroccan Sultans—"the audience is ended."

A FEW minutes later Franklin walked up the Street of the Lizard in the direction of his hotel, a storm in his heart, wondering what he was going to do.

If this had been Chicago, it would have been easy. But here—in this alien land?

If he could see Zaida. Talk to her . . .

He wrote—once, twice, three times. The letters came back unopened. He called at the palace. Mehmet Hassan sent out word that he was not in.

Should he give up? Return to America?

How could he? Life she was to him. All of life's sweetness; all of life's beauty and power. . . .

There lived, at the hotel, an elderly Spanish merchant with whom he had become friendly. He spoke to him, mentioning no names, inquiring simply how to go about meeting an Arab girl whom he had known in Paris and who in Tangier seemed thousands of miles away.

"Had an affair with her?" demanded the other. "Longing for her embraces?"

"Oh"—angrily—"please . . ."

"I see." Don Carlos was amused. "A real affair of the heart—eh? Only one thing to do. Here"—he jotted down an address—"tell your troubles to Bibi Myryam."

"Who is she?"

"Once she was a dancer. And today she makes an excellent living by charging young fools like you handsomely for her services."

Franklin found Bibi Myryam in a little shop bright with twinkling faceted bottles, curiously shaped glasses, and mysterious green boxes. She was a huge elderly woman in whose features the thickness of eyelid and nostril betrayed the fact that there was a drop of Saharan Negro blood tainting her Arab race. She cut short his halting explanation with a ribald burst of mirth.

"I know," she exclaimed in guttural French. "You love her—and she loves you. You desire her softness—and she desires your strength. But there is a man between." She paused. "Father or husband?"

"Father."

"His name?"

He told her; and she whistled through her teeth.

"By the crimson pig's bristles!" she exclaimed. "You are aiming high, Christian!"

"Well"—annoyed—"what is it to you?"

"Nothing—except that the price will be as high. Three thousand francs."

He paid her; and she went on: "I shall talk to her."

"How?"

"The stick to the mangy dog," she exclaimed, "but confidences to the one who comes selling cosmetics!" She indicated the green boxes. "I shall let you know her answer tomorrow."

She was true to her word. On the following afternoon she brought him a letter.

Oh, yes—Zaida wrote—she knew that Franklin was in town. That day when he had called she had heard his voice; had hurried softly down the stairs and listened back of the curtain. Later she had spoken to her father; had implored, knelt before him—and found him adamant. She did not like to go against his wishes. But here her whole life's happiness was at stake. She loved Franklin. Loved him so! She would do anything he wished. Anything at all—if he found a way . . .

Right then he made up his mind.

"Look here, Bibi Myryam," he said. "What would you do for—well—fifty thousand francs?"

"For sixty thousand francs," was the prompt rejoinder, "I would do the very thing the thought of which is crossing your mind, Christian!"

"Oh"—a little astonished—"you guessed . . .?"

"How could I not guess? *Wah*"—rolling her body in a paroxysm of merriment—"once I, too, was young—very young. With intestines warm—very warm." She paused. "You will give me the money?"

"Tomorrow morning."

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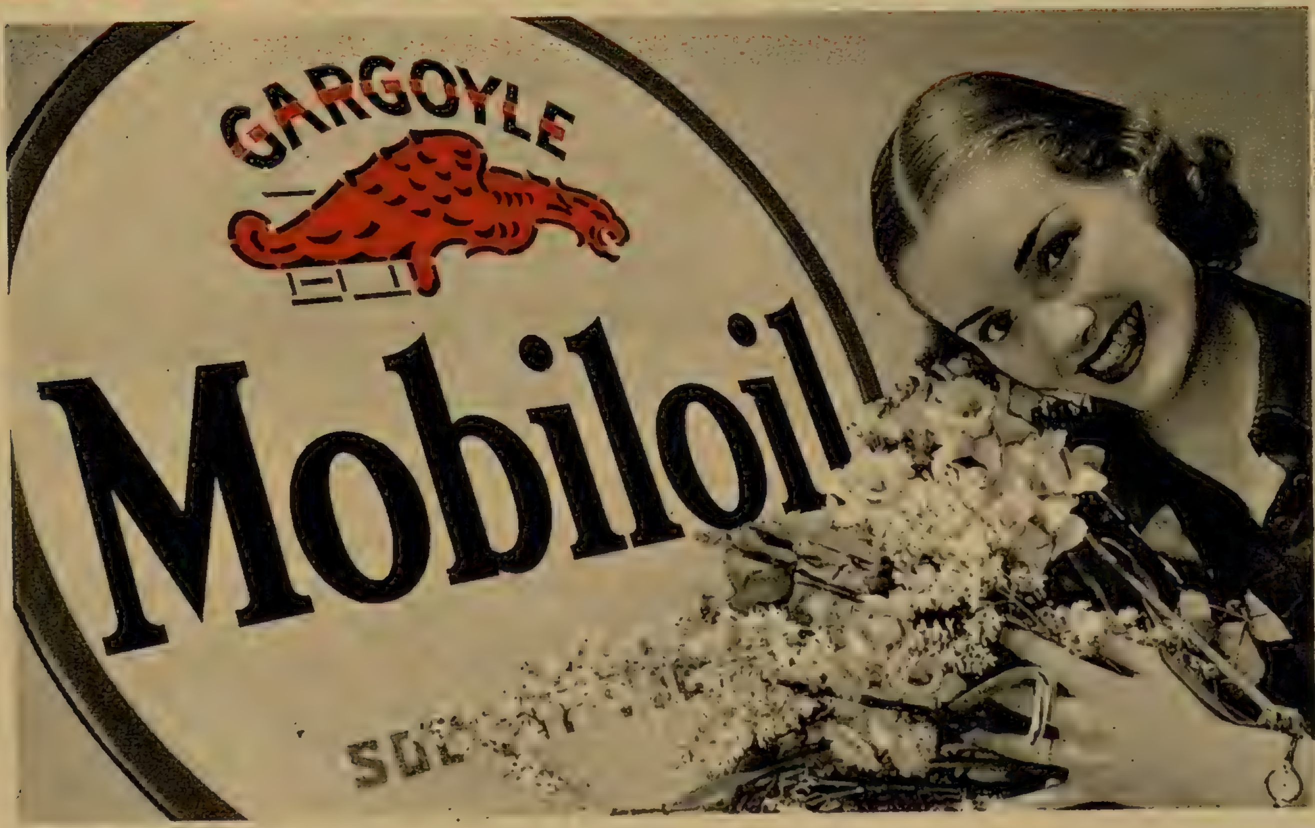

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"And tomorrow night we shall meet at the back door of Mehmet Hassan's palace, just around the corner from the Square of the One-Eyed Jew. *Wah, wah*"—with another burst of merriment—"but we shall vastly spit into his haughty beard and blacken his face to the disgrace of his nose!"

So, on the following evening, Franklin left the hotel. The Spanish merchant, sitting on the porch, stopped him.

"Off on the romantic quest?" he inquired.

"Right."

And Franklin smiled as he imagined what his friends, home in Chicago, would think if they knew what he was going to do before the night was over.

Steadily he went along; reached at last, with night at the full, the Square of the One-Eyed Jew; turned into the cul-de-sac that led to the back entrance of Mehmet Hassan's palace.

He met Zaida. They smiled. They danced.

He waited, his heart racing. Then, out of silence and blackness, came Bibi Myryam's mumbled words:

"Here I am, Christian."

She took him by the hand; led the way. There was a faint creak as she pushed open a door.

"Careful!" she whispered. "Seven steps . . ."

Down the seven steps. Then up a short flight. A crossing of dark rooms. A heavy odor of musk and attar of roses. Somewhere a sleeper snoring.

"The guardian of the outer gate," was Bibi Myryam's muttered explanation. "I put opium in his coffee."

Again a crossing of dark rooms. Then a thin yellow wedge stabbing from beneath a curtain—and the woman's words:

"In there you will find your soul's desire. Hurry back with her. We return the way we came. Everything is ready. A swift car. A trustworthy driver. *Wah*—may Allah's mercy be about you, O Christian!"

She disappeared in the trooping shadows, while Franklin pulled the curtains apart—was temporarily blinded by a blaze of light—gave a start as he heard a voice, a man's voice:

"You are calling late, my friend."

A pause. The voice went on:

"But your call was expected."

And, his eyes now used to the light, Franklin saw there Mehmet Hassan; saw, a second later, that three armed servants had slipped around in back of him and stood there quietly, grimly eager, waiting for their master's command.

It came in clipped harsh Arabic. Immediately the three were upon him. He struck out wildly. But the odds were against him. A fist crashed between his eyes. There was a muffled outcry; a steely snapping of manacles; a bundling down long, steep flights of steps into the cellar which once had been a dungeon; somewhere, in the deep bowels of the palace, a door shutting with a little dramatic click of finality.

Then silence. Darkness.

THAT had been—how many days, how many weeks ago? He did not know. There was no perception of time. Time had died. All hours seemed alike.

There were moments when, awakening from sleep, he was afraid to open his eyes, afraid to face another black eternity, punctured by the agony of his body. Moments when he called himself a fool; said to himself:

"What's the use? Why don't I give in?"

Yet always, when Mehmet Hassan came into the cellar and asked the identical question, there was the identical reply: "Never!"

Stubborn. Triumphantly stubborn. Triumphant because here—in the very fact that Mehmet Hassan had done this mad thing, had kidnaped him, that, moreover, again and again the man asked him to give up his daughter—was proof that the girl loved him as he loved her; that in her heart, as in his, the Arab was unable to kill the glowing, flaming desire, the sweet memory.

Oh, yes—always the memory of her in his heart. Like a glorious pulsing ecstasy that made him forget the pains of his tortured body; that, from the first, had steeled his resolve. . . .

Of course, in the early days of his imprisonment he had tried to argue with Mehmet Hassan, to appeal, if not to his generosity, then at least to his common sense. But it had been useless. Might as well argue with some deaf stony immensity without soul, without nerves. Useless also when he had warned the other what would happen when, finally, he would be released; when he had mentioned the French authorities, had spoken of the American consul.

The Arab had laughed.

"My friend," he had said, "France and America are out there—beyond these walls. This, here, is Morocco, Islam—and here the only master is my will."

"People will miss me—my aunt, the Spanish merchant . . ."

"What of it? Who can prove that I am to blame for—ah—your disappearance? Other hands besides Bibi Myryam's have been well greased with gold. Besides—remember—I am important to the French. Politically, I mean. For there are still desert tribes in the far south who obey my word."

A pause.

"You will give her up?" the Arab had inquired.

"Never!"

"Allah—you are so stubborn!"

"So are you stubborn."

"Doubtless. But, in the end, I shall succeed."

"Think so? Listen!" Franklin, his arms and legs held by the iron rings, twisted his aching body to stare up mockingly. "You can starve me, torture me. But that doesn't change the fact of the matter."

"The fact of . . .?"

"You bet! The fact that your daughter is in love with me—a Christian—whom you hate. Ah"—deliberately, in a sudden rage, trying to get beneath the Arab's skin, to affront Hassan Mehmet's manhood as daily the latter was affronting his—"the fact that if she could she would be mine, wanted to run away with me. Just like your wife—years ago—with that Englishman . . ."

"Oh!" The single cry broke from Mehmet Hassan's lips. High. Almost squeaky. Grotesque. And terrible.

With full force his clenched fist struck Franklin across the mouth. He left the cellar. But again and again, in the weeks to come, he returned; again and again demanded:

"You have decided to give in?"

"No. Never!"

And then yesterday—though, Franklin wondered, *had* it been yesterday, or had it been the day before or the day before that?—had come the queer threat:

"It is not only the body which can be made to suffer."

He shook his head.

Did the other imagine he could cause his soul to suffer? Why—his soul, his spirit, was sweet with the memory of his love. It was inviolate, as Zaida's was inviolate. . . .

Nor did he give up hope *(Continued on page 32)*

# These little SPUDS went to market

IT seems very simple for a woman to drop in at her grocer's and say:

"I'll have a peck of potatoes — 25 pounds of flour —a pound of coffee—half a dozen oranges—a package of corn flakes—and how's your lettuce today?"

But did you ever wonder how all these things find their way to the corner grocer?

Instead of one woman, think of twenty-five million who do the buying for their families.

Instead of a peck of potatoes, think of three and a half million *tons* delivered to all the corner grocers in a year.

Or think of 8,600,000 *tons* of wheat flour — 1,790,000 *tons* of oranges and grapefruit — 868,000 *tons* of cereal and you begin to see the amount of food moved by the railroads every year.

Coming back to the potatoes—the average distance this humble food travels by rail, between the fields where it is raised and the counter where it is sold is 741½ miles.

And the only thing which can make potato-raisin profitable for many people is the fact that the potatoes can get to a market several hundred mile away.

If that transportation were not easy — potatoe would pile up unused in the country — while cit people paid fancy prices for the few that could b hauled in.

This in a simple way demonstrates the indispensable part the railroads play in helping the man wh raises food to find a market — and the consumer t enjoy the pick of the nation's food at a reasonabl price.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic

*(Continued from page 30)* that ultimately he would be released. Surely, sooner or later, his aunt would worry about his absence and silence; would trace him to Morocco and find out about his strange disappearance from the Tangier hotel. She would communicate with the authorities. And the French detectives were shrewd. They would discover what had happened. . . .

He smiled. He dropped off to sleep. Was awakened, he did not know how much later, by faint sounds—perhaps in his dreams?—and something like an insistent whisper:

"Christian—Christian . . ."

HIS left leg was cramped. He stretched it a little to ease the muscles. Then suddenly—and at first he did not believe it—felt the chain slip; heard it hit the ground with a dry click; heard the iron rings tumble after.

He drew in his breath. Why—what had . . .?

He stretched his other leg—with the same result. Quickly he jerked both his arms; and again the chains dropped, thudded.

He was free! No doubt of it. And he thought of the voice in his dreams. Bibi Myryam's voice:

"Christian—Christian . . ."

Had she . . .?

Anyway, he *was* free! At least, if he could find the door, force it open. . . .

He stood up. Slowly he moved about, too excited to be conscious of the pains in his arms and legs where the iron rings had rubbed them sore.

His foot struck something that rustled. He bent; picked up a small package wrapped in paper; undid it, found a box of matches.

He lit one. The paper was covered with writing. He read, using match after match. It was a rude scrawl by Bibi Myryam. She was sorry—so sorry—for her treachery. To make up for it, she had succeeded in stealing the keys and sneaking into the cellar; had unshackled him during his sleep; had, furthermore, left the door unlocked. Let him open it and walk down the narrow corridor he would find. At its end he would come to another door, also unlocked, which connected directly with the Square of the One-Eyed Jew. Tomorrow she would call at the hotel; and let not then the Christian stay the hand of golden generosity!

He laughed. No—he decided—he would not stay the hand of golden generosity. . . .

He struck another match. There was the door. It opened easily. Swiftly he walked down the corridor toward the farther door. He touched the knob—caressingly, as one touches the cheek of a loved woman—and, "Free," he thought exultingly, "free!" as it gave; as his eyes blinked against the blinding rush of light—light after the long, long darkness—and as he heard the noises of the streets—blessed, strident noises after the long, long silence.

He opened the door completely; stepped out.

Oh, yes! Light out there. Light, not of sun, of day, but, beneath the night's purple dome, of flaming torches. Men and women out there, Arabs and Berbers and blacks; thronging the square, yelling in a guttural, swinging rhythm:

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!*" . . .

Some celebration—he thought—some Moslem festival. Well—whatever the occasion, it was O. K. with him; and he too yelled:

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!*" . . .

He turned to go. Tomorrow—he decided—he'd call on the American consul. A little talk—off the record. Bring pressure to bear on Mehmet Hassan. I'll forget about the kidnaping, the tortures, if you'll let your daughter become Mrs. Franklin Grey. And as to your boast about your political importance with the French—let's match. For I've an uncle in the Senate, a cousin who owns a string of dailies. I can pull a few wires of my own. . . .

And he was about to cross the square when a hand touched his shoulder—and he looked up, saw Mehmet Hassan.

Momentarily, fear surged through him. Had this been a trap? Had he been given a few minutes of freedom—to be yanked back? The torture of hope, of the mind? Was that what the other had meant when he had said it was not only the body which can be made to suffer? . . .

BUT at once his fear left him. Over there, amongst the burnoosed crowd, was the reassuring blue-and-brass of a French policeman. He said:

"I guess you were a little late in springing your trap."

"Was I?" The other smiled. "Look!" he exclaimed.

He pointed. And, while the *yoo-yoo-yoos* bloated enormously, the great double gate of the palace swung open and a procession came into view.

A long procession. A Moslem priest, white-turbaned, white-bearded. Young men waving lanterns and tall poles decked with gay ribbons. Others tossing firecrackers or strewing flowers. Small boys running up and down, sprinkling the onlookers with rose water. Musicians, Saharan blacks, prancing haughtily, childishly, after the manner of their breed, and making a huge din of reed pipes and flutes and cymbals and drums. And finally—while the *yoo-yoo-yoos* still grew in volume, interspersed with shrill shrieks of "Long life to the bridegroom! Long life to the bride!"—an ambling dromedary, a red-and-gold litter strapped to its heaving flanks, and on it, side by side, a man and a woman.

Gray-bearded, the man, a rough camel's-wool *aba* about his wide shoulders. A *kufya* closely fitted to his head with the help of the twisted hair rope, projecting over his forehead and giving to his ugly aquiline pockmarked countenance that fierce and contemptuous expression on which the men of the desert pride themselves. He had an arm about the waist of the woman. A small woman in swathing white robes. White, too, the close-meshed veil that covered her face. But Franklin knew who she was even before he heard Mehmet Hassan's mocking words:

"Tonight Zaida was wedded to him." . . .

He turned and faced the crowd.

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo!*" he yelled. "Cry *yoo-yoo-yoo*, O Moslems!" The shout was taken up:

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo!*"

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!*"

"Long life to the bridegroom!"

"Long life to the bride!"

"May the Lord grant strength to your loins, O bridegroom!"

"May she bear you as many men-children as there are hairs on your head!"

Laughter. More shouts:

"*Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!*" . . .

AND the cortege filed round the corner, toward the desert spawning its yellow brittle eternities of sand, while the torches blended into the night, their sparks of crimson and silver softening to a running play of rainbow colors—and while Mehmet Hassan whispered to Franklin:

"Did I not mention that it is not only the body which can be made to suffer?"

He smiled.

"The memory of my daughter's love you have—did you not tell me?" he went on. "Ah—by the Prophet Mohammed the Adored"—and his words, in French, were entirely of the Orient, of Islam—"but here, tonight, is a different memory. A memory which you will never forget, which will be like a scarlet scar across your soul. The memory of Zaida in another man's house—of her head in the crook of another man's elbow!"

Again he was silent.

"Down there," pointing south, "in the desert, will be her road hereafter, while your road and—Allah! your bitter, bitter memory—will be over yonder," pointing the other way, "in the north." . . .

And he entered the palace. And Franklin Grey stood there, stared into the night with smarting eyes—then, suddenly, gave a queer laugh.

His road lay north—did it?

No—his road lay south! . . .

And—for he was a typical young American, sanely practical at heart—he returned to his hotel. For there were things he had to attend to. Letters to write. Money to be transferred by cable to the Tangier bank. Guides and interpreters to be hired. A caravan to be arranged for.

He would make 'em hustle. Three days from tonight, at the latest, he would be on his way south, toward the desert. And Zaida wouldn't be another man's wife for very long—not if *he* could help it. . . .

THE END

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# SHE *Woke Up* SMILING

### Now, with hopeless love in her heart, a beguiling girl confronts the sudden shock of a new, bewildering mystery

### BY ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

WHILE holding the position of social secretary and hostess to old Jasper Hawes, capitalist, Gail Perrin is studying to be a dancer with Dilighine. But one memorable day her millionaire employer asks her to marry him; his right-hand man, Ed Brewster, makes violent love to her; and an old flame of hers, Jimmy Yates, proposes again. No, is her answer to all of them. A career is her one desire.

After dancing for Hawes' guests at a penthouse party, Gail injures her knee. Earlier in the evening an uncanny fortune teller, Madame Zora, had predicted that the girl would never realize her artistic ambition. Also, the sibyl had foretold the death of the rich Jasper.

That very night Marcum, chauffeur to the great capitalist, reveals himself unwittingly to be the son of Jasper Hawes, thought to have been killed in an accident with his mother years before! The disclosure brings on a stroke and the old man dies without recovering consciousness.

His will reveals Gail as the beneficiary, and alludes to a mysterious memorandum. The overnight heiress of millions becomes the target of the tabloids, which play her up as a former chorus girl of the tawdriest kind. Most of the Hawes circle, jealous and envious, turn against her, spreading the lie that she was the dead man's mistress.

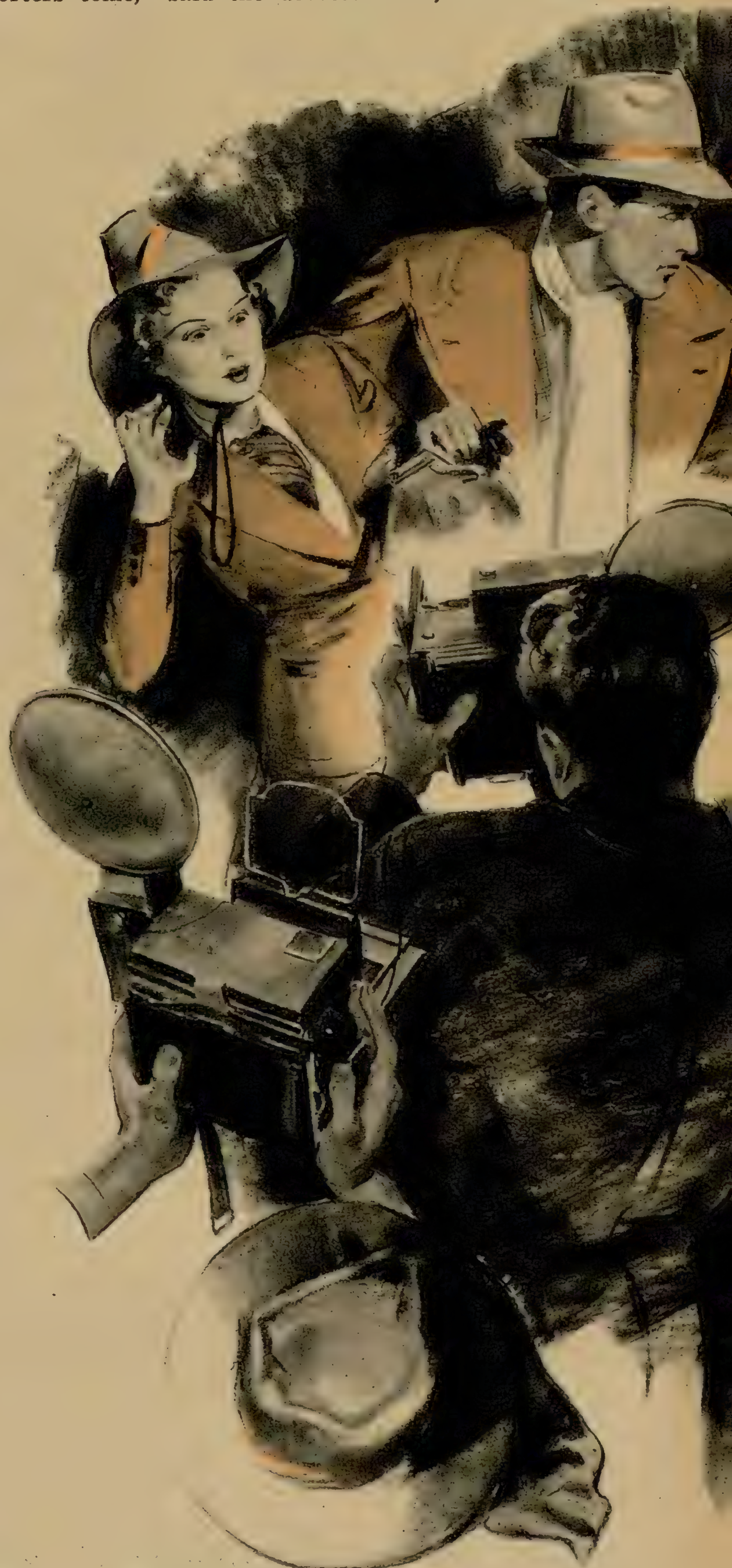
Her lawyer, Cramer, advises her to get a good press agent to neutralize the growing infamy. Gail turns to Jimmy Yates, who is a newspaperman. He refuses to become involved with the notorious "richest girl in the world." Her only friend appears to be Ed Brewster, administrator of the Hawes estate, who urges her to marry him.

Beset and bewildered, the unhappy heiress finally appeals to Marcum, the former chauffeur, for help and moral support. He assures her he'd like to help but that he would be useless, and he confesses to her that he is guilty of a man's death.

## PART SEVEN—MADAME ZORA'S SECRET

RENA emerged from the kitchen with a cup of steaming coffee.

"You might need this, Miss Perrin, before the reporters come," said the devoted maid, with a smile.



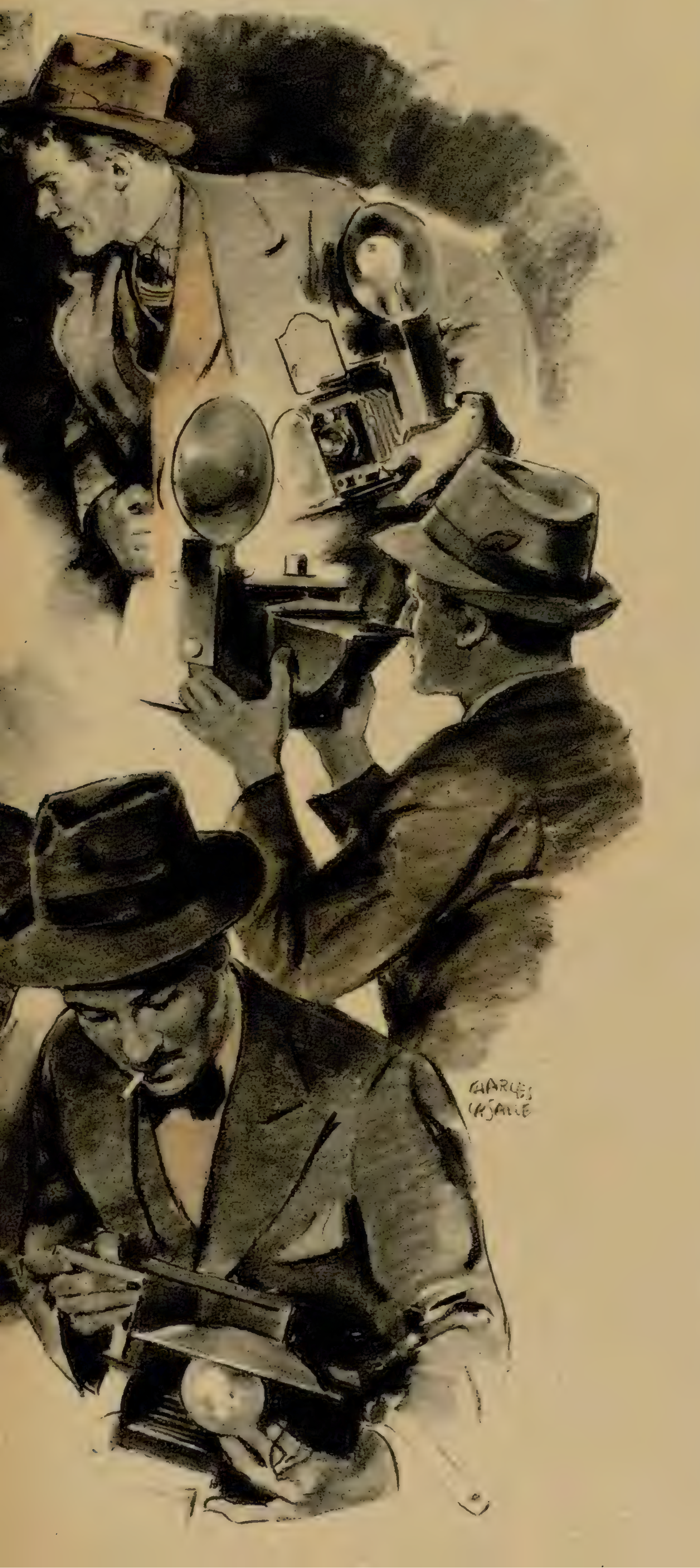
"Me?" said Marcum. "Why, I'm the Duke of Windsor. Don't you recognize me? Now get out of our way."

Gail took it gratefully. Rena always knew what she needed.

The house telephone rang. Rena answered it; turned to announce:

"Mr. Brewster is calling."

HE had come, it appeared, to stand by her when she saw the reporters. Joe had thought she ought to stand up to them by herself, and that was a compliment; but she was grateful for Brewster all the same.



More grateful when the interview was over. It had helped immensely to be supported by the executor of the Hawes estate—Mr. Edwin Brewster, one of the coming men of Wall Street. With him at her side, the reporters didn't dare press their questions as close home as they might have liked to. Even the photographers showed some little respect for him. She read the prepared statement in a voice whose steadiness amazed her, and then she simply sat back and refused to say more, with Brewster alert to turn off any question that might have tricked her into an answer. He answered a few questions himself—guardedly, but he gave the reporters enough to make a better story, and she felt that they appreciated it.

OF all the times to be laid up! Gail thought a hundred times in the next week or so. When everybody else is attending to my business, or what's going to be my business some day; and I just lie around—

Almost every day brought the news of more distant cousins, or people who said they were cousins, getting ready to contest the will.

Cramer was taking care of that, of course—waiting to identify the most formidable contestants, and then to fight them or buy them off, as might seem best. And meanwhile the state and federal tax examiners were appraising the estate, and Brewster was managing it. Managing my fortune, she reflected. How queer that seems. But when I get it, I'll have to have somebody manage it for me, and nobody understands it so well as Ed.

It made her feel as if everything was converging on her, closing off all her exits but one.

For Brewster was the only man she saw much of. Cramer telephoned every day, but he was too busy to call on her. Jimmy came in once or twice, and they got along well enough—but the process of getting acquainted all over again wasn't getting on very fast.

From Joe Marcum she had heard no more. He had moved out of the penthouse; he was still around town somewhere, she supposed, for she hadn't been called before the grand jury and probably he hadn't either. But not a word from him. . . . And so, she mused, I'll never know just how much it was. Whatever might have been getting started, he seems afraid to find out how much farther it might go. Afraid of Jasper Hawes' money. . . .

THE first of October. Bills were pouring in, more bills than she was used to. She had had to hire a secretary, and take another one-room apartment in the building for the secretary to work in. It would have been cheaper to take a larger apartment herself and let the secretary work there, but she couldn't stand the strain of moving just now. This life was costing her money. She'd have to make herself get out, go to the bank, deposit those ten thousand-dollar bills she had kept locked up in her wall safe. She needed them for current expenses now.

She went to the safe, took out the packet, took off the rubber snap. A note inside the roll: "This might pay for that debut you spoke of. J. H." That debut. If only she hadn't hurt her knee she could have been herself, not the estate of Jasper Hawes. . . . But there was a second note, inscribed: "To be opened in case of my death." Well, he was dead now. She tore it open, and stood staring at what must be the famous memorandum.

> Gail, I'm leaving you everything. You talked this afternoon as if you thought it would be fun to play God with money; so I'll let you try. Only remember this—if God has got good judgment, He don't think much of most people. Most people are fools, and I'd hate to see my money wasted on fools.

Why did he waste it on me? she wondered drearily. I'm a fool too. . . .

> Whatever you do with the rest of it [the note went on], keep a million for yourself. Or two million, or five. Keep it all, if you'd rather. Ask Brewster how to invest it; he's a rabbit, but the one thing he does know is how to play safe. As for the rest—
>
> It isn't much use giving money to people who haven't got

it already. If they understand money, they can make it; if they don't, they couldn't keep it. Young Reick, for instance—he'd be a good man on a desert island, where he had to hustle for something to eat; but he won't stand on his own feet so long as he can lean on somebody else. I wouldn't give him a nickel; make him work for it.

And so on, through all the party crowd; he had obviously expected that they were the ones she would want to help. Her friends. . . . Well— Cramer ought to know about this at once. She called him up, told him.

"You hop right into a taxi," he commanded, "and bring that down here."

She did, stopping at the bank on the way. He read it, frowning.

"Uh!" he said at last. "A lot of faces would be red if this got into the papers. Including Mr. Brewster's. . . . What a rotten break you got, Gail! If you hadn't hurt your knee, if you'd gone on planning your debut, you'd have found this right away; or if you'd given Jasper back the money, he'd have given you the memorandum. And what a lot of trouble we'd have missed!"

"If it got into the papers?" she said. "You mean you're not going to give it to the papers?"

"Not now. Later, if necessary; but the opposition has already got the publicity. We can't catch up with that. If we'd had this at the beginning, we could have headed it off; but if we give it out now, they'll claim it's a forgery."

She was glad he wasn't going to publish the memorandum. Ed Brewster didn't deserve to be described to the public as a rabbit.

AT last the cast was off. Dr. Ohrstrom said she was all right. But when she asked how much she owed him, he shrugged reproachfully; his secretary, she gathered, would attend to those vulgar details in due time. . . . He'll probably charge me plenty, she reflected. Fair enough, for the heiress of the Hawes estate; but when I haven't got it yet— That ten thousand won't last as long as I thought. Before the winter's over, I'll have to borrow money—from somebody.

But that was a distant worry. Meanwhile it was a glorious feeling to be well and free again, with a knee that felt as good as ever.

She wanted to get out, to celebrate, do something wild. But the first invitation to go out was nothing wild; it was a subpoena to appear before the grand jury in that shooting case. She was still reading it when the telephone rang.

"This is Joe," came a voice over the wire. Her heart was pounding. She wanted to demand indignantly where he had been all this time—but that didn't matter now that he had called her up. Maybe he wanted to take her out—or at least to come and see her. "You got a subpoena?" he queried. "So did I. They won't ask you much; you're only verification for my story. But I thought—" He paused.

"Well?" she prompted him. "What did you think, Joe?"

"The Hawes heiress is still news. The reporters at the Criminal Courts Building may find out you've been subpoenaed; which means there'll be photographers there. I thought it might be a little easier if I called for you and took you down, and sort of stood by . . . if you don't mind."

"If I don't mind!" She laughed in vexation. "Idiot! Didn't you ever ask a girl for a date before?"

"I'm not asking you for a date," he pointed out. "If I ever do—" He stopped. The silence prolonged itself. "But I'm not," he insisted.

"Well," she said, "call it what you like; but at least I'll expect you to take me down there—and bring me home."

But that prospect didn't do much to reduce her tension. She wanted to go out and do something wild. That afternoon Jimmy dropped in.

"What are you doing Saturday evening?" he asked her. . . . "Nothing? That's swell! How about going to a show, with supper and dancing afterward?"

"I'd love to, Jimmy." A girl had dates, she reflected, with the men who asked her for dates; not with those who didn't and never would.

"So would I. They're putting on a new floor show at the Ipsithilla that night; it ought to be pretty good, and everybody will be there. And considering that we're old patrons of the Ipsithilla—"

She flushed; the first time he had ever kissed her was in a taxi going home from the Ipsithilla Club—when she told him he shouldn't have spent so much money on her. He knew, then, that she was taking him seriously.

"I don't know that I ought to do that," she said uneasily. "A night club, a big crowd— It's only a couple of weeks since the funeral."

"And what of it?" he asked. "Are you worrying about the way you'd feel, or the way it would look to other people?"

"I wouldn't mind dancing somewhere quietly; but a place like that—"

"You're not a widow," he reminded her, "or—or anything like it. Why shouldn't one of the late Jasper Hawes' secretaries be seen at a night club a couple of weeks after the funeral? Because people think something that isn't true? Well, this ought to show them that it isn't true."

"Or else that I've got more brazen impudence than any other girl in New York."

But he only laughed at that. "You don't look brazen, Gail. The girl in that picture the tabloids printed looked brazen—but let people see that you're not like that at all. You need some good publicity—" He flushed. "I wouldn't be your press agent, but I'd like to do this much to get you a better break."

It would be good publicity for him too, she realized, to be seen at a night club with the Hawes heiress. But she couldn't believe he was consciously thinking of that.

THE hallboy announced that Mr. Marcum was waiting downstairs, and Gail paused before her mirror for a last solicitous inspection. Brown tweeds, a dark-green sports hat on her golden hair. Yes, she thought, I look about right for the photographers. Subdued and yet effective. But when she went down, saw Marcum's pale eyes brighten, she knew it wasn't just for the photographers that she wanted to look effective. Outside, he hailed a taxi.

They got through the crowded corridors of the Criminal Courts Building, up to the grand jury room, without seeing any photographers.

"But they may be laying for you when you come out," he warned her. "If I'm called first, I'll wait for you; if you're called first, you wait."

He was called first, and was kept what seemed a long time to a girl who was smoking nervously in the anteroom. Then it was her turn, but they asked her only a few almost perfunctory questions. She rejoined him.

"They're here," he told her. "But chin up—it won't take long. Look serious and don't talk. I'll be right behind you."

"I'd rather you'd be right beside me, Joe."

"It's not my picture they want."

They came out into a buzzing crowd, a dazzling incessant flicker of flashlight bulbs. Half blinded, she stumbled on. Men were asking her questions; she kept repeating nervously that she had nothing to say. And then Joe's guiding hand was on her elbow; he made a way for her. They came to the top of the stairs. A photographer headed them off, commanding:

"Now, Miss Perrin, just sit on that balustrade and cross your—"

He stopped. Marcum's hard face thrust itself closer to his.

"What was it you were saying, fellow?"

"Who is it wants to know?" the photographer evaded sourly.

"Me?" said Marcum. "Why, I'm the Duke of Windsor. Don't you recognize me? Now get out of our way; we're going downstairs."

They went down unhindered; his hand on her elbow steered her through the crowded lobby. She came out gratefully into the fresh air. They got into a taxi; he gave the driver her address; they rolled away.

"I don't know what I'd ever have done without you," she said. "I—I seem to have to say that quite often, Joe. Remember?"

"You wouldn't have had to be down here at all if I hadn't been too quick with my gun."

"Too quick? I hope you didn't tell the grand jury you were too quick," she said. "If you did, you made me out a perjurer. I said you shot in self-defense." He smiled, but seemed to have no more to say. "Anyway," she sighed, "I'm glad I'm through with the photographers. I'm all limp."

"Need a drink? I'll buy you one," he offered.

She sat up briskly. "Oh, would you?"

In a glass-walled café facing the park, she ordered a Daiquiri.

He said, "Make it two."

"Are you—are you still thinking of going back to Texas?" she asked after a pause.

"Yes. I wish I'd never left there."

I'll be wishing so too, she mused, if I'm not careful. . . .

Then the drinks came, and she felt better.

"MY first date," she said, "since that party at the penthouse. I've hardly even been outdoors. But I'm going out Saturday night, all polished up—the theater, and dancing at the Ipsithilla Club afterward. . . . I wish I were going with you," she finished simply.

"You've no business going at all," he told her, his face rocky.

"Why not?"

"It's not a question of what you want to do. It's what people think."

"I'm what I am, not what people think! I want to show them," she said sullenly, "that I'm just a secretary. Not a widow, or—or anything."

"You're a fool to wave yourself in the face of the public now," he insisted. "It will only hurt you. Keep out of sight for a while."

"Well, I'm going anyhow," she told him. He was impassive. "Joe," she burst out, "what makes you so—so— This Hawes estate is nothing but a curse! He never got any real satisfaction out of his money, and it looks as if I won't either. But I should think a man who—who had any respect for me would treat me as if I were myself, not the Hawes estate!"

"You're both, Gail—all mixed up. No getting around it. And that's not all," he said dully. Once more his eyes were tormented.

Her hands reached out across the table, clasped his.

"Joe, what's wrong? Tell me about it." He shook his head. "You've helped me," she reminded him. "Maybe I can help you. I—I want to."

"Too late to help it now. . . . Let's have another drink and go."

Twenty minutes later the taxi let them out at her apartment house. He walked with her to the elevator, then halted.

"Aren't you coming up, Joe?"

He looked at her, hopeless.

"No, Gail. I'd better not."

OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!

**HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE**—and in it came. But nix on that stuff about "a king can do no wrong"! His Majesty smoked a stinko mixture *none* of his court could stand!

**IT KNOCKED 'EM OUT.** Every lord and lady went down—kerplunk! Except the jester. He could take it! He could dish it out too! He ups and says to the sour old soul:

**"I'M A FOOL** about most things, but if you'll clean that pipe, and switch to mild Sir Walter Raleigh, you'll discover a *much* more fragrant blend of fine, ripe burleys."

**"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!"** cried the king, after he lit a pipeful of Sir Walter. "Have the cashier give this jester half my kingdom, and get me *another* two-ounce tin!"

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HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

**TUNE IN** *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wed., 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.*

At least, she thought afterward, he's given me that much to remember.

When the evening papers came out, she discovered that he had given her something else to remember. She bought them all, to look at her pictures. Not bad; she looked serious, even frightened. The clothes were perhaps a little too smart; but the main point was that they were clothes. And in one of the pictures—only one—a face loomed over her shoulder, a hard rocky face with pale eyes. Probably the one time in our lives, she mused, when we'll be photographed together.

She clipped out that picture, put it away among her keepsakes. Something to remember when he had gone back to the Big Bend country.

IT wasn't—perhaps unfortunately—that paper, but another, that protruded from the pocket of one of the three men entering Pete Polenta's office.

"Hello, boys," said the proprietor of the Ipsithilla Club, none too hospitably. "What is it now?"

"Well," said one of them, "there was a horse in the fifth at Belmont—"

"And so you need something to eat on. Say, do you guys think I pick it up off the sidewalk?" Pete demanded.

The biggest caller grinned. "Just about, the way you take it away from them in this dump."

"Well, I'll help you out once more for old times' sake, but I'm about through. Sliver could use you, but I couldn't, the kind of business I run. And if you try to get tough about it—" he added, his eyes narrowing.

"We wouldn't do that, Pete." If they did, he could get tougher. "I guess they indicted Lupo today," said one of them. "And did you see who talks to the grand jury?" He pulled a paper out of his pocket; a picture was on the front page, with the legend, "Hawes Heiress Witness in Shooting."

"I remember," said Pete. "She was in the car with the bird that fogged Nick and Benny. Curious." He smiled, thinking of the varied fate of Sliver Blotz' followers—some fogged, like Pete and Benny; some about to burn, like Lupo; but one of them making money faster than ever, with nothing on him. "She'll be here Saturday night, with Jimmy Yates," he said, "for the new floor show. Everybody'll be here Saturday night. . . . Well, boys—"

He handed them twenty dollars apiece. They drifted out to a bar.

"Bighearted Pete," said the biggest man. "Looks as if we got to get in some place else. . . . You read about this Gail Perrin—the richest girl in the world?"

"She ain't got it yet," another began nervously.

"Somebody's got it. The executor would have to lay it down to get her back, wouldn't he? A million, I figure."

"Say, listen, Louie. She'd be hot. She'd be guarded—"

"She ain't guarded. Don't you read the papers? She sticks pretty close to home—but we know where she'll be Saturday night," he said, grinning. "Bighearted Pete is right; he puts the finger on her for his friends and never knows it. And when the heat is on, who is right where he gets it in the face? Bighearted Pete and his nice legitimate business. Now, listen—"

WHEN Gail thought it over, it appeared she had nothing really fit to wear on Saturday night. So she went shopping—to shops she had never visited before, shops past whose windows she had walked in hopeless envy; and ten minutes was enough to teach her the difference between what she had thought was luxury for the last year and real luxury; between clothes she thought were smart and real smartness.

Gowns, underwear, shoes, stockings, a magnificent gold wrap. When she got home and counted up, she discovered with a gasp that she had charged nearly two thousand dollars' worth. But she had the cash in the bank to cover it; and everything she had bought was real—no more clever imitations. Still, it made her a little dizzy to realize how soon one could get used to money, and how much fun it was to spend it. . . .

But out of it all she knew what she was going to wear on Saturday night—a black gown, simple, almost severe, in excellent taste but not conspicuous. She didn't want and couldn't afford to be too noticeable; but she had to look exactly right.

When the clothes came on Friday afternoon and she put on the black gown before her mirror, she knew that ambition was gratified. But—this clinging silk crepe, held precariously by a single velvet shoulder strap; white shoulders springing from a black sheath; golden hair above—

"It's severe enough," she said, frowning, to Rena. "But I'm afraid it's not as—as inconspicuous as I'd hoped."

"You'll never be inconspicuous," Rena told her. "If you don't want to be conspicuous, better stay at home Saturday night."

Just what Joe had said. But she wasn't going to stay at home; she'd show them she wouldn't be bossed. She slipped out of the black sheath, got into a rose-velvet tea gown, for it was almost time for the daily call of Mr. Brewster.

When he saw her in her new splendor, his eyes flamed for an instant.

"Gail," he said, "I'm giving a little dinner for you tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night? Saturday? But—"

"A rather special dinner," he told her, smiling. "Mr. and Mrs. Cramer—"

"Mrs. Cramer! But she wouldn't—"

His face was a blaze of triumph.

"She will. I know Charles failed to persuade her—" (So he calls Mr. Cramer Charles now, she noticed. I'm not the only one who has come up in the world.) "But sometimes an outsider can do what a husband can't," he said. "The Cramers, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Maybury, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Vandermuylen." (But this was incredible!) "The chief had financial dealings with Maybury and Vandermuylen, of course," Brewster went on, "but he didn't know them socially." (He never cared to know anybody socially, she thought in swift resentment, except the sort of people who liked his parties.) "But I happen to know them," he said with only a touch of complacency, "and they've accepted an invitation to meet you."

She sat stunned. Mrs. Vandermuylen, Mrs. Maybury, Mrs. Cramer—to meet the girl who had been pictured in the tabloids with practically nothing on. Ed Brewster had accomplished that!

"But," she said, "I've got a date tomorrow night."

"What?" Raw jealousy blazed in his eyes. "What kind of date?"

"Dinner and the theater, and—"

"Break it, you idiot! Don't you realize what I've done for you?"

"Of course I realize it. I'm not as dumb as you seem to think. But—"

"Who's the man you've got this date with? . . . Jimmy Yates? Who— Oh, the man who was with you when you hurt your knee." (He could have said nothing more effective.) "And just what is Jimmy Yates to you?"

"Not a thing, Ed—except a piece of my past. A souvenir of the days when I was Gail Perrin, not the Hawes estate. I like to remember them occasionally."

There was something queer about his smile.

"Oh, do you? . . . But I'm not interested in your past," he said. "What I care about is your future; and if you had any sense you'd care about it too. You can't be seriously intending to stay away from this dinner I've arranged for you, just for the sake of Jimmy Yates?"

"No, Ed; not for that. For the sake of Gail Perrin. . . . You invited everybody else to your dinner, it seems, before you invited me."

"Well, I knew it would take work to get them—"

"And it wouldn't to get me. I'd just be sitting around; or if I had a date, I'd break it. I prefer to be allowed a choice about my dates."

"Why, you little fool! If you're going to stand on a point of pride—"

"It's more than a point and it's more than pride. You think I'm dumb—and I probably am, compared to you. You don't hesitate to tell me I'm dumb—especially when I won't let you manage me—push me around. You despise me, and still you want me—or want the Hawes estate, I don't know which. But, whichever it is, I'm not dumb enough to marry a man who feels that way about me. So go ahead and give your dinner without me; your women guests will like it better that way."

He rose, stood looking down at her, his face drawn.

"The Hawes estate speaking, I believe," he snarled. "Feel pretty cocky, don't you, now that you're to get the chief's millions? And you still think it's the Hawes estate I'm after. Hah! That's funny. Some day, Gail, you'll realize that dumb is a mild word for it."

THAT evening, the next day, she found herself thinking about Jimmy. Because there seemed to be nobody else to think about. But beyond that—Jimmy had his faults, but at least he asked her for dates; he didn't make her work and work over him in vain. He *asked* her for dates; he didn't arrange them beforehand, sure she would have to accept. . . . Of course he didn't; he couldn't. Compared to her, he had no power. In short, he was the sort of man a spoiled rich girl might marry—a man she could push around.

She wasn't rich yet, and she hadn't had time to be spoiled much, and she was keeping the date for reasons of her own. Still, she kept thinking of Jimmy, with a sort of tenderness; she was glad they were going to the Ipsithilla. Only a gesture, perhaps, of sentimental reminiscence—

She shivered; her last gesture of sentimental reminiscence had ended in disaster, wrecked her career. But what disaster could happen to a girl who wasn't herself any longer, who was the Hawes estate? . . .

Six o'clock Saturday evening. Gail had just come from her bath; she was at her dressing table, in a frothy negligee, when she heard Rena answering the hall telephone. Then Rena stood in the doorway.

"Madame Zora is calling. On business, she says."

"Madame Zora? I've got no business with her! I'll tell her so—"

But Madame Zora had foreseen that, had told the hallboys Miss Perrin was expecting her. As Gail picked up the telephone the doorbell rang.

"All right," she said. "Let her in, Rena. I'm curious, anyway—"

A moment later she was uneasily facing those velvet-black eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked inhospitably. "I haven't time to have my fortune told now."

Madame Zora smiled, sat down.

"I've told your fortune already," she said comfortably. "But sometimes you can change your fate, if you're smart enough."

"I don't believe—" Gail began. But when you looked at this woman, you couldn't help believing that she knew strange things. "How did you know I'd never be a dancer?" she demanded.

Madame Zora looked at Rena.

"Send your maid out and tell her to close the door." Gail was almost afraid to be left alone with her—but already Rena had obeyed. "You and I ought to be friends, my dear," said Madame Zora. "When we met before, we each had a racket—and you certainly made yours pay. The Hawes estate—fifty million dollars. Who would ever have expected that?"

"Not you," Gail reminded her. "You said I'd work with my hands."

"I lost my temper, my dear." (It made Gail feel slimy to be called "my dear" by this creature.) "I hated you at sight," said Madame Zora. "You were young and I was old; you had everything, and didn't appreciate it. I just wanted to jab you. Then, when you said I was crazy— Sometimes I feel— I lost my temper then and said everything I could think of. I shouldn't give away the secrets of my trade, but it was just cockeyed luck that you had an accident right afterward that made it come true."

But she said Jasper was going to die, Gail reflected, and he did. That couldn't have been just cockeyed luck—

"It wasn't," said Madame Zora, with a triumphant smile, as Gail started at this reading of her thoughts. "I know a good deal about medicine too; Jasper Hawes was ready to drop dead. Oh, I know a lot, my dear. What I said about you may all come true, even yet. But I'd hate to see a fine luscious girl like you, who's made for luxury, have to work with her hands. So I thought we might be able to do a little business."

"What do you mean? I'm dressing for dinner; I haven't time—"

"You've got time for this, dinner or no dinner. The Hawes will is being contested by all sorts of people—but it wouldn't take undue influence to make an old man leave his money to the girl he loved, rather than to distant cousins he never knew. You may find it advisable to pay them something, but they'll never break the will. But some one nearer, with a real claim— Jasper Hawes has a son—a legitimate son."

"Has?" Gail gasped. "You mean had. He was killed in a train wreck."

"The mother, not the boy. He was saved, adopted—his stepfather was dead already. But the heir doesn't know who he really is." Madame Zora reached into her bag, as if for a handkerchief. "Nobody knows who he is, except me."

It was, she knew, a dangerous admission. Her hand, covered by the bag, had closed not on a handkerchief but on a gun. This girl didn't look homicidal, but Madame Zora was taking no chances.

*By what hocus-pocus has the evil old fortune teller discovered the lost son of the dead millionaire? Is Marcum in league with her, or ignorant of his real identity? Can Gail win out? Suspense and stunning surprises bring the story to an end in next week's Liberty. Make it one of your "musts."*

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PEPSIN GUM

"DON'T rush me, woman! I'm in no party mood—but I'll brighten up in a hurry if you'll share that package of Beeman's! You know that flavor's a real joy reviver. It's got a frisky freshness, a tingly tang—in short, it's great.

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Gloria Rich achieves stardom in her first big movie "Outside of Paradise", a Republic Picture. And here's another Star Performance you'll rave about—a quick, clean shave with Star Single-edge Blades! Triple-keen Star Blades are kind to your skin! Made since 1880 by the makers of the original safety razor. 4 for 10¢.
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A STAR PERFORMANCE FOR YOUR FACE

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BLADES
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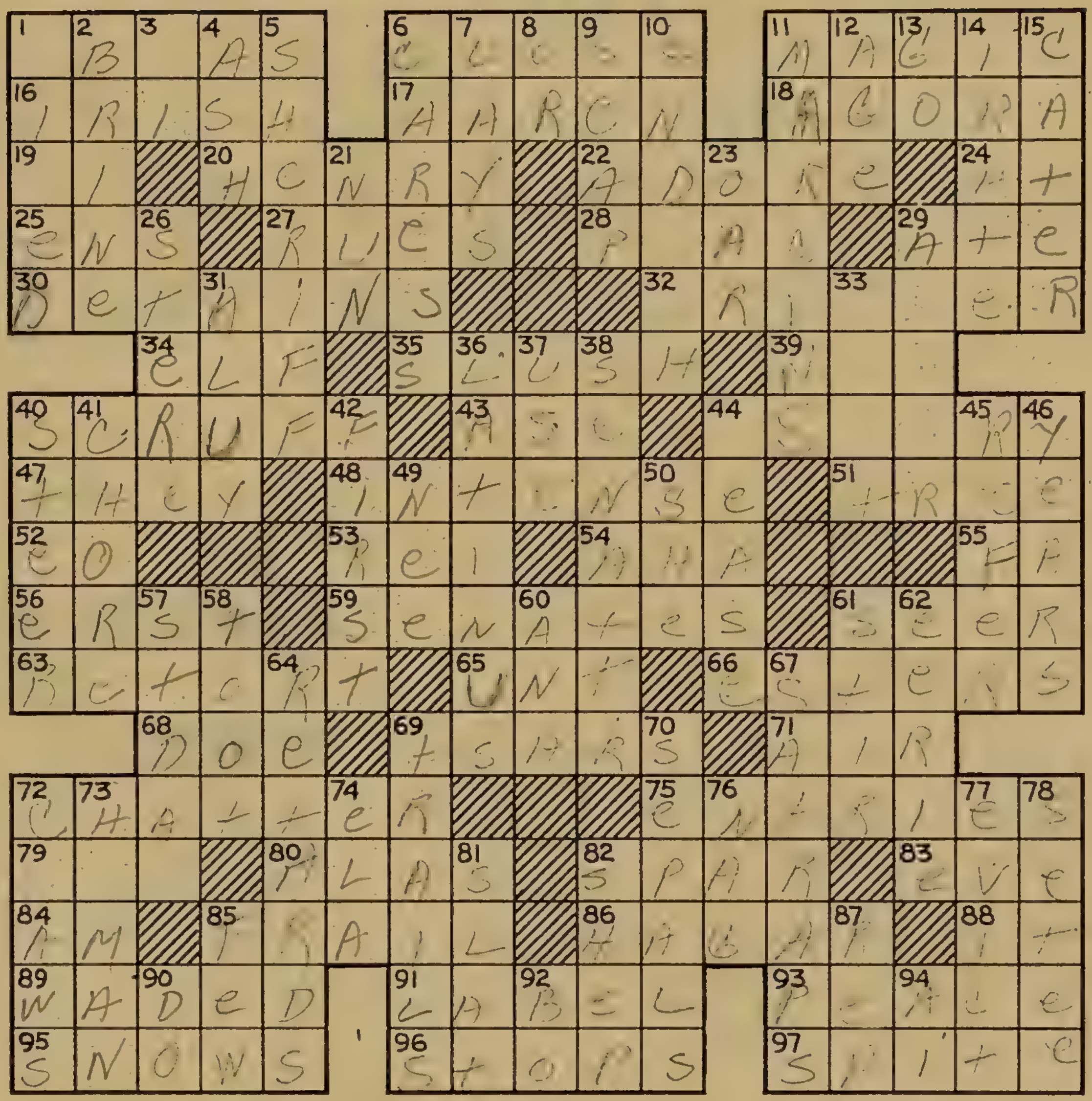
STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

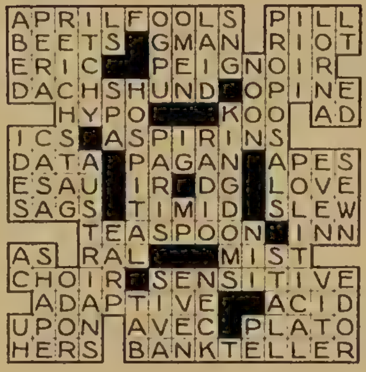
FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

# CROSSWORDS



**HORIZONTAL**

1 Syrian bishop (pl.)
6 Near
11 Sorcery
16 A Celtic language
17 Man's name
18 Greek market place
19 Japanese measure
20 Former English king
22 Worship
24 By
25 Printer's measures
27 Repents
28 Ring
29 Consumed
30 Retards
32 Neater
34 Sprite
35 Half-melted snow
39 Seize
40 Nape of the neck
43 A suffix (biochem.)
44 Herbaceous plant
47 Pronoun
48 Profoundly intent
51 Plant
52 Babylonian deity
53 Biblical name
54 Exclamation
55 Note of the scale
56 Formerly
59 Legislative bodies
61 Prophet
63 Answer
65 Latin numeral
66 Ethereal salts
68 Deer
69 Autocrats
71 Melody
72 Idle talk
75 Items in an account
79 Strike smartly
80 Exclamation
82 Mast
83 Woman's name
84 Form of to be
85 Fragile
86 Sarah's slave
88 Pronoun
89 Walked in water
91 Tag
93 Tranquillity
95 Snowfall
96 Dams up
97 Petty malice



Last week's answer

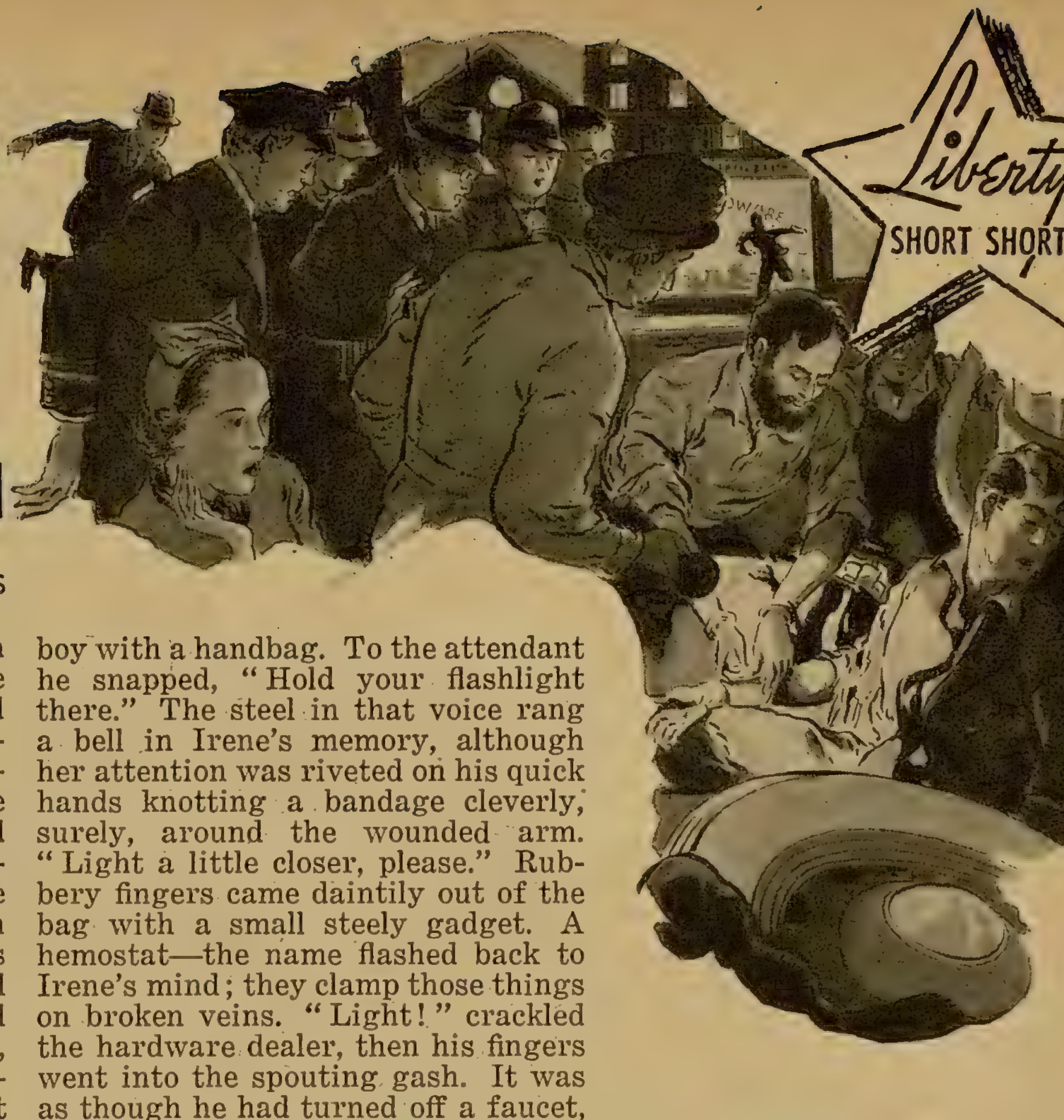
**VERTICAL**

1 Displayed ostentatiously
2 Salt water
3 Prefix
4 A tree
5 County officer
6 Fondle
7 Deposits
8 Either
9 Cleansing agent
10 Concludes
11 Small line of two strands
12 Mellow
13 Proceed
14 Angry
15 To supply food
21 Recluse
23 Propeller
26 Metric measure
29 Translucent resin
31 An astringent
33 Brewing material
36 King of Latium (myth.)
37 Employ
38 Legislator
40 Guide
41 Stroke of work
42 Foremost
44 Discontinue
45 Allude
46 Measures of time
49 Born
50 Pronoun
57 Narrow strip
58 Sound a horn
60 Collection of facts
61 Agitate
62 Weird
64 Impedes
67 Governors of provinces in ancient Persia
69 Tracks
70 Divisions of a calyx
72 Crops
73 Chief minister of Ahasuerus
74 Note of Guido's scale
76 A horse
77 Oust
78 Kind of sofa (var.)
81 Part of a bed
82 A son of Noah
85 A small number
87 A fabric
90 A note of the scale
92 Partake of reality
94 Sloth

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# Feather's Breadth

## BY WALLACE IRWIN



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 42 SECONDS

SUDDEN winter and sudden death, forces that follow on the heels of love, met and crashed them as they were driving into Baltimore on the last night of their honeymoon. Irene Bowman was at the wheel, Ken holding on to the old French mirror which they had bargained for so merrily at a wayside shop. She was too enthralled with what he said, too delighted with his story to fear the icy glaze that covered the streets. She was laughing—and what a blessing it was to laugh again, after her years of widowed loneliness. Then, in mid-laugh, her throat opened to a high animal shriek. . . .

A monstrous truck swung out of a gas station. Irene felt the tires sprawling under her. The squealing brakes, the thumping blow of two steel bellies in collision. Then a wrecked silence, she gripping the twisted wheel and shrilling inanely, "I'm not hurt!" Ken was grabbing at his arm. Fragments of broken mirror lay all over him.

People sprang out of the ground, gesturing. A truckman with an iron bar forced the door, and she was giddily aware that they had Ken out and were tearing off his dripping shirt sleeve. Men, women, boys were yammering useless advice: "Get an ambulance." . . . "Gosh, he's bleedin' like a hawg . . . cut in the wrist." . . . "Hey, fathead, make a turni-kay . . . not that way!" . . .

"That ain't a turni-kay," bawled a drunk while the truckman bungled with knots in Ken's shirt sleeve. Somebody shouted, "I got the hospital!" And Irene, stiff with horror, saw Ken dying before her eyes. His lips were white as his teeth.

And because tormented eyes fix themselves upon insignificant things, she saw the little, lighted store front and the big sign, J. SWANSON Hardware. The door burst open and a shabby man with a scraggly beard hurried out, fussing queerly with his hands. Pulling on rubber gloves! She heard herself whimpering, "Oh, it's the doctor," but the gas-station attendant drawled, "No, lady. That's only Mr. Swanson."

There was an authority in Mr. Swanson that made the crowd stand aside for him as he stooped beside the fallen man and beckoned a colored boy with a handbag. To the attendant he snapped, "Hold your flashlight there." The steel in that voice rang a bell in Irene's memory, although her attention was riveted on his quick hands knotting a bandage cleverly, surely, around the wounded arm. "Light a little closer, please." Rubbery fingers came daintily out of the bag with a small steely gadget. A hemostat—the name flashed back to Irene's mind; they clamp those things on broken veins. "Light!" crackled the hardware dealer, then his fingers went into the spouting gash. It was as though he had turned off a faucet, the flow stopped so suddenly.

Irene got through the mob and was down on the pavement, holding Ken's poor head. Tears came as she heard his whispered "O. K., dear." She might not have been there, Mr. Swanson was so preoccupied with his work. But when she heard his sharp "Well, that's fixed," she sat up and studied the leaning, bearded face. He looked at her suddenly, and her eyes met the burning black of his pupils. No scraggly beard or shabby suit could disguise him now. Her heart stopped in fear and wonder. Do the dead come back to make miracles?

But Mr. Swanson was sousing the wound with a hank of gauze dipped in hot water when a policeman's blue legs intervened, and a policeman's voice: "Say, I got first aid, Mr. Swanson. Better stop tinkering with that guy. Wait for a doctor." Mr. Swanson was going right on, although a blue arm reached for his collar. Irene threw herself between them. "Don't stop him, officer. Please. He knows what he's doing. He does, he does!" The policeman stepped back.

It took the ambulance a quarter of an hour to get there. Ken was in the service station, lying on the floor, while Mr. Swanson fed him weak brandy. The young surgeon peered under the dressing and asked, "Who did that?" Mr. Swanson mumbled something about first aid. "First aid?" marveled the surgeon. "That's an operation, and a pretty one, too."

Irene stopped Mr. Swanson before he could shuffle away. A familiar name died on her lips; she was speaking to a stranger. "How can I thank you? You saved my—my husband's life." He disregarded her friendly hand. His voice was taut: "Glad I could do this—for you. Good luck this time."

Irene gazed after him, then toward the moving ambulance. She had seen two dead men come to life.

Late that night, when Ken's danger was over, she went to a hotel room and took an old letter from a dispatch case. It was written in Dr. Lidgefield's small, correct hand; now it seemed to bear a different message from the one that had stunned her five years ago, the day they found his overcoat on an East River wharf.

> Dearest, I've just killed a man on the operating table. I was drunk—you know how I've been lately. They warned me not to operate. But I did, and the knife went wrong, by a feather's breadth. It's my life for his now. Try to forget your mistake in marrying a man who couldn't . . .

Irene read the letter slowly for the last time; then she touched it to her cigarette lighter. For an instant the fire seemed to illuminate Mr. Swanson's studious hands, saving life. The famous Dr. Lidgefield, brilliant and wayward, had turned to ashes and an obscure little hardware dealer had gone back into his store.

THE END

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**ON THE AIR**

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

**TUNE IN!**

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

# Rainbow's End

### BY JOSEPH

HOURS ago, over a final glass of wine before the fading log fire, Tony and Margot had finished making their precious plans. Pack first thing in the morning and let Otis Perry, the owner of the farm, know they were through. Take the afternoon train from Manchester, arrive in New York at eight forty, go to a hotel for the night, spend the next day on last-minute preparations, and then, at midnight of the second day, while hands waved farewells and confetti showered through the air and streamers parted from the pier and fell lifeless to the side of the ship, they'd be on their way—to Paris.

Paris—for a whole year.

That's what it meant, the letter that had come to the weather-beaten Vermont farmhouse that afternoon, the thrilling two-paragraph letter announcing that Tony's Portrait of My Wife had won the five-thousand-dollar Woods Foundation Award.

They had celebrated, with candles on the table at supper, slender, stately blue candles that made their eyes dance; and wine, wine nowhere near as warming as the elation that surged through their veins.

And now, eventually, elation had run its course.

Downstairs in the worn old farmhouse a clock struck twelve. Then the half-hour, then one, and one thirty—and neither of them could get to sleep.

They lay there, staring into the night, thinking, not daring to talk, each wondering what the other thought, each wondering if the other felt the same thing—that something was happening. Something vague and indefinable, something deep and vastly important, something neither of them had foreseen in all their seven long years of struggle against this day—this day that wasn't really a day at all, but a dream come true.

IN the darkness, the seven years, oddly, began moving in review in Margot's mind. There was, first, the day they met, that day when Tony looked up from his drink in the artists' speakeasy on Fifty-fifth Street and saw Margot for the first time.

It was spring and 1929, and they were still young—Tony twenty-five, Margot twenty-three.

Tony came over from the bar deliberately, put his glass down on Margot's table, and pulled back the cold wooden chair opposite.

"Do you mind?"

"Not unless you're very dull."

Tony grinned.

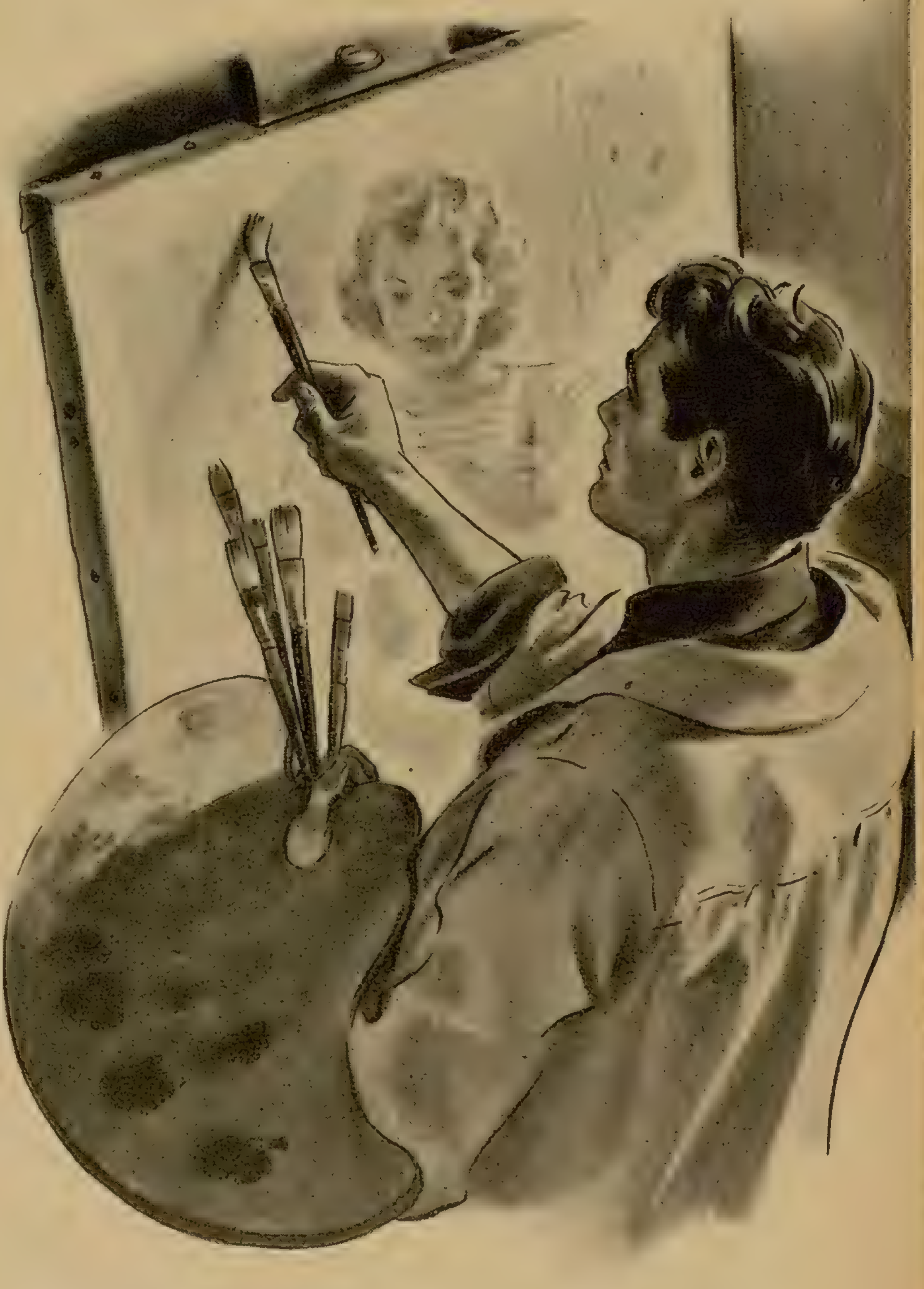
"I am, usually—besides, I'm lonely and want to talk. But I like your looks, if that'll help."

It had gone on from there, and after an hour and two more drinks Margot had learned that Tony was an artist and would like very much to paint her portrait—some day. And Tony had learned that Margot was an artist too, and might pose, some day, if he would make a really serious try at it.

As they talked the raw interior of the speakeasy had faded and they had emerged into a small new world of their own, the tall, exquisitely lithe, brown-haired girl named Margot, poised and graceful even in her gray tweed coat and crisp red excuse for a hat, and Tony, eager, young, dark-eyed, wondering how this girl across from him could be so attractive without being pretty, the way artists' models are pretty.

And it might have gone on just like that, charmingly, lightly, meaninglessly, if it hadn't been for Margot's visit to Tony's studio, late in September.

Tony had told her about the studio on one of those first days, after he had pointed out some of his pretty girls in the magazines and on billboards and Margot, in turn, had flipped the pages of a newspaper and shown him some of her department-store fashion work. She knew what to expect—almost down to the last brush and paint-clotted rag.



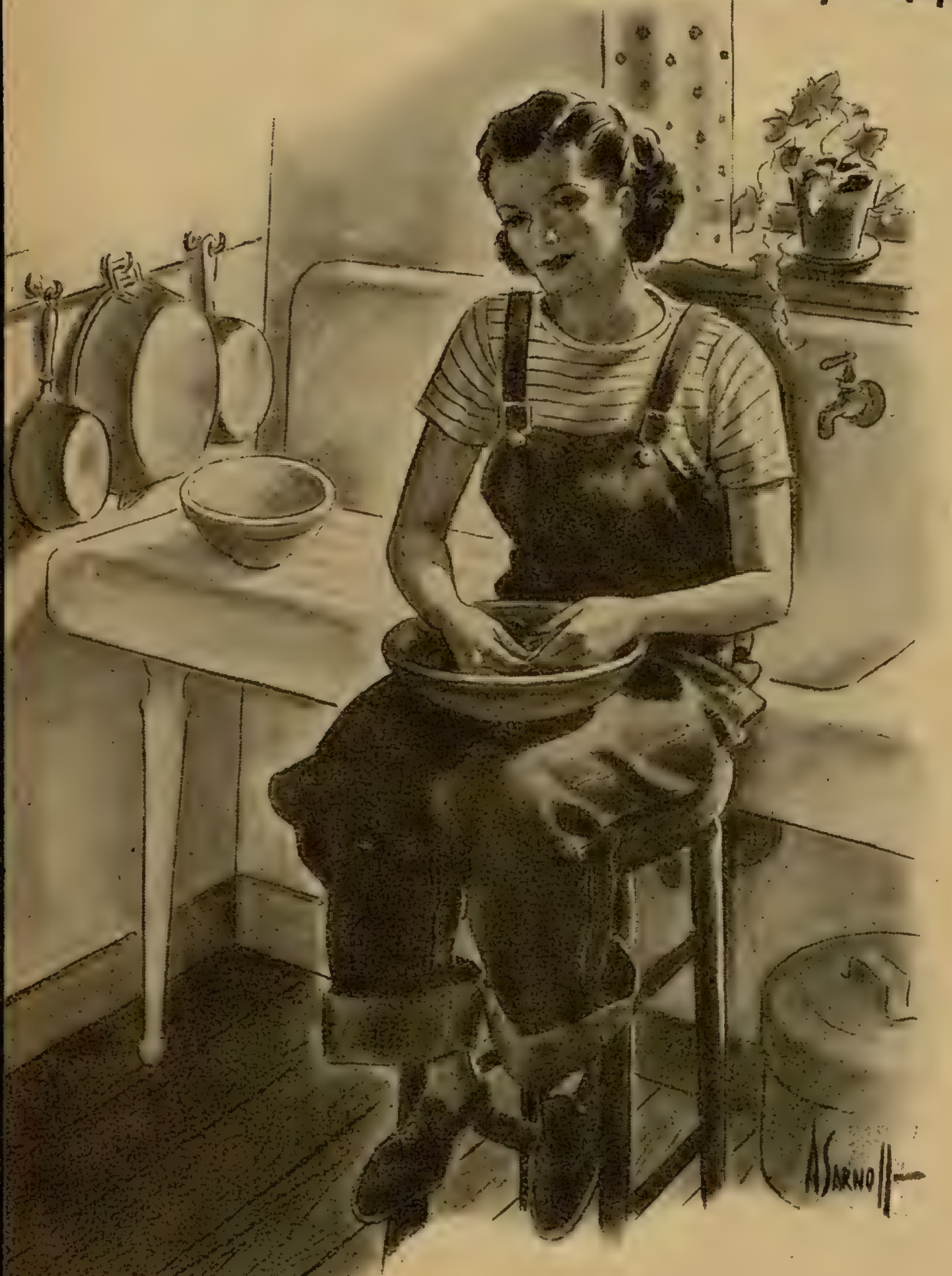
And then, suddenly, poking around in a corner, she came upon a stack of dust-filmed canvases that were different—sharply, breath-takingly different. She knew, all at once, that here was the answer to the unreasoning attraction she had felt, the odd, almost psychic knowledge that this man was different from all the others, was one bearing strange, wondrous gifts.

"Tony," she exclaimed, fumbling with the frames as she lined them up against the wall, "you can *paint!*"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

A. ECCLESINE

For lovers who dream of things that are far away.. A tender tale of hope and an awakening



Margot shelling peas in a Vermont farmhouse—he had christened it, Portrait of My Wife.

Tony smiled, hands plunged deep in his pockets, shrugged his shoulders.

She stood alongside of him then, studying the vivid landscapes, still lifes, portraits, one arm through his.

"Tony—"

Her voice was low, tense, utterly new to him.

"Yes, Margot—" He turned, seeking out her eyes.

"Tony—you haven't given all *this* up for that other junk?"

She wheeled suddenly, shaking his arm like one remonstrating with a fractious child.

"You haven't, Tony—*honestly?*"

And as Tony looked down and saw her there, so close, something happened to him too, something that made him feel empty and then began hurting, savagely, like a knife, and filled him with a sensation he had never known before.

Because he couldn't speak, he kissed her, warmly, arms tight around her.

They sat and talked then, and in their talk, halting and breathless at first, then more even as they went deeper to the heart of things, their dream was born, the dream that all artists dream and few fulfill—Paris.

They talked for hours, and Paris stopped being just a vague and hazy and improbable dream and became instead a burning flame on the hills, a be-all and end-all that nothing could ever replace, save it were more thrilling, more vital, more beautiful—any one of which was beyond all imagining.

Those were the things . . . their wedding, the sharp November morning in 1931 when skies were cold and lead-gray and heavy with gloom and their whole world was, too.

Tony had lost everything he'd ever had and Margot's salary had been cut down to twenty-seven fifty a week. He had wanted to call the whole thing off, brand Paris a hopeless, adolescent dream—until Margot told him what love meant.

And so they had been married, for better or for worse—and worse soon proved to be a cruel underestimate.

There was the time they'd almost split, the black night, less than a year after their marriage, that Tony came home to their cheap five-story walk-up apartment on Thirty-sixth Street horribly, helplessly drunk, exuding abuse and criticism and defeat.

Margot, fear gripping her heart, spent the next day debating what course to take.

That night she came home in the same condition.

Tony, nearly out of his mind as the hours passed with no sign of her, wept tears of bitterness and joy and self-reproach when she finally stumbled up the stairs.

That was the low point.

Tony absorbed the lesson quietly and turned New York upside down until he found a job. It was a part-time job at first, in a small advertising agency. But by the summer of 1934 he had a decent job in a fast-growing agency, Margot had been moved up to assistant art director at the store, and Paris became simply a matter of time and arithmetic.

They would leave in the spring of 1935—for a year.

The summer wandered into the past and Margot discovered that something else would happen in the spring of 1935. The news made a great change in Tony, so great it might have seemed he'd never even thought of going to Paris, but, rather, had dreamed only of having children; had only wanted one thing from life—a daughter, a lovely, serious, dark-haired, dark-eyed miniature of Margot.

Only once did the old dream break through, and that was in November, when the two of them were having dinner in a small restaurant near Tony's office and Tony had said abstractedly, "We could go in a couple of years—it would be fun to have her speaking French before English."

Margot had nodded and reached across the table and slid her hand into his.

They might have followed just that vague plan, too, if Fate hadn't stepped in in December and laid Tony low with pneumonia. He spent Christmas Day passing the crisis. Altogether he was in the hospital five weeks. When he left, the doctors told him he mustn't work so hard; that it would be best if he could get away from New York entirely for six months or so and rest.

That was a blow, with the baby coming, but Margot sided with the doctors, and so it was that in April, when the earth was beginning to thaw and grow warm, they took over the furnished farmhouse in Vermont.

DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the glands fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

*Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include* (1) *regular cleansing of scalp;* (2) *killing the germs that spread infection;* (3) *stimulating the circulation of scalp;* (4) *lubrication to prevent dryness.*

**The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things**

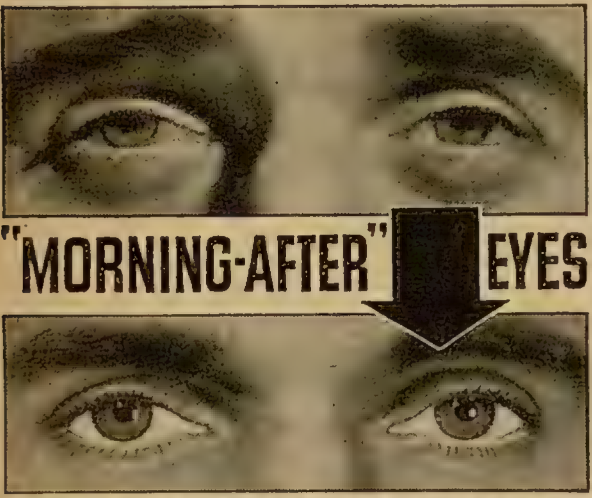
**WHAT TO DO:** Massage head with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil.

*It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading.*

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor

**TRIAL OFFER**—For a real trial bottle, send 10¢ to Zonite, 420 New Brunswick, N. J.

**ZONITE** KILLS ALL KINDS OF SCALP GERMS



CLEARED IN SECONDS

TIRED, bleary, red-veined eyes are a give-away "the morning after," make you look dissipated, endanger your job. But just a few drops of Eye-Gene clears "morning-after" eyes in seconds . . . makes eyes look alert and rested. Eye-Gene is a new-type eye lotion, perfected by eye specialists. Keep Eye-Gene in your desk and bathroom . . . large bottle at drug stores, pocket size at 10c stores. Get Eye-Gene today.

**EYE-GENE** Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Margot's days were almost fulfilled and Otis Perry's wife, Martha, spent most of that first month constantly at her side.

The baby came the first week in May.

It was a boy.

It lived less than a day.

Some accident, was all the doctor would say, something that happened in only one case out of a thousand. It would be two years before they could have another child . . . two years.

Quietness that was something like maturity crept into their lives after that.

Sometimes, in the evening, after Margot had played through the sunset on the black-walnut baby grand that had somehow found its way to the old farmhouse long before Tony and Margot took it over, they would sit on the back porch and watch the deep blue night come on and listen to the frogs and crickets bickering down by the creek, and appraise their dream dispassionately, almost coldly, and, in the end, conclude that they would still one day, even if they didn't know how or when, make their dream come true.

Tony had kept enough contacts in New York to continue getting work, and, even on the free-lance basis on which he operated, to make almost as much money as he made in New York in his best days.

Margot, as soon as she regained her health, took up water colors earnestly, and gradually Tony, too, began to devote more of his time to serious painting.

LAST night, before they had gone to bed, before the unreality of it all had worn off, Tony had tried to tell her, groping awkwardly for words, as they watched familiar flames licking at the blackened chimney, how happy he was that the portrait, and not one of his landscapes, had won the award.

They had had a feeling about the portrait—right from the beginning, the day that Tony came upon Margot as she sat on a stool in the kitchen, cool light falling on her from the window, slim hands shelling peas she had picked from her garden, and decided to paint her just so.

And then, when it was done, something deep had possessed Margot, something that burned more than thrilled, and she had been glad, cryingly glad, to think she might look like that, to think the person on the canvas might be she, to think that was the way he saw her, the man she loved.

It had hit Tony, too.

Margot, lithe and young and alive in the pale blue denim overalls she loved to wear, the narrow-striped sweater underneath, deep near-black hair framing her face sharply against the icy blue light on the wall, hazel eyes gazing out levelly over her world, delicate, half-arched eyebrows, tip-tilted nose—and the mouth that turned down at the corners when it smiled and in some baffling, indefinable way sang of the thing that had originally drawn him to her, the grave charm, the strange unknowing lure she had stolen from the lost land of childhood and carried off through the years—he had captured it all.

Margot shelling peas on a kitchen stool in a Vermont farmhouse, a woman contented—he had studied the painting soberly, christened it, Portrait of My Wife.

Those were the things—

MORNING came and the sun. Tony stirred, kissed her awake.

"Margot," he called, "here's the big day."

Margot stretched luxuriously, yawned, and smiled, much as if it were any other summer morning—and something tugged at Tony's heart.

She put on her blue denims mechanically, and went out into the garden to pick raspberries for breakfast.

Tony looked across the table and saw her, almost as he had painted her, and Margot looked back without talking, and each knew the other was thinking it was their last breakfast here in this house; yet neither could speak of it, lightly or any other way, and it seemed strange.

Then, after breakfast, Tony walked down the road a half mile, head high, brown eyes sparkling, to tell Otis Perry what they had planned to tell him—that they were leaving for Paris at last, and hoped he'd be able to get new tenants soon.

Otis said he was happy to hear of Tony's good fortune, that he and Martha, his wife, would miss Tony and Margot a lot, and that he had always hoped Tony and Margot might one day be permanent neighbors, might buy the farm and live there, where a man could live a life, and all such things.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Tony got back to the house. He hurried upstairs to the studio, lest Margot see he had been gone so long and hadn't started packing.

Once inside the room, though, the room that had become so much a part of him in the last two years, he stopped hurrying and stood regarding things one by one, each object, from his paints and brushes and canvases to the gold-leafed vase full of sweet peas from Margot's garden.

How long he was there, pacing, halting, standing, sitting irresolutely, he didn't know. He stood by his easel, looking out through the window at the rolling lands that cared as little for seven years as they did for seven hundred.

Time vanished and all outside things.

He didn't hear the piano downstairs and the mellow room full of distant, evasive, wondering music — music that lived long, then died suddenly when another sound trembled in the space and Margot got up blindly from the keyboard and raced upstairs.

The door burst open, too, and he didn't hear it.

Only when he felt hands upon his shoulders did he shake the spell, and then he didn't turn at once, because he was afraid—afraid he might be wrong, afraid it hadn't really happened, afraid she wouldn't feel as he felt.

"Margot—" He gestured lamely, frowned. "We've worked hard, these seven years—"

"It's been heaven, Tony."

Margot spoke slowly, eyes wide and shining.

Tony turned swiftly.

"It has, hasn't it?"

Margot nodded.

"Darling—" he was talking rapidly now, holding her to him, whispering, almost, in her ear: "Margot—something has happened. Something big and impossible. Something I don't quite know how to tell."

Margot smiled strangely, like a child who understands things that nobody but a little child can understand.

"Yes, Tony," she urged.

"I saw Otis. We had a talk—a *long* talk—"

"And—?"

"And, oh, Margot darling, this is what I want to say— Let's *buy* the place. Lock, stock, and barrel. This is our dream—this house, this farm. This is everything. Margot—*let's not go to Paris!*"

Margot slipped away from him somehow, sank into a chair, her heart beating wildly.

"*Tony!*—"

Tony sank down beside her, trembling, uncertain, kneeling, head buried in her lap.

"Darling," he said—"I'm sorry. Don't be angry. Something makes me feel that way, something that's inside—"

Margot gasped.

"Angry, Tony—*angry!*"

She repeated it, over and over again, knowing it didn't make sense, knowing words couldn't begin to tell what she meant, what she wanted to say, what was overflowing in her heart.

They were there long thus, the two of them, Margot running her hand through Tony's hair, saying, "Angry, Tony—*angry!*" Tony kneeling before her, dumb, all atremble, near to crying.

Their day—the day that had been seven incredible, heart-filling years in the making—was at hand.

THE END

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## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ½ **RAILROADMAN** by Chauncey Del French. The Macmillan Company.

An interesting, at times fascinating, picture of pioneer railroading in the West as told to his son by Henry C. French, who spent fifty-seven years with a dozen different railroads in such jobs as switchman, conductor, and brakeman.

"I'm falling in love

**with your Barbasol Face"**

WE'VE been putting pretty girls in Barbasol ads for some time now to get across the idea that a Barbasol Face is what it takes to coax the caressing eye and hand of sweethearts, wives or otherwise.

For a Barbasol Face means much more than the cleanest, sweetest shave you ever had.

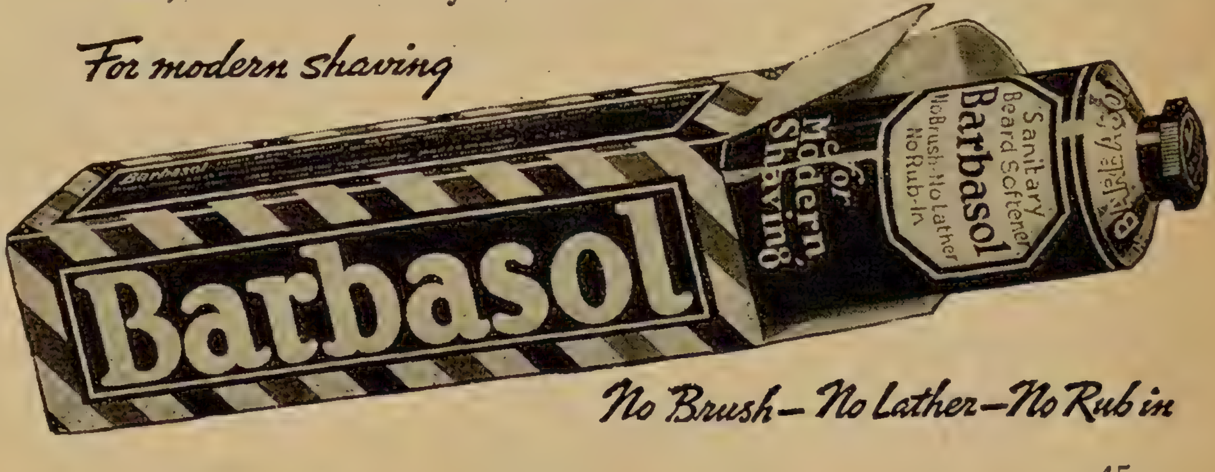
It also means a skin that feels softer and smoother, looks younger and more attractive by years, thanks to the soothing, friendly oils contained in Barbasol.

If you're a young shaver now, start and stay with Barbasol and keep that schoolboy complexion.

If you're an old hand at the game, throw away old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten and wrinkle your skin.

Buy a thrifty big tube and try Barbasol for just ten days. When you see how it speeds up the cleaning up of whiskers—when you see what a wonderful improvement it makes in your skin—you'll never change from cooling, soothing Barbasol. At all drug stores, large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢.

*For modern shaving*



*No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in*

### BY H. G. WELLS

# The New Face of

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

## In these dangerous days, can thinkers avert war? . . . A philosopher ponders some past mistakes and future perils

THAT great blaze of hope, confidence, enterprise, and freedom in the minds of common men, from the late eighteenth century up to the catastrophe of the Great War, which we call Liberalism, seems now to have lost its imaginative appeal. The heart has gone out of Progress. I have suggested that entanglement with sentimental nationalism was an almost congenital weakness of Liberalism. That entanglement first led to sacrificial patriotism and then the horrible disillusionment and recoil after the Great War. The Liberals had promised a war to end war, a war to make the world safe for democracy. But that was not its only handicap in dealing with the war and postwar generations. As with Christianity, the primary proposition of equality was just a little too much for weak human nature. There was a lack of thoroughness, there was even a want of sincerity, in its interpretation of its primary propositions.

In Great Britain, for example, it threatened privilege but never drove the attack home with any vigor. It was always going to abolish the House of Lords and disestablish the Church; but these menaces repeated too often, these feints, wore down to empty platitudes. And it never carried its implicit promise that every one should have equal opportunity to a logical working conclusion. The suffrage broadened down, in Great Britain and America alike, to adult suffrage—but in practice that was merely the right to choose between two unattractive party nominees; the party organizations saw to it that the methods of elections were not changed.

The ordinary citizen found, in fact, that he had been bilked by democratic Liberalism. The common man as he grew up found he was a free man only nominally, a ruler of his "democracy" at an astronomical distance from the seat of government, and also he was made to realize more and more acutely that the very ground he stood upon had been appropriated or mortgaged before he was born, that he would probably have to work full time for a bare living, and that the amount of knowledge dealt out to him was just sufficient and hardly sufficient to make him an employee. And when he turned to Liberalism he found Liberalism had very little to say about it except by way of evasion.

At the idea of giving every one economic independence and adequate information about the world he lived in, the Liberalism of the middle nineteenth century boggled. The age of plenty was still to dawn on the human imagination. People, it was believed, had to want before they would work for the general welfare.

This was the case in America even more than in Britain. Liberalism had supplied a doctrine that had enabled the professional and mercantile classes to relieve themselves of the pressure of a privileged aristocracy and a Tory-spirited monarchy. They had gained more than their share of political power, politicians had become commodities with a market price, and the prosperous felt that in the uncontrolled freedom of private property they possessed an effectual guaranty of their new rights. They did not want to see liberty, as it was thus conceived, degenerate into license. They did their best to amalgamate the ideas of individualism and free competition with the liberal conception of life.

Privilege, the old Liberals proclaimed, had been conquered; every one was free now to compete for every possible prize. The fact that the great majority of citizens were born under the terrific handicaps of economic servitude and an immense educational disadvantage was ignored very valiantly by the majority of nineteenth-century Liberals on either side of the Atlantic. And in the United States, which is the embodiment of this Liberalism of the first phase, it is only in the last few years that there has been an effective recognition by either party of this practical qualification of the freedom and equality of democracy. Where property is private men are free, said Liberalism, and would not listen to the objection that where everything is appropriated there is no freedom for the propertyless.

When Socialism appeared as the New Radicalism there was a widespread feeling among respectable Americans that the workers were behaving like very bad losers.

In its encounter and dispute with Socialism throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century, Liberalism missed its plain opportunities. Much progress continued to be made in science, industrial organization, and the material equipment of life, though maybe not so much as might have been achieved by more concerted effort. There was also a stupendous and in part an irreparable wastage of natural resources for individual profit, but this did not appear at first upon the surface of things. It was not a public question before the days of Theodore Roosevelt.

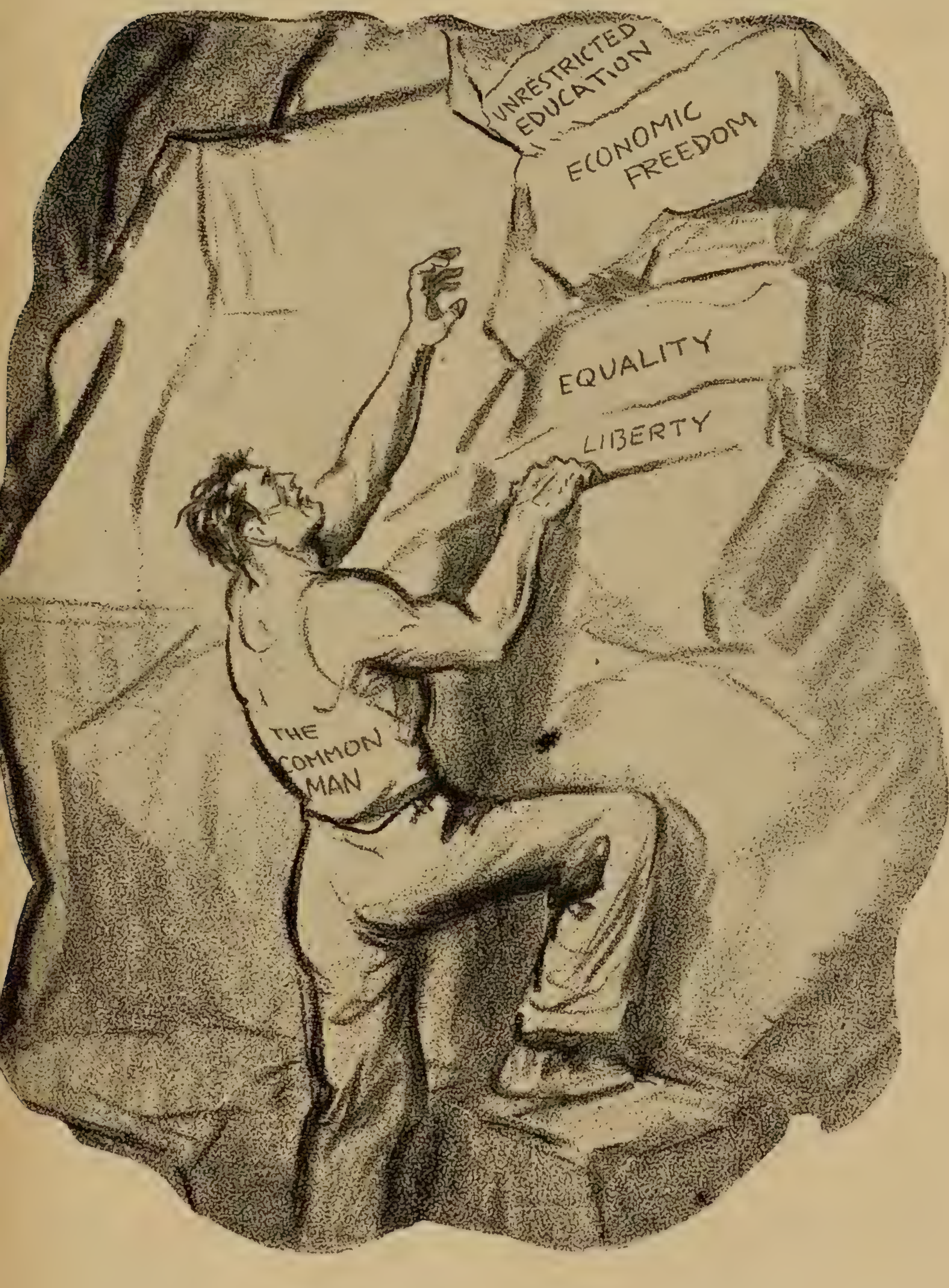
Few people realized, even among the opponents of Liberalism, that that progressive age was living on its capital and accumulating debt. Much of its enterprise was difficult to distinguish from an undisciplined rush. Much of its finance had the quality of a scramble in a gambling hell. Its conception of domestic policy was entangled with individualism, just as its foreign policy was entangled with sentimental nationalism. It would not heed the plain intimations of the growing Socialist movement. It would not recognize how inevitable would be some sort of revolt of the disinherited. So long as older minds were the exponents of Liberalism and American ideas, they refused to expand the rights of man to include economic freedom and unrestricted education.

Just as when it came to the fork in the road between cosmopolitanism and nationalism Liberalism took the wrong one, so when it came to the choice between the individualism then prevalent and a collective organization of the common economic interests of mankind, it turned again to the immediately easier and ultimately disastrous path. Liberalism broke away from the speculative early socialisms that had grown out of it, it turned away from Fabian Socialism and Christian Socialism alike, and so it left the depressed classes open to the very plausible and attractive teaching of an inevitable class war. They were just beginning to read—for which, by the by, Liberalism was to be thanked—and take notice.

It seemed consistent with open competitive Liberalism to check the tendency of wages to rise by unrestricted

# LIBERALISM

immigration. In 1906 a million immigrants entered America; when I spoke of it to Joseph Choate, that eminent Liberal waved a generous gesture to earth and sky and cried, "Let them *all* come!" In fact to compete for jobs and replace the native worker on strike, but in theory to avail themselves of limitless opportunity.



It was a buoyant phase in American industry then. Then was the time for Liberalism to march on to the realities of emancipation; and since it did not go on, Marxist Leftism, which had been coming steerage to America in considerable quantity, stepped in. All the Marxist had to say was, "These people with property will never do anything for you. Nothing at all. You must take over things yourselves," and the evaporation of Liberalism from political life began.

Labor parties, whatever their programs, are in essence as in name class parties, and Marx is their common father. Before Americans take up the idea of a Labor Party they should make a careful study of the history of the Labour Party in England. It is a record of mischievous futility. It crippled and destroyed the Liberal Party and put nothing constructive in its place. To Marx we owe the propaganda of the idea that the interests of the workers can only be secured and their emancipation achieved by the sabotage of Liberal movements and a better resistance to all nonproletarian efforts to alleviate the general social order.

This social order in all its vague and various processes was called the Capitalist *System;* it was supposed to be a sort of organized conspiracy against the masses of mankind, and it had to be obstructed, shattered, and destroyed. Amidst the ruins, and almost without planning or effort, the dictatorship of the proletariat would rise like a magic tree of life and disperse universal happiness. Utopianism, which asked for plans and details, betrayed the supreme sin—lack of faith in the proletariat. In Marxism before it faced the perplexities of Russia, the worker was always right. Antagonism and distrust were the keynotes for the march to the Communist World.

The trade-union mentality, however, as distinguished from Communism, stopped short at expropriation, and aimed simply at shortening hours and raising wages until the employer had nothing left but his responsibilities. The Communist went further. He had a suspicion that under these conditions the owner or employer might misbehave. He expropriated completely. The workers were supposed to have a common mental solidarity, a mystical and instinctive goodness and rightness in their conduct, and those who were in any way administrative or directive or set in authority above them, except by due process of party election, were dealt with as robbers and conspirators, in need of immediate liquidation.

THIS class-war dogma was a formidable half-truth. It exaggerated the failure of Liberalism to assimilate the Socialist idea and to raise education all round so as to effect a real equality of opportunity, and it ignored the complexity of the modern industrial and social organization. In effect, as we have seen in Russia, the dictatorship of the proletariat leads not to a universal outbreak of millennial wisdom at bench and plow, but to the replacement of expert by political management. The capable foreman is put under the direction of a party organization official, overwork is made a virtue, and spurts of terrified activity alternate with phases of evasive intrigue.

Liberalism is a thing incapable of quantitative measurement, but there can be little question that the present liberation of the Russian workers achieved by dogmatic Communism is limited, questionable, insecure.

Nevertheless, for nearly a hundred years now, the moral energy of increasing multitudes of idealistic enthusiasts has been diverted from working out the basic principle of Liberalism in a progressive socialization of the common economic services of the community, and poured down the sink of the class-war dogma. For that, the perversion of the first great generosities of Liberalism toward competitive individualism is very largely to blame.

And the question whether Liberalism has any substantial future in political life depends very largely on whether now it can ever be reconciled to the conceptions of the Socialist idea, whether it can be freed from the nationalist sentimentality with which it was infected from its birth onward, and whether the moral vigor of its opening period, which leaked away so disastrously in the direction of the class war, can ever be recovered. In that, in the possibility of a great renascence of Liberalism, lies the chief hope of averting the phase of war, political confusion, brigandage, and social dégringolade toward which mankind seems to be drifting today.

THE END

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

# Doctors DON'T Tell

### BY DR.

In this series Dr. "Raymond" is doing nothing so unwarrantable as to muckrake his profession indiscriminately. He is a real physician; his name, like every other name and all places in his story, has been changed beyond the possibility of identification; but his story states the facts of his experience, and gives his reasons for believing them to be fairly representative. He began the study of medicine a few years later in life than most future M.D.s do, and began it under the illusion that nearly every doctor, medical school, and hospital in civilization measured up to his own high ideals. He now knows that, although many do indeed measure up, there are far too many others that do not. His hope, shared by Liberty, is that his frankness will prove a remedy for the conditions which are responsible for the latter.

Last week he told how Father Bradley, a fine, genial Jesuit priest whose diabetes he had diagnosed, persuaded him to leave a big-city hospital and "tack up his shingle" in the small town of Canaking. His first patient there, the owner of the local brass foundry, was so delighted with his surgical skill and his "newfangled" spinal anesthesia as to become a hearty booster for the town's new doctor—and to punch one of its older ones who had sneered at him. He told also how small-town practice opened his eyes to the physician's value to the patient as confidant and understanding friend.

## PART EIGHT—TWO KINDS OF PARENTS

EARLY one Sunday afternoon in May my house telephone waked me from an after-dinner nap.

"This is Mrs. Kempel. It's my husband you buy your butter and eggs from, doctor," said a feminine voice. "My Mary is sick. Could you come out?"

Taking Cleo along for the ride, I finally found the Kempel farm, which, to my great surprise, proved to be a huge affair, with a dandy home, barns, and equipment.

I found the patient—a pretty little child about eleven years of age—in an immense feather bed. She was doubled up, knees near her chin.

An examination revealed that the child had a ruptured appendix. She was dangerously, perhaps fatally, ill.

"How long has Mary been this way?" I asked Mrs. Kempel.

"She didn't feel so good Thursday night, when we were in town. We took her over to see Dr. Fowler. He said it was from something she ate!"

"Is Dr. Fowler your family physician?"

"No; Dr. Ellis, who died and whose place you are in, was our doctor. We thought we would have you."

"Did Dr. Fowler give you any medicine for Mary?"

"Yes, here it is." She brought a one-ounce bottle of what proved to be paregoric, a form of opium.

"What else did you do for Mary?"

"Gave her a cathartic yesterday. That didn't seem to help her."

"It wouldn't! I don't wish to alarm you, but Mary must go to the hospital at once. She has a ruptured appendix and needs immediate attention."

Poor Mrs. Kempel rocked dizzily. "Oh, oh!" she gasped. "You mean today—today she must go?"

"Not only today but immediately—now. I'll have to take her to town in my car. We can't lose a minute."

I telephoned the hospital and Dr. Baker. He was out, as were seven other physicians. Finally I located a Dr. Gibbons, an old-timer. He agreed to meet me at the hospital. For an assistant, I decided to use one of the student nurses in the operating room, as our hospitals in Canaking didn't have internes.

When I returned to get Mary, I found the family—father, mother, two older brothers, and a sister—crying and wailing. Their conduct had frightened the sick girl, and she, too, was crying hysterically.

I took Mrs. Kempel by the arm and led her out of the sick child's room. Mr. Kempel followed.

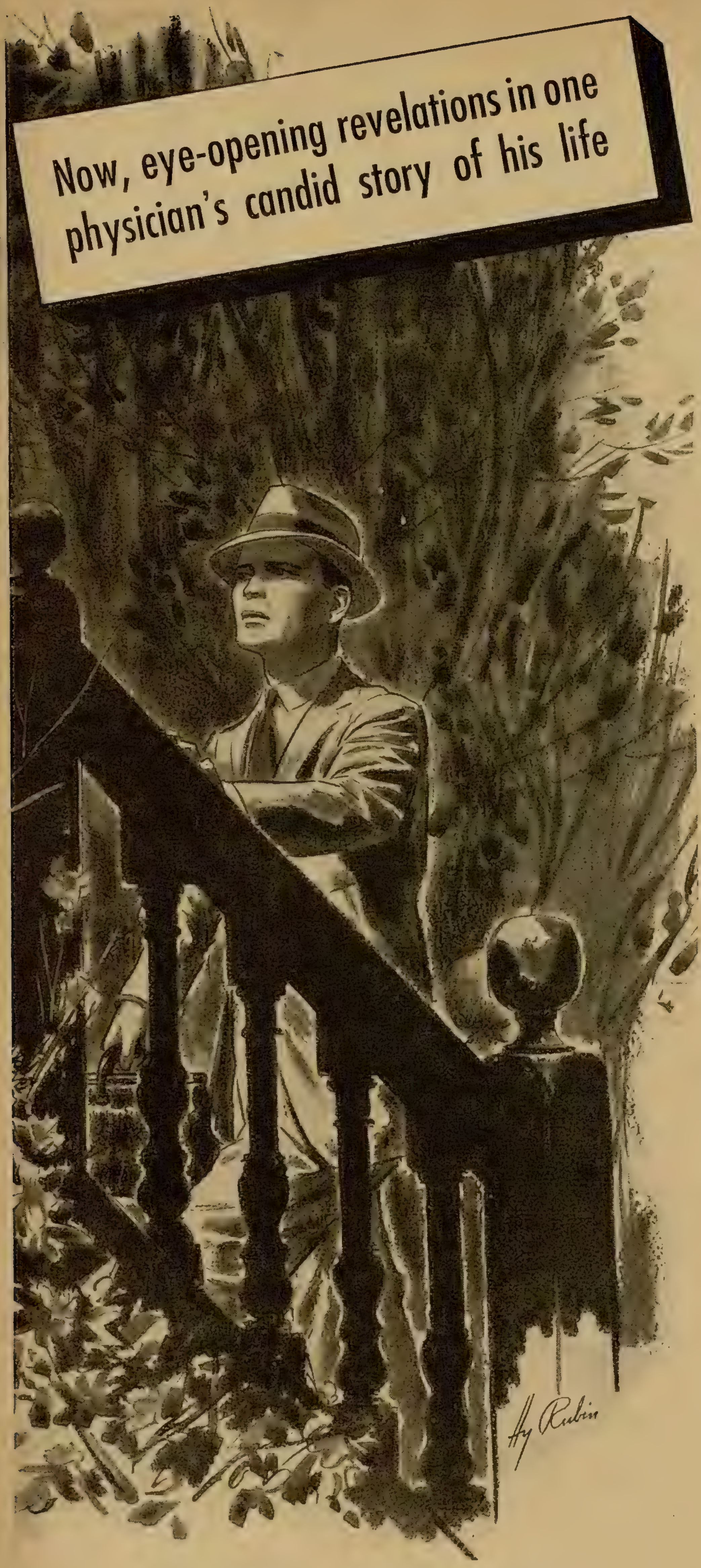
"Please, Mrs. Kempel, don't carry on so. It frightens Mary and endangers her. Pull yourself together."

"I am sorry, doctor. I didn't realize. I wouldn't hurt Mary for the world. She'll get better, won't she?"

"I certainly hope so. But we must hurry."

Mrs. Kempel managed somehow to collect herself and get blankets, which we carefully wrapped about the sick child. I then carried Mary downstairs and laid her as gently as I possibly could on the rear seat of my car. Cleo sat beside her. Mr. and Mrs. Kempel followed us in their car.

## Now, eye-opening revelations in one physician's candid story of his life



As I walked up the front steps of a model little home, a woman opened the door. "Quick, doctor!" she shrieked.

# "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

When we arrived, the nurses were "setting up" in the operating room. Dr. Gibbons was waiting.

"What do you want me to give as an anesthetic, ether or chloroform?" asked Gibbons.

I scrubbed a moment in silence before trusting myself to reply. "I thought chloroform went out of existence, except for maternity cases, at the beginning of this century," I finally ventured.

"Oh, I guess it did in the big cities, but here we use considerable—considerable."

No wonder my introduction of spinal anesthesia had been considered heresy!

"We'll give this little girl ether, doctor," I said.

In a few moments Mary, asleep under hypnotics, arrived in the clinic. As soon as she was sufficiently under ether, Dr. Gibbons nodded to me to go ahead.

Once inside the abdominal cavity, I found it full of fluid. I didn't have to remove the appendix. It had rotted off; it floated out of the incision. The caecum (that part of the large bowel to which the appendix is attached) had a tear fully four inches long.

I repaired the tear quickly, put a drain hole lower into the abdomen in the mid-line, sewed in a glass drain, and a further drain in the incision over the appendix. I then closed up the wound. Gibbons stopped the anesthetic and helped bandage up. This finished, the operating-room crew took over the case.

"Sorry, doctor," whispered Gibbons. "I am afraid here's where you write your first death certificate in Canaking. And all because earnest mothers will give cathartics when their children have the bellyache."

After dressing, I went immediately to Mary's room. The whole family was there—mother, father, both brothers, sister, and an uncle who was a priest. All hands were crying except the priest, who was praying.

"Get them out, doctor," the nurse whispered, "or they will kill this child!"

AS politely as possible, I hustled them out of the room. Then I turned to the nurse.

"Get an intravenous tray ready and heat this glucose ampoule to 104 degrees. Also bring back a 1,000 cc. of sterile distilled water; heat it to the same temperature. I'll take care of the family meanwhile."

I ushered them into a vacant room down the hall.

"Oh, doctor, is my Mary going to get well?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Kempel.

"Don't spare any expense," cut in Mr. Kempel tearfully. "Give her the very best of everything—if it takes every penny I have. Get specialists from the East—even if they cost a thousand dollars apiece."

"We won't need to spend any great amount of money if you will all co-operate," I replied very solemnly.

"We'll do anything you say!"

"Fine! Now the first thing is, don't disturb Mary. A 'No Visitors' sign will be put on her door, and that will mean everybody, even the family. You, Mr. and Mrs. Kempel, will be permitted to come in for a few moments each day, but you mustn't talk to her, and please leave when the nurse tells you to. Is every one agreeable?"

They all agreed to go home except Mrs. Kempel, who promised not to disturb Mary.

Going back to her room, I gave the glucose, and, later on, an interstitial of 1,000 cc. of saline (water under the skin) to prevent dehydration and thirst.

At five o'clock I picked up Cleo, who was waiting for me downstairs, and went home. I was just about to sit down to supper when the phone rang.

Mary going bad, I thought.

"Dr. Raymond? This is Mrs. Smythe—146 Willston Street. My boy, George, fell off a bicycle. He looks terribly blue, and has awful pains in his stomach. Can you come right over?"

I grabbed my bag, told Cleo to hold supper, dashed out to my car. As I walked up the front steps of a model little home, a frantic woman opened the door.

"Quick, doctor!" she shrieked. "I think he's dying!"

On the davenport lay a boy about eleven—face ghastly pale, lips blue, knees doubled up under his chin, both hands clutching his abdomen. He was groaning. I took his pulse, which was thready and high—125.

"Tell me what happened, George."

"Jimmy Jones was giving me a ride on his handle bars," he gasped. "We were coming down the Water Street hill. Jimmy was coasting when he put on the brakes. The chain busted. Jimmy couldn't stop. We were going to run into an auto, so Jimmy instead ran into a telegraph pole, and the handle bar hit me in the stomach."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Then I couldn't get up, my stomach hurt so. Jimmy went over to the store and got some peanuts and pop. I ate a few peanuts and drank some pop. I thought it'd kill me. It burned all the way down to here!"

He pointed to the lower part of the abdomen.

"Then what?"

"Then I couldn't walk. Jimmy and another kid kinda carried me home. Then I passed out."

THERE were no marks on the skin of his abdomen. Was he hemorrhaging? Or was it another case of torn bowel? Or was it just shock? In any event, he had to go to the hospital, and right away. I led Mrs. Smythe into another room and told her so. She fainted. I grabbed her, and had laid her on a couch and was getting a stimulant from my bag when in walked a man.

"What's happened?" he asked. "I'm Smythe."

I explained.

"How badly is he hurt?"

"I can't tell right now, but I think he has torn a bowel. Should get him into the hospital at once."

"You got a car, I see. Well, you take George as fast as you can. I'll take care of the Missus. She faints often. I know how to handle her. I'll follow you as soon as I can. Here, take this robe."

I wrapped it around the boy and, picking him up carefully, walked out to the car with him. Smythe followed.

"Go to it, doc!" he urged. "Don't worry about the Missus. She's already come to. Just do all you can for my boy. He's our only child."

"I will," I said. "Phone the hospital I'm coming."

"Check!"

In the hospital's third-floor hall I met Dr. Baker and a Dr. Lawrence, one of the better men in town, who was said to specialize in internal medicine.

"You are just the fellows I need," I told them.

Jointly and separately we examined the boy. This is what we found: a tenseness in the abdominal muscle; temperature subnormal; heart fast—120; pain in entire abdominal cavity. I seemed to detect fluid, although Lawrence pooh-poohed the idea. When we had finished, I ordered a hypnotic for the boy, to smother his pain.

"Well," I asked, "what do you men think?"

Dr. Lawrence, having seniority, spoke first.

"Don't get excited over this. It's shock—just shock. Let him alone a few hours. He'll come around!"

"I agree," I said, "that he is suffering from shock, Dr. Lawrence. But what is causing the shock?"

"Why, the blow he received in the pit of his stomach."

"Well, I'm not sure that's the whole story, doctor. What do you think, Dr. Baker?"

"I think he's hemorrhaging slowly," Baker stated promptly.

"Think he ought to be opened up?"

"Yes—and fairly soon. Pulse will tell in another hour."

"You younger fellows are too nervous," cut in Dr. Lawrence. "Give him time. He isn't hemorrhaging."

"If he isn't, what is giving the pain?"

"Shock. Plain shock."

"I don't see your argument at all," replied Baker. "What do you think is wrong, Dr. Raymond?"

I hesitated. I was being put on the spot. However, taking the tail with the hide, I said:

"I am sorry, but I cannot entirely agree with either of you men. I agree the boy's in shock, and that he may have had a slow hemorrhage; but his main trouble, I believe, is that he has a bowel torn open."

"Don't think so!" snapped Lawrence.

"Well, I don't know," mused Baker. "It's possible."

"Well, do you agree with me we should look inside?"

Baker nodded. Lawrence shook his head.

"That makes two to one. Now I'll make a friendly five-dollar bet that, when we do, we'll find a hole in the posterior portion of the duodenum at its attachment to the ligament of Treitz."

"I'll take that bet," said Lawrence quickly.

"Not me!" smiled Baker.

"O. K.; that makes one five-dollar bet. Now I am going to let this boy go for another hour. If he doesn't pick up, we will have to go inside and have a look. So, unless you hear from me to the contrary, I will meet you both here at nine tonight."

I HURRIED down the hall to Mary's room. The day nurse was giving the night nurse a report on her condition, and instructions. Mrs. Kempel was in a chair at the bedside, talking away at the poor child as if she had never been warned.

"Can you step out into the hall for a few minutes, Mrs. Kempel?" I asked courteously.

"Yes, of course; but will Mary be all right?"

"Certainly! But you'll have to wait outside until we are finished," I said, as I closed the door upon her.

"I just can't keep her out!" sputtered the nurse. "She's going to kill that youngster in spite of us."

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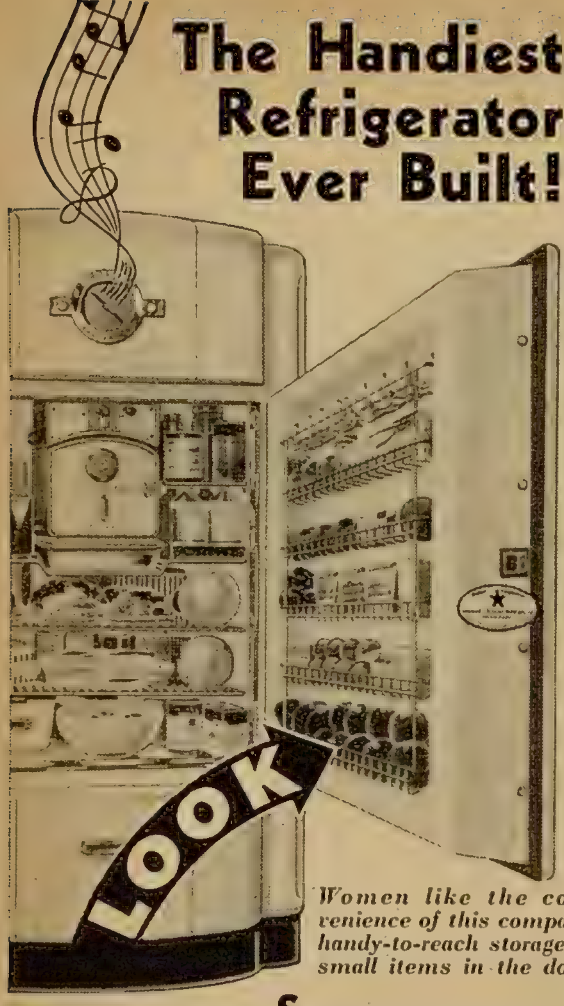

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"Been very bad. Heart pretty thready. Gave her a hypo of digitalis about an hour ago. Lower drainage good. But she needs rest. Her mother insists she must be with her baby. That's the worst!"

Mrs. Kempel was in the corridor, wringing her hands.

"Oh, my Mary, my poor Mary!" she moaned.

"Now, Mrs. Kempel, don't take it so hard," I implored. My heart went out to her; yet I knew she was the chief menace to her child's recovery, and must be removed.

"I can't help it, doctor! I'm so afraid!"

"I know, but you must help," I said. "If you want Mary to get well, stay out of her room. She needs sleep—rest. If she doesn't get it, she'll die."

"But the nurses put needles into her skin. They make lumps. It's cruel! You're torturing Mary!"

"Mrs. Kempel," I explained, "the nurses are not harming Mary. You see, Mary cannot have water to drink—so, to keep her from becoming thirsty, we give her water under the skin. It is to help her."

"Oh," she sniffled. "I just couldn't understand it. It all seems so terrible."

I called the floor supervisor, asked her to give Mrs. Kempel some luminal to steady her nerves, and to see to it that some one took her home.

AT eight forty-five George was not so good. An operation was imperative. At nine the patient was ready. The moment I opened up the peritoneum, Larry Baker exclaimed, "Gee, Lawrence, you're out five bucks!"

"Guess we all can learn," Lawrence said, proving he was a good sport. "Where is the tear?"

I ran a finger over the back of the duodenum. There was the hole—right along the insertion of the ligament of Treitz into the bowel. It was an awkward corner to work at. However, we managed to close the gap, which was about two inches long. Then, as in Mary's case, we made a drainage hole lower down in the abdomen, into which we sewed a glass drainage tube, and closed up.

The boy's condition was only fair. In fact, I figured the chances of both children as not good.

For a week, sleep for me was when I could get it. First Mary would have a sinking spell. Then George would take a turn for the worse.

Our fight for these youngsters' lives was not aided by the equipment and personnel of the hospital. They just didn't know how to fight peritonitis. I sent for special nurses, and got two good ones. But the older members of the staff thought the equipment and methods I called for were silly. In the end, I was forced to go to Father Bradley, who heard me out fully, picked up the telephone, called the hospital, and demanded that

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*On-the-Park*
50 Central Park So., New York
Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

A gent with oil wells down to China
Couldn't buy a shave that's finer.
—J. P. HARDIE, N. Y.

**WIN $5.** Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. See page 20. Send to Ingram's, Dept.G, Hillside, N. J.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

they stop their petty foolishness and get what I needed.

At the beginning of the second week I finally got the things, and both children eventually got well. It took two and a half months to get George home, and three for Mary.

Mrs. Kempel called after Mary's safe return. "Dr. Raymond," she said through her tears of joy, "I can't tell you how grateful I am! I know you worked wonders, and I want you to send your bill in right away."

"Thanks, Mrs. Kempel. I'll do that," I said, smiling. "Just how much shall I make my bill?"

"Make it whatever you think is right. "Funerals are expensive. Hank can't kick if your bill ain't more'n the cost of a funeral. We'd have had one but for you."

Cleo and I talked it over. I also talked to a banker friend, who said, "Kempel's well off. How much would a funeral have cost? About five hundred dollars, I guess. I'd send him a bill for five hundred. It's cheap, at that!"

I finally mailed a bill for three hundred, including three months' work, the medicines I furnished, and the operation. I felt this was, to say the least, reasonable.

That night, my last caller during office hours was Smythe. He came in beaming, shook hands, sat down and cleared his throat.

"Er—Dr. Raymond," he began, "I'm not much on the talk stuff, but I want you to know that the Missus and I will be your undying supporters for pulling George through."

He began to choke, and tears welled up in his eyes. It touched me. Finally I managed to stammer:

"That's what doctors are for."

"There's only one way to prove how I feel now." He held out a bankbook. "Here, doc, is my life's savings—fifteen hundred dollars. You can have it all."

"Not a chance!" I replied. "Put the book back in your pocket. How much do you earn a week?"

"Thirty bucks."

"How much were your hospital bills?"

"About three hundred and twenty dollars; special nurses, about two hundred; some other extras. But I don't care what it cost. My boy's alive. He's worth more'n fifteen hundred to me, and I can earn some more."

"I don't want any such amount as that," I replied. "You just write me a check for two hundred, and we'll call it square."

Smythe looked at me for a full minute without moving. Then he sat down and quickly wrote a check. It was for four hundred dollars.

The following Tuesday, in my morning's mail, I received a communication from the wealthy landowner Harry Kempel.

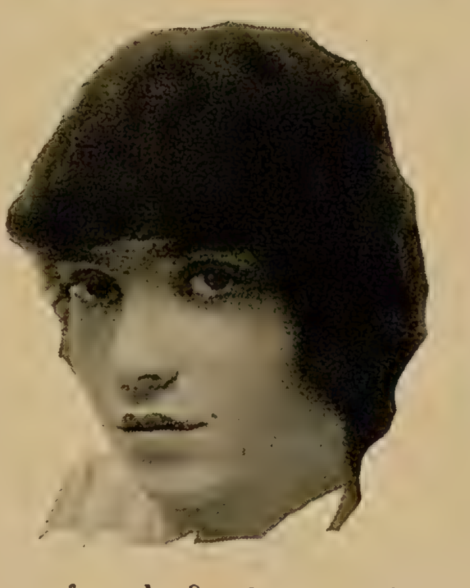
It was my bill, returned unpaid, with this message scrawled across the bottom of it:

"If you want the three hundred dollars, you will have to sue me for it."

And so, to oblige him, I did!

*What's the real, practical test of a doctor's ability and professional standing? How is his integrity sometimes tested? What dark temptations may be put in his way? Dr. "Raymond" can answer from experience—and will do so, most candidly and revealingly, in Liberty next week.*

# ☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—Who was sweet sixteen when the early photo to the right was taken? Clues: She danced with her brother in his top-hat-white-tie-and-tails days; now her ladyship is at home in England.

2—Flowers that open only at night are generally pollinated by what?

3—Is sake the native beer or whisky of which country?

4—Who wrote Goodbye, Mr. Chips? Of Mice and Men? The Sea Wolf?

5—Last year an average of $32.79 for every automobile in the U. S. went for what?

6—Who is the only owner to have won four Kentucky Derbys?

7—There's still one out-and-out democracy in South America; which is it?

8—The first telephone patent, No. 174465, was issued in 1876 to whom?

9—In all probability you enjoyed the voice of twenty-one-year-old Adriana Caselotti sometime during the past month or two; what was the circumstance?

10—What do Arabians, Persians, and North Africans eat as much as Anglo-Saxons do potatoes?

11—Who organized the Rough Riders?

12—Which Da Vinci portrait, hanging in the Louvre, is of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo?

13—On what is a lithograph drawn?

14—If Mr. Doe is out strolling with Mrs. Doe and Miss Roe, should he walk between them or nearest the curb?

15—Who said "There is no royal road to learning"?

16—The Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court was nominated for what high office in 1916?

17—Where was Moses when he received the Ten Commandments?

18—Which ex-Secretary of the Interior went to prison following the Teapot Dome scandal?

19—The Mayor of Philadelphia recently declined to loan what to New York's World's Fair?

20—Which movie star has a double-barreled nom de cinema?

*(Answers will be found on page 59)*

# Swing . . and a Sorceress

## A daughter of today and one of yesterday carry on for the screen in ways that seem to reflect some changing modes in woman's wiles

### By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

## ★ ★ ★ EVERYBODY SING

THE PLAYERS: Allan Jones, Judy Garland, Fannie Brice, Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, Reginald Gardiner, Lynne Carver, Helen Troy, Monty Woolley, Adia Kuznetzoff, Henry Armetta, Michelette Burani, Mary Forbes. Original story and screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 90 minutes.*

THERE are no gigantic sets, or forests of chorus girls tossing their shapely legs in Everybody Sing. But there is fun, lots of it. And if you are a jitter-bug for swing, you will surely go for Judy Garland, whether she is admonishing Swing, Mr. Mendelssohn, Swing, or tossing Down on Melody Farm around.

Judy is a talented little girl who is determined to commercialize her singing swing talent and thereby save her slightly demented family from going bankrupt. But her mother (who is Billie Burke, so you know how she flutters) and her father, Reginald Owen, try to keep Judy in school.

The youngster escapes, aided in her plans by Allan Jones, who is the family chef but a night-club singer after hours, and Fannie Brice, their maid. Judy sneaks into Allan's show, is, of course, the wow of the evening, which somehow makes everything hunky-dory with her parents and sets it up for her older sister, Lynne Carver, to fall in love with Allan.

The tunes are all very gay. The cast romps through its chores, plainly enjoying them. The result is short and sweet and simple and swing.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Fannie Brice plays Billie Burke's maid herein; worked for 16 years for Billie's late husband, Flo Ziegfeld. She collects antique furniture. . . . Judy Garland is second most promising immature chanteuse next to Deanna Durbin. She's 14, a Grand Rapids, Mich., product. . . . Billie Burke's hands don't flutter like that in real life, but her voice does give off that splendid quality, my deahs! . . . Allan Jones is of Scranton, Pa., worked as a truck driver, coal miner, bank messenger to get money to cultivate his gifted tonsils. Jones is his real name. He goes in for boxing, golfing, swimming, tennis, badminton, polo playing. . . . Lynne Carver's of Lexington, Kaintucky, did a screen bit in Penthouse. . . . Reginald Gardiner is the man who imitates wallpaper. He's a Wimbledon, Englander, had a fling at architecture before he found out imitating wallpaper paid more than hanging it. He's been in British pictures. . . . Reginald Owen relaxes from sneering and plays his finest comedy role in some years. His fans are expected to be furious, but Reg has a yearning to get tomatoes in the face.

## ★ ★ ½ JEZEBEL

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Donald Crisp, Fay Bainter, Richard Cromwell, Spring Byington, Henry O'Neill, John Litel, Gordon Oliver, Theresa Harris, Irving Pichel, Stymie Beard, Georges Renavent, Janet Shaw, Margaret Early, Eddie Anderson, Lou Payton. Screen play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel, and John Huston. From the play by Owen Davis, Sr. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 115 minutes.

YOU'VE got me and the South in your blood and you can't ever get away from either of us," hisses Miss Bette Davis at Henry Fonda, as she kisses him full on the mouth. The year is 1852, when girls didn't carry on that way, so Mr. Fonda, being a true Southern gentleman, tears himself from Miss Davis' clutch and murmurs something about loving his wife. Not that that stops our heroine. Not even the yellow fever stops her. She keeps right on after her man, into the very shadow of death.

Though this film is artistically conceived and dramatically acted, its leading character is so madly predatory and so deliberately destructive, you cannot have the slightest sympathy for her.

If you can accept this as a relentless character study of an abnormal woman, you will find considerable merit in it. But don't go expecting a jolly evening's entertainment.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** With its old, old Suth'n atmosphere, pic is obviously another attempt to create the Wind from Gone with the Same. . . . Pic's researchers learned that N'Orleans slept on box springs in 1850, even though lean-shanked New Englanders still played shuteye on corn-husk mattresses stretched on cowhide thongs; that floors were cypress, rugs were scarce, furniture had brass or glass claw feet, and clocks and birds were kept in glass domes because of the delta rot; that gas was just acomin' into illumination and S'uth'n politics; that a crinoline dress that today cost $250 to make cost about $25 in those days—slave sewing being nil in cost. . . . Bette Davis is the hardest-worked person on the Warner lot, is a bear for work; has had her salary boosted despite her recent Warner salary argument. Jezebel was not written for her, but it's the kind of heartbreaker role she does with a nasty-nice touch and vice versa. . . . George Brent says farewell to Ireland at last. Has become an American citizen. . . . Hank Fonda got a trumpet for Christmas two years ago; is still trying to master it and his neighbors' wrath when he practices. . . . Janet Shaw is of Beatrice, Neb., which gave us Harold Lloyd and Robbie Taylor. . . . Look for the new Jezebel hat, gals. Margaret Lindsay wears it in this.

Henry Fonda, Bette (Jezebel) Davis, and George Brent.

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* Recommended for children.

## ★ ★ ½ ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE

THE PLAYERS: John Carroll, Movita, Antonio Moreno, Don Alvarado, Lina Basquette, George Cleveland, Duncan Renaldo, Gino Corrado, Martin Garralaga, Rose Turich. Screen play by Ralph Bettinson from an original story by Johnston McCulley. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 60 minutes.*

THIS little quickie probably didn't cost more than $100,000—which is Hollywood chicken feed—and was visibly run up in a couple of old canyons, but nevertheless, they've got something here. His name is John Carroll. He is tall, dark, handsome, young, and the happy possessor of one of those at-last-we-are-alone-darling voices.

Considering the pulling power of Messrs. Eddy, Crosby, and Powell when they begin giving out their dulcet tones, we feel this newcomer, granted better lighting and productions, can walk right into the boys' club.

Herein he is El Gato, a Mexican aristocrat who has been done out of his estates by peon bandits. Seeking revenge, he disguises himself as a super-bandit, and rides triumphantly about between the haciendas, saving homes and lives. Thus he meets Rosita, another impoverished aristo, and rescues her from a fate worse than death in a cantina. Love, naturally, moves right in then, on a song cue.

For all its pseudo-Mexican setting, this would be just another Western, typically full of action, bullets, and violently contrasted good and bad motives, except for the dashing Mr. Carroll. He raises it to the rank of special interest.

NATIONAL
MEDICAL CONVENTION

"How did that medicine man get in here?"

VITAL STATISTICS: Here we have Movita actually playing her own race for first screen time—a Mexican. Movita's one of eight kids, has never been married, debutted in Flying Down to Rio. . . . John Carroll is a sort of minor Errol Flynn; used to be a treasure diver in the South Seas. He has no home in Hollywood but lives on his black sailing schooner La Fitte (La Fitte, we are here!) in Santa Monica Bay. . . . Duncan Renaldo got his first break when he played in Trader Horn; needs another. . . . Lina Basquette is wife of Henry Mollison, used to be a star, is quite the balletist, footlighted first at 5 at the San Francisco World's Fair. . . . Antonio Moreno debuts as a villain. He was a swarthy matinee idol of silent days, say about 15 years ago. He was born in Madrid, when it was whole; played his first real Broadway part with Leslie Carter, a female actress. He saved his money, earned plenty.

## ★ ★ HER JUNGLE LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland, Lynne Overman, J. Carroll Naish, Dorothy Howe, Archie Twitchell. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March, Lillie Hayward, and Eddie Welch. Based on a story by Gerald Geraghty and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by George Archainbaud. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 80 minutes.

IT seems there is a beautiful girl, brown as mahogany, living alone, with only a lion cub and a monkey for companions, on a desert island. She has, however, a dandy wardrobe of very short, revealing dresses and a fine permanent wave. When two aviators get grounded there, in search of a lost flyer, they assume the girl is a native; but not so. She doesn't know it, but she is really the daughter of white parents, stolen from them in infancy by Kuasa, as dirty a dastard as you ever saw.

Kuasa rules a neighboring island, speaks English, and hates white men. In fact, whenever he finds one, he feeds him, with great ceremony, to the crocodiles. Over that ceremony our white-brown maid presides, only she is hypnotized all the while, the poor kid, and so doesn't know what goes on. The natives think she is the crocodile goddess, however, which is just what low Kuasa wants them to think.

You can gather what a spot this leaves the white flyers in, particularly when one of them—the one who isn't supposed to be funny—falls for the girl, Tura. That triangle leads the three of them into being slated to be crocodile breakfast food, but just as those savage jaws are about to close over them, a volcano erupts and halts the proceedings.

This is, actually, one of the most hilarious pictures Paramount has ever made, only we've a hunch they took it seriously while they were shooting it. If you take it seriously in the theater, you'll be miserable; but once you begin to laugh at it, you'll have a lovely time.

Dorothy Lamour, as you might know, plays the native girl and is up to her usual form. Handsome Ray Milland acts very embarrassed at being found here, as well he might.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since nearest jungle is 2,500 miles away from Hollywood, studio found an eerie grove of 2,000-year-old palms down at Palm Canyon, near Palm Springs, about 118 miles from the Film Capital, dammed a crik to make a 150-ft. lagoon, pasted in about $25,000 worth of imported jungle from the best Hollywood florists, chucked in a few kindly camera-broken Hollywood alligators, as well as a few ferocious-looking stuffed ones, and let Miss Lamour loose in among it all to unbridle herself of her censored primitive emotions. Beach scenes, including launching native war canoes by ferocious Hollywood savages, were shot at Laguna and Catalina, made up as wild wild nature. Red Rock Canyon, 125 miles from Hollywood and Vine and right in the heart of the hot Mojave Desert, supplied those towering cliffs for the savage Hollywoodens to march ceremonially to the cave of the crocodile god. . . . Earthquake was created by Griffith Jennings, who had to dope out his own secret formula, James (San Francisco) Basevi of M-G-M and Jennings not giving away their secrets about such shocking matters. Actually an earthquake set is built on a set of huge concealed vibrators, everything made of breakaway plaster mathematically arranged to collapse accurately with the impulse of the shock. Sets are so light you can be bopped on the head by a huge pillar of stone and take it like Schmeling does a Joe Louis special. So realistic was the phony earthquake that even the hardened propmen and hard-boiled extras grabbed at supports, and the animals got so frightened they couldn't work all day—had to be treated by veterinarian nurses. . . . First morning on Palm Canyon location, a real earthquake greeted the company. Two distinct shocks were felt; company and animals all reacted without directorial urging. . . . Other incidents on location: Ray Milland just missed getting beheaded when Miss Lamour tossed a heavy kris within inches of his head; and Megger Archainbaud got a painful shoulder wound when the barefooted Miss Lamour stepped on a sharp pebble in a rehearsal and threw the knife wild. Cameras snared three perfect rainbows, which persisted peskily in spreading themselves across a raging desert typhoon (unusual California weather we're having!—No?) A deer, a goat, and a swarm of desert moths attached Miss Lamour during scene making, probably attracted by her costume.

## FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door.

★★★—Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938.

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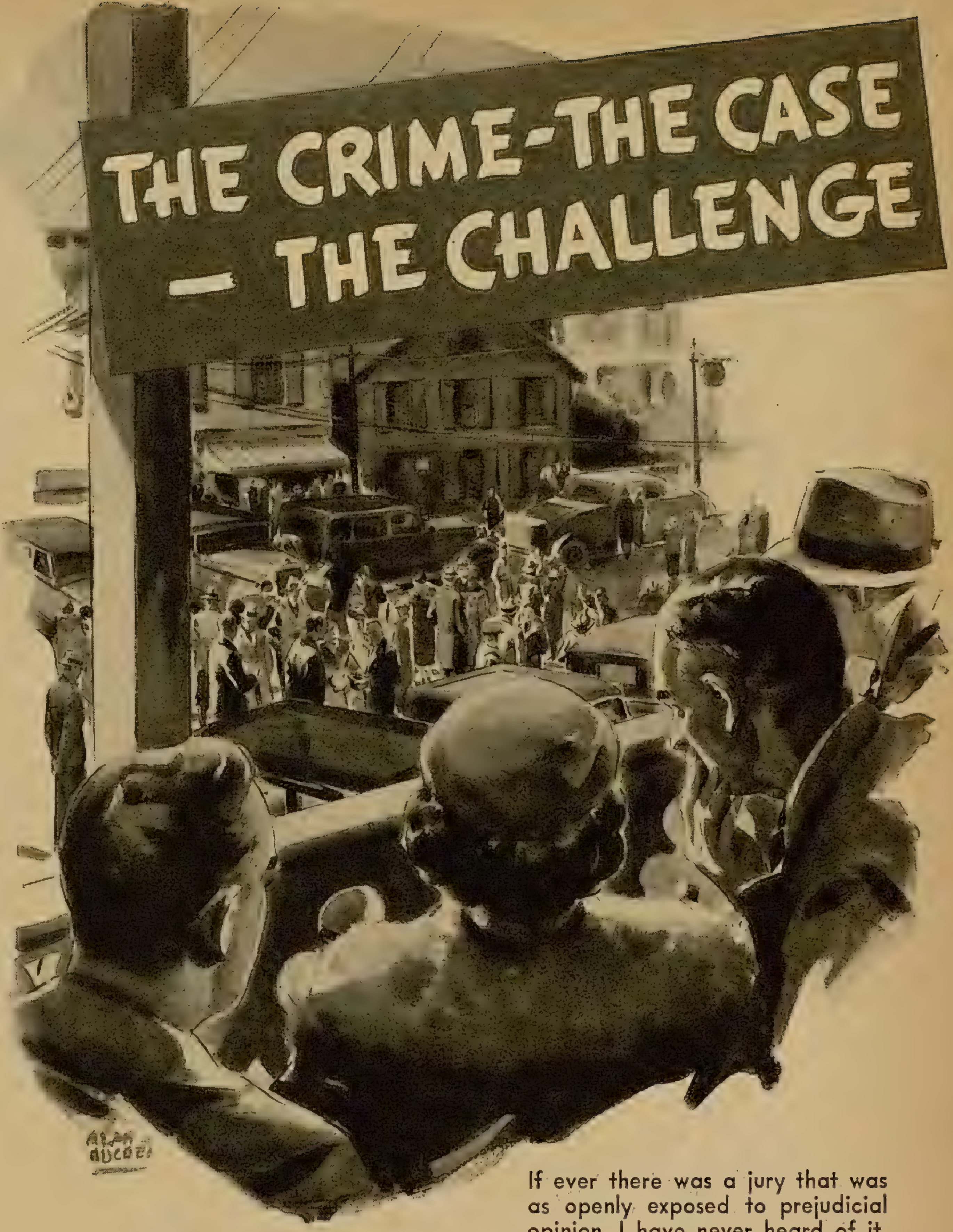
* Recommended for children.

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

# THE CRIME—THE CASE—THE CHALLENGE



If ever there was a jury that was as openly exposed to prejudicial opinion, I have never heard of it.

### by Former Governor **HAROLD G. HOFFMAN** of New Jersey

## Presented without prejudice . . for liberals with common sense—Plain talk about strange things you may not know

MR. HOFFMAN last week gave special scrutiny to the record of the state's preliminary check-up on the persons from among whom the Flemington jury was to be selected; also to Millard Whited and his statements; to the identification of Hauptmann by Perrone, the taxi driver; to the "circus" atmosphere in the overcrowded Flemington courtroom; and to the state's large expenditures, as against the $2,950 that was all Hauptmann had, at the outset, for his defense.

## PART TWELVE—THE CASE OF MR. REILLY

IT was not the fault of the prosecution, of course, that Hauptmann had available for his defense at Flemington less than $3,000, but the lack of funds was so obviously a handicap in the preparation of the defense that it should be brought to the attention of all open-minded Americans who, wanting to know the truth about this case, may be at a loss to account for some of the inconceivably strange things that were done—and for some of the expected things that were left undone.

For handwriting "experts" alone the State of New Jersey paid over ten times the amount reported by Fisher as being available for the Hauptmann defense. After Hauptmann was brought to New Jersey, the state retained practically every well known handwriting expert in America, without regard to the cost. Eight handwriting experts testified and others were upon the state's pay roll, although they were not called upon to take the stand at Flemington.

In his summation, Wilentz, answering an implication of Reilly that a great amount of public money had been spent unnecessarily in order to "tie up" all the experts, said that he did not know what the cost would be. "I don't know," he said; "they have not charged us a cent yet; but whatever the expense is, the Attorney General stands responsible for it."

It is apparent that the handwriting experts took Wilentz at his word, for they submitted bills at the close of the trial in the aggregate of more than $50,000. When the fire of his summation had cooled, however, the Attorney General would not stand responsible for the excessive bills that were presented. Every bill was cut down.

But, even under this careful pruning process, the State of New Jersey spent over *$33,000 for handwriting experts alone.*

When the trial so often referred to as "the Trial of the Century" opened in the stuffy, crowded, disorderly little courtroom at Flemington, there were seated at the state's table David Wilentz, Attorney General of New Jersey; Assistant Attorneys General Richard Stockton, Robert Peacock, and Joseph Lanigan; Special Assistant Attorney General George K. Large; Prosecutor of the Pleas Anthony M. Hauck of Hunterdon County; and, not a member of the legal staff but a vital factor as far as the jury was concerned, the father of the murdered child, Colonel Lindbergh. That this should have been permitted was in itself a strange thing. Before the trial the New York Journal, one of the bitterest of the anti-Hauptmann press, called attention to the fact that Colonel Lindbergh had been at the state's counsel table during the trial of John Hughes Curtis, but "it was not assumed that any such unusual privilege would be granted to him during the Hauptmann trial." Yet Lindbergh was there, obviously to awe that Hunterdon County jury, and his presence was supplemented at times by the appearance at the table of his personal counsel, Colonel Breckinridge, and any one else whose sympathetic interest in Lindbergh's welfare might impress the members of the jury.

Opposing the state's imposing galaxy of legal talent were Chief Defense Counsel Edward Reilly, a Brooklyn lawyer whose lack of success in capital cases had won for him the sobriquet of "Death House Reilly"; Frederick Pope, a veteran member of the New Jersey bar, Egbert Rosecrans, and Lloyd Fisher. How Reilly, so obviously unsuited to appear in a case of this importance in such a county as Hunterdon, came to be retained as chief counsel may be a puzzle to many people, but the reason is clearly apparent—at least, to me. I have talked to citizens of Hunterdon County and with people familiar with the trial of criminal cases in rural areas, and they have expressed to me the thought that the participation of Reilly in the defense, the manner in which he conducted himself throughout the trial, did much to mitigate chances of a successful conclusion of the case from the standpoint of the defense.

In the Flemington courtroom during the Hauptmann trial: 1—Chief Defense Counsel Edward Reilly. 2—Egbert Rosecrans. 3—Colonel Lindbergh. 4—Attorney General David Wilentz. 5—Lloyd Fisher.

Hunterdon is a rural county. Its citizens are simply country folk, honest, sincere, not given to show, and they look with disdain upon those who lack the same qualities. Generally they are deeply—and sometimes intolerantly—religious. Reilly in morning clothes; Reilly with a gardenia in his buttonhole; Reilly with his fawn-colored spats; Reilly with his blatant broadcasts; Reilly with his flair for publicity; Reilly with his continuous habit of promising for the next day "something big" that never happened, was clearly offensive to the jury. This was so pronounced that Charles Walton, Jr., the foreman of the jury, in writing of his experiences for a New York newspaper, said, "From the start Reilly did all he could to show his contempt for us."

DURING the trial Reilly used stationery that bore the letterhead, "The Lindbergh-Hauptmann Trial, Flemington, N. J.," and his name as chief counsel; and as a final morbid artistic touch, there was printed down the side of the paper, in red, a picture of the kidnap ladder.

The jury, which under the laws of New Jersey must be sequestered in all capital cases, was maintained on the third floor of the little Union Hotel in Flemington. When the courtroom was not occupied the Union Hotel was the nerve center of the Hauptmann trial activity. The reporters gathered here each day after the trial. At night, from the second floor of this hotel, with its paper-shell partitions, could be heard the daily broadcasts of Boake Carter, bitter in their denunciation of the defendant. Newspaper boys pushed their way through the throngs on the street crying out, "Hauptmann to Burn, Says Noted Writer," "See Nothing but Conviction for German Carpenter," and kindred headlines.

In order to reach their quarters in the hotel, the members of the jury were forced to push their way through crowds of people. The jurors ate their meals in the public dining room of the Union Hotel, separated only from newspapermen, curiosity seekers, and others who often vociferously expressed their opinions on the case, by cloth screens which reached neither ceiling nor floor.

For exercise the jurors would walk the length of the second-story porch, where they could often witness the clowning antics of Reilly or hear him loudly discuss some fantastic phase of the case. If ever there was a jury, supposedly sequestered, that was as openly exposed to mob spirit and prejudicial opinion, I have never heard of it.

Now, how did Reilly come to be made chief defense counsel? Here is Hauptmann's statement: "In just what way Mr. Reilly became my chief counsel, I don't know. I do not remember ever having signed any agreement to that effect. I suffered more from the action of this man than any other man. Many times I requested of him that he come to see me, through my wife as well as through Mr. Fisher, to discuss the case. When he would come he would remain with me only from three to five minutes. Indeed, once when the trial was in progress he came to me under the influence of liquor, so it was difficult to talk with him. All that he said was, 'Don't worry; there is no jury in the world who can convict you.' Then he departed, singing."

James Fawcett, a Brooklyn lawyer, had first been engaged as defense counsel. It is my understanding, although I do not have the proof at hand, that Fawcett had been highly recommended to Mrs. Hauptmann by a friend who had been successfully represented by Mr. Fawcett in a civil action. Let's see what Mrs. Hauptmann has to say about engaging Reilly.

"We arranged," writes Mrs. Hauptmann, "that we were to go to Mr. Fawcett's office the next morning and then go to New Jersey to retain some lawyer agreeable to us to come into the case. The next morning Mr. Whitney and I started for Mr. Fawcett's office, and we were met by an acquaintance at the door of the building in which Mr. Fawcett's office is located. This gentleman said, 'Fawcett will take your husband to the electric chair. You had better get another lawyer at once; if you don't he will go to the electric chair.' This man recommended Reilly. I had never heard of him in my life but relied on this person's advice. We went to the office of Mr. Reilly. This friend went around the corner and called Mr. Reilly's office on the telephone and then took us up to Mr. Reilly's office."

Mrs. Hauptmann has since stated that this friend was a representative of a great New York City newspaper and, ironically, a newspaper that was violently anti-Hauptmann before, during, and after the trial. Mrs. Hauptmann herself was put under contract not to talk to any press representative other than those employed by the same newspaper, and she had as a companion during the entire period a woman writer engaged by this paper, Miss Jean Adams.

Mrs. Hauptmann says: "When this transfer of lawyers was made, Richard knew nothing about it." It seems apparent, therefore, that the employment of Reilly was brought about by a representative of a metropolitan newspaper that, upon the basis of its editorials and news columns, definitely felt that there was no doubt about the ultimate conviction of Hauptmann. In my presence at a press conference in the State House, and in the presence of a number of other press representatives, a newspaperman openly boasted that his paper had paid Reilly's retainer of $7,500 and that "over $50,000 had been offered for a confession from Hauptmann."

After Hauptmann's arrest Mrs. Hauptmann was continuously shadowed by the police, and the report of a New Jersey State Police officer who was "tailing" the wife of the defendant shows that upon a number of occasions her visits to Brooklyn were made in a car bearing license plates that were found to have been issued to Jack Clements, a representative of the Hearst newspapers.

I have talked with noted lawyers about the conduct of the defense during the Hauptmann trial. They have expressed utter amazement upon the actions of Reilly. His calling of witnesses unknown to Hauptmann, witnesses who had prior criminal records and witnesses who had fantastic stories that were apparently never checked before they went on the stand, seemed indefensible.

Then there were two outstanding blunders that the legal profession finds it impossible to reconcile with ordinary procedure of defense.

The most absurd question ever asked in a criminal trial was, in my opinion, one that was directed to Colonel Lindbergh by Reilly: "Colonel, I will ask you . . . and I assume that your answer will be that the defendant, you believe now, is guilty of the kidnaping; is that correct?"

Lindbergh of course, replied: "I do."

The effect of this answer, a personal opinion of the guilt of Hauptmann, to a question asked by the defendant's own counsel, undoubtedly weighed heavily upon the jury.

THEN there is the matter of the admission by counsel that the body found was the body of the Lindbergh baby. Without proving the identity of the body, the state could not have convicted Hauptmann of murder. And there was much upon which the defense could have leaned to dispute the identity of the baby's body. This admission by Reilly stunned his associates in the defense counsel. Lloyd Fisher angrily left the defense table, and threatened to withdraw from a case so obviously mishandled.

Why do I say that the defense could have questioned the identity of the baby's corpse? Upon the basis of facts that are in my possession, some of which have never been made public.

In the first place, it was never proved that the child was killed on the Lindbergh premises. No one knows to this day, with the exception of those who participated in the crime, whether the baby was smothered in its crib, whether its skull was crushed with the chisel or against the house or by a fall, as charged at various times by the prosecution, or whether it was killed in some other way. No one knows whether the child was killed in Hunterdon County, where the trial was held, or in Mercer County, where the body was found. Neither is there proof that the baby did not meet its death in some other place than either of these counties. There were plenty of fanciful hypotheses, but no *proof*.

There was a difference between the height of the child as reported by the State Police, and the length of the corpse as testified to by Dr. Charles H. Mitchell, Mercer County physician. The fliers issued by the State Police, giving the description of the missing Lindbergh baby, gave its height as 29 inches, while Dr. Mitchell's examination of the body showed that it was 33½ inches long. This difference, it was explained to me by Colonel Schwarzkopf, arose from the use, in the fliers, of information that had been supplied by Colonel Breckinridge, who through error had given dimensions that had been taken at an earlier examination of the baby.

Dr. Philip Van Ingen of New York, a well known baby specialist, had examined the Lindbergh child on February

dancing Tonight?

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**INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM**

18, 1932, about two weeks before the kidnaping. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Morrow, the grandmother, on May 4, 1932, Dr. Van Ingen wrote: "The two things I specially noted when I examined him were that his skin was unusually dry all over his body, and the fact that both *little toes were slightly turned in and overlapped the next toe.*"

It became generally known during the search for the child that there were overlapping toes. But this is what Dr. Mitchell's signed report of the examination of the body shows: "*The first toe of the right foot completely overlaps the large toe and the second toe of the right foot partially overlaps the large toe.*"

Now here are some excerpts from the testimony given by Dr. Mitchell at the trial of Gaston B. Means:

"The left leg from the knee down was missing and the left arm from the elbow down was missing. *The right foot was missing.*

"It had an unclosed fontanelle. In other words, to make it clear to you, it is what is commonly known as the soft spot on the top of a child's head after birth, *which usually closes within about the first year*, but in this case the fontanelle was still open. I made a measurement of the fontanelle, which was larger than normally should be present."

Now, remember that in the Hauptmann case the state maintained that the child had been instantly killed—as you read this further testimony of Dr. Mitchell's. And remember, too, that without *proving that the child had been killed in the commission of a burglary* Hauptmann could not have been convicted of murder:

"I would say that the youngster died within a very short time after its disappearance. It is rather difficult to state accurately the time, but basing my conclusions upon the degree of decomposition, I would say that the child died within *probably 48 hours*, at least, following the disappearance from its home."

In his autopsy report Dr. Mitchell stated, "The fontanelle was not closed, the opening of the skull at this point being about one inch in diameter."

Dr. Van Ingen, who, you will recall, made the examination of the child within two weeks prior to the crime, viewed the body at the morgue of County Coroner Walter H. Swayze, in Trenton, on May 15, and refused to identify the body as being that of the Lindbergh child. He states (and I have the letter, in Dr. Van Ingen's handwriting, in my possession): "*The condition of the body is such that positive identification by me is impossible.*"

There were no pathological or toxicological examinations made; the remains were immediately sent to a crematory. The father, who, with Betty Gow, the nurse, had identified the body in a brief examination that, according to eyewitnesses, did not last over three minutes, heard that photographs had been taken of the body. He immediately requested that the plates be destroyed; but there are many photographs of the remains in existence.

Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, head toxicologist of the City of New York and professor of chemistry at New York University, commenting upon the case, has said: "The authorities do not know today how the Lindbergh baby died. The medical testimony in the Hauptmann case was terrible, and it was only mob psychology that convicted Hauptmann."

Yes, Reilly's admission of the identity of the body was one of the many unfathomably strange things that were done in the Hauptmann case.

WITH the people of the world eagerly awaiting every word that could come from Flemington, it was to be expected that the press would play a great part in the trial and in the attendant confusion. One hundred and fifty wires, I am informed, were strung into the little country town that, for the moment, transcended in news importance Washington and all the capital cities of the world. Over half of the seats in the tiny courthouse were reserved for the press. There were at least five hundred press representatives in the Hunterdon County town. This included telegraphers and possibly one hundred and fifty photographers and newsreel men. Although under the rules of the court no photographs were to be taken during the actual sessions, a newsreel camera was concealed in the courtroom. Every one in the room, with the exception of Justice Trenchard, seemed to know that the pictures were being taken.

Nearly every "big name" in the newspaper and radio world was associated with the stories that came from the once obscure county seat. I believe that many of the boys and the "working girls" of the press "called the shots" as they saw them, but many were obliged to get the stories that were obviously wanted to support the anti-Hauptmann editorial policies of their papers.

Understand me, I am not condemning all of the newspapers, and certainly I could not in fairness condemn all of the newspaper representatives who were assigned to cover the case; but I do say that, on the whole, there was such a general mass of misinformation sent from Flemington and Trenton that an entirely incorrect picture was given to the people of the world. Some of the news commentators, without making an apparent effort to ascertain the facts, picked up and broadcast rumors that were unfounded and ridiculous.

There were others who, without injecting personal animus, reported faithfully the events of the day's news. I was always impressed by the fairness, for instance, of Gabriel Heatter. Of all the commentators Heatter was the only one, as far as I can recall, who made a personal attempt to contact me to find out if certain of the reported actions and intents of the Governor had any foundation in fact. He was not always in agreement with my policies or my actions, but he did make an attempt to verify, which is about all that any one could ask.

There were times when I felt that I was subjected to most unfair treatment by the press, or, at least, by several representatives of the press. When I was asked a question that, by reason of policy or in the maintenance of a confidence, I was not free to answer, I was frequently threatened with such statements as, "All right, Governor, then we'll have to blast hell out of you," or, "Well, we'll make up our own stories and put the responsibility on you."

And, believe me, a lot of the stories that emanated from Trenton during those hectic days were "made up" to meet the insatiable demands from the city desks for stuff that would besmirch any one who dared to question the sole guilt of the man who was awaiting the imposition of the death sentence.

I am not "griping" about the press as a whole. The "newspaper bug" got into my system when I was a youngster, and I love it.

But the standards of American journalism were horribly lowered during the Lindbergh-Hauptmann affair, and the standards of American justice, too, took an abrupt dip that followed the graph line of journalism on the chart of decency and fairness.

News writers, editorial writers, and radio commentators ascribed to me deeds of which I had never thought, words I had never spoken. I had neither the time nor the opportunity to deny many of these untruths. There were things I believed but which, as a member of the Court of Pardons, again to hear Hauptmann's application for commutation, I could not say. During this period I was, in many respects, "gagged" by the rules of the court; an incorrect picture of my position was being built up for the public.

When I did have the time and the inclination to deny some of these outlandish statements, the news of my denial would be invariably submerged in a newer, and milder, report of my "scandalous" actions.

There are today thousands of people in the world who *still* wonder why Colonel Lindbergh was permitted to block the questioning of members of his household and to assume police authority; why the police denied certain truths; why Dr. Condon so often changed his stories; whether the police line-up system of identification was fair in this case.

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*The parts played by Amandus Hochmuth and Charles Rossiter, witnesses against Hauptmann, will be frankly discussed by Mr. Hoffman next week. He will give information about the mysterious Isidor Fisch, who figured in Hauptmann's so-called "Fisch story" about the ransom money found in his possession.*

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 52

1—Adèle Astaire—now Lady Cavendish.
2—Moths.
3—The native beer of Japan.
4—James Hilton. John Steinbeck. Jack London.
5—State and federal gasoline taxes.
6—Colonel E. R. Bradley.
7—Colombia.
8—Alexander Graham Bell.
9—If and when you attended Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs; Miss Caselotti supplied the voice of Snow White.
10—Dates.
11—Theodore Roosevelt.
12—Mona Lisa—also known as La Gioconda and La Joconde.
13—Stone.
14—Nearest the curb.
15—Euclid.
16—The Presidency of the United States.
17—On Mount Sinai.
18—Albert D. Fall.
19—The Liberty Bell.
20— Simone Simon

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**COMBING BAR** to lift flat hairs and guide them into the cutters.

**HIGH-SPEED MOTOR** that runs on A.C. or D. C., 110-120 volts.

**LIGHT, COMPACT DESIGN** to fit your hand and prevent slipping.

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# Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Send Young First Offenders to Training Ships

ROXBURY, MASS.—The prevention of child delinquency and the upbuilding of our merchant marine are two subjects which today are commanding serious public consideration. Consequently, as a civic leader, your opinion of the following plan is earnestly solicited.

Instead of sending first-offender delinquents to a reform school or similar institution, why not afford them the privilege of joining a training ship and learning the rudiments of practical seamanship? This would eventually qualify them as good seamen for both the American merchant marine and the navy. Such training ships would afford the American youth a fair opportunity to compete with the European seamen, whose qualifications are now superior to those of the American youngster who desires a permanent seafaring life.

A training ship of this sort would provide the delinquent American boy with an entirely new environment, new prospects for his future, a genuine chance to develop his initiative, and an excellent opportunity for him to train himself in contrast to the regimented system that is in force today in most of our correctional institutions. In short, our delinquent youth can be made the good citizen of tomorrow, and at the same time be of service to the nation through the merchant marine, which at present is greatly in need of betterment.

This training-ship idea is not an original or impracticable theory of my own. It is a thoroughly tested method of youth training that has been in force in Europe for years. In fact, such training ships are of great consequence. The backbone of the British navy and merchant marine personnel is, for the most part, made up of such earlier trained youths. I venture that a survey would show that all naval and practically all British merchant marine ships coming to American ports have as part of their crews several men who were the products of training ships.

The opportunities for the service on the British training ships are not exclusively for delinquents. They are of a competitive nature and open to all. But delinquents, orphans, unwanted children, and such are given preference. One ship alone in the course of twenty-five years graduated 16,173 boys who immediately went to both nautical branches of the British service. Statistics show that, with the exception of a most insignificant percentage, they turned out to be good British subjects.

While discussing this matter with Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, Massachusetts Commissioner of Correction, he expressed the desire to see it put into operation here. Being familiar with the idea, he proposes to go into detail on the matter and endeavor to have it put into execution in our state. For the past several years I have urged the adoption of such a measure, but have realized that its inception requires the moral support of the nation's civic leaders.—*Eric M. Scott.*

### " DRUTHERS "

AUGUSTA, GA.—Maybe Beverly Hills is joshing, but if he really doesn't know what Elviry, in Swing Your Lady, means by " druthers " (March 5 Liberty), maybe he'll catch the idea when George Cohan says, " I'd ruther be right than President."

Or when a man says, " Which you ruther do or go a-fishing? " and the other feller says, " I'd ruther go a-fishing."

If I had my druthers, I'd ruther live in Georgia and know what druther means than to live in Beverly Hills and not know.—*Clara Matthewson.*

### NAMES JOYCE McALLISTER FOR GOLD MEDAL OF VALOR

CANTON, S. D.—Why nominate J. Edgar Hoover for the Gold Medal for Valor? In wartime decorations are given for outstanding deeds far and beyond the line of *duty.* Mr. Hoover has done a mighty fine job and every one gives him credit for that. But is he not hired and paid by our federal government for that which he has done and is doing?

What about Joyce McAllister, out in Reno, Nevada, for your Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship?

Was not her aid in the smashing of Reno's Narcotic Ring fearless, unselfish, seeking no reward?

I think her type of citizenship is outstanding if any one's is, and I'd like to see her awarded your medal.—*Horace E. Williams.*

### HOW ABOUT LIFE PLAN FOR TWENTY-DOLLAR-A-WEEKERS ?

HARTFORD, CONN.—We have read with tremendous interest the Plans for the Life of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by Upton Sinclair and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (February 26, March 5 Liberty).

A plan for any one whose income is as large as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's is easy.

We wish Sinclair and Vanderbilt, Jr., would outline a plan for the life of those who earn twenty dollars a week and have to like it!

We dare them to try it!—*Pearl Button and Tillie the Toiler.*

### REVIEWS TAX CONDITIONS IN OHIO

LANCASTER, OHIO—*Re* Lydia of Canton, Ohio (March 5 Vox Pop) regarding tax exemption in this state. Her case is typical of the tax conditions in the State of Ohio.

We have a sales tax which is supposed to be a 3-per-cent tax—but in reality it runs from 6 to 7 per cent. How is this? Every sale of between eight and forty cents is supposed to be one cent taxable. But hundreds of ten- and fifteen-cent sales are made, compared to forty-cent sales.

For every sale made, a token must be handed out to the purchaser. The merchant must go to the City Hall and buy these tokens before he can do business. If the merchant fails to hand out one of these tokens when a sale is made —who knows? the customer may be one of Governor Davey's men spying you out. When this happens, then there is a fine—and much publicity is made to frighten the other merchants into being good.

Listing just a few of our taxes besides the sales tax—we have vendors' license tax, retail cigarette dealers' license tax, restaurant license tax, gasoline gallonage tax, two-cent-per-package cigarette tax, hunting tax, fishing tax, real-estate tax, income tax, drivers' license tax, auto tax, etc.

Where does it end? Where will it end? —*Anonymous Dan.*

### IF YOU PUT ALL THE SHE'S TOGETHER

CURTIS BAY, MD.—I would like to get my two bits' worth into this foolish argument that G. A. S. has started (January 22 Vox Pop).

Referring to this person's letter, maybe the she of the species is a walking encyclopedia, but if you would put the " she's " all together you still wouldn't have an average-size pocket dictionary.

If they are going to take man's place in the world, I am ready to be relieved at any time.

My idea may be a little old-fashioned, yet I think that the majority of the women belong at home. What do you think, men?—*Goebel.*

### SWEET FLOWERS AND CACTUS LEAVES

KERMIT, TEX.—A bouquet of forget-me-nots to Hardtack, the finest All-American brain child ever born.

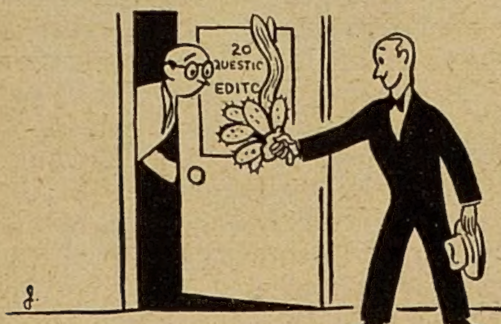
Violets to Emil Ludwig for his biography of Roosevelt, which gives us the human side of a man loved by all.

Bachelor's-buttons to Ted Shane (pardon if married). A wife would have as hard a time trying to read his mind as we do working his Crosswords.

Lilies of the valley to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., for giving us the "silver spoon" side of life in his novels.

Cactus leaves to the author of Twenty Questions. (It's like getting out of a bed of them to wade through his questions.)

And our best and biggest bouquet of American Beauty roses to him who is not afraid to talk—Bernarr Macfadden. *—A Liberty Fan.*



## LET'S BUILD THE NAVY ON A NEW PLAN

Galeton, Pa.—Yes, the United States needs a large navy, but do we need these mammoth battleships which are being contemplated?

I am going through the woods with a gun, and come face to face with a large bear which is angry and wants to chew me to pieces. A well aimed shot or two will dispatch the bear. But suppose on this same trip I happen to disturb a yellow jackets' nest, then what happens? Do I use the gun or do I scram for the best shelter when these countless pursuit planes go to work on me?

A few well aimed shots at one of these large battleships, and we lose millions of dollars that might build hundreds and hundreds of smaller, speedy, deadly ships and airplanes which would be harder for the enemy to dispose of.

Let's build a navy on a new plan of "In numbers there is strength."—*George Gazdick, Jr.*

## OILING UP THE DANCE

Viroqua, Wis. — Enclosed is a clipping from the local sheet with an ad for a dance which is self-explanatory. Shows how dances are kept running smoothly here. — *A. B. Plaenert.*

Farm Union Dance

The Farmers' Union Dance will be held at Yuba Opera House, Feb. 19, 1938. Prizes will be given as follows:

The party coming the longest distance, 2 gallons of cylinder oil.

The best waltzer receives 1 gallon anti-freeze.

The oldest couple dancing 5 lb. pail of regular alemite grease. Prizes will be given away at 11 P. M. Music by Yuba orchestra.

## GOOD STUFF GOES BEGGING

West Palm Beach, Fla.—Listen:

Edifice reverberates;
Collaborators grapple;
Seismograph disintegrates—
Big Apple!

Weary Willie
Consumed repast.
Bride's first—
Willie's last.

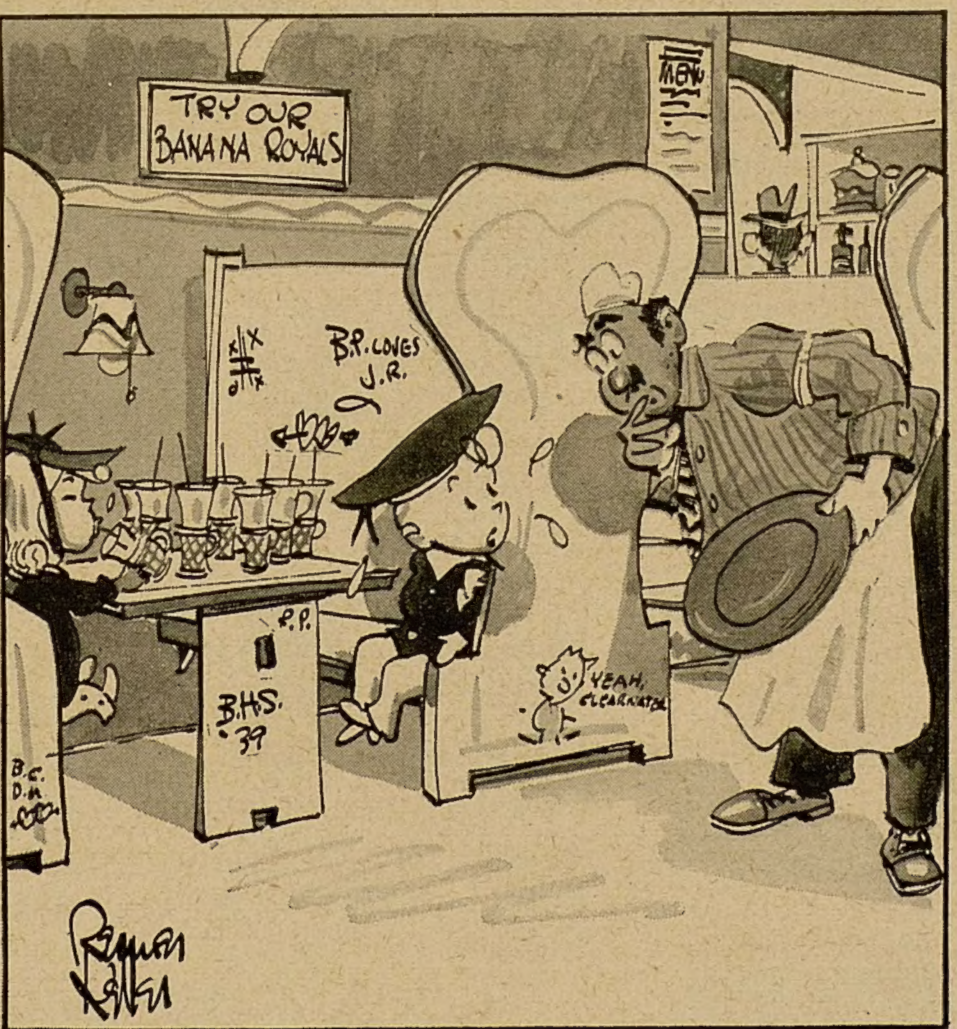
Heaving ocean;
Wallowing liner.
Captain's dinner;
One diner.

I submit that these three dinkies are as cleverly humorous as any to which you awarded prizes. After years of penniless Liberty contesting, this is my first squawk. Will you print this in your column, so that other contesteers can see how pretty good stuff goes begging?—*Robert H. Higgins.*

## GAME OF FIRST LADIES

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Game of Presidents was indeed interesting. What about a game of First Ladies of the Land? Liberty's readers ought to learn something of the Presidents' wives. Isn't this a good idea?—"*Misnomer.*"

## "HARDTACK"



"I only have fifteen cents—Buddy Smith lied to me about her capacity."

## MARRIAGE MAKES A CHAMPION?

Glendive, Mont.—I am afraid the article Why Married Men Become Champions, by Joe Louis (February 26 Liberty), is somewhat misleading. In so many words, our champion states marriage makes a champion.

Of the sixteen champions, from Sullivan down, but three were married when they won the title. On the other hand, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, and Schmeling lost the title shortly after they took for themselves a wife. Watch out, Mr. Louis—you're next.—*F. C. Hyde.*

## AMENDMENTS TO SECRETARY WALLACE'S AGRICULTURAL BILL

Chicago, Ill.—I suggest an amendment to Mr. Wallace's Agricultural Bill raising the freezing point in Florida and California from 32° to 42°. It doesn't require any experts on crop production or crop control to see how such a measure would benefit the fruit growers of those two states.

Nor have I overlooked the great open spaces. I suggest another amendment to the same bill limiting the speed of the wind over the Dust Bowl to twelve miles an hour, and to prohibit the precipitation of moisture in flood areas to an amount determined by the Agricultural Department as sufficient to meet the needs of agriculture.

Put these measures on the statute books, and I promise to find somebody or some group to blame if the corrective theories don't work. — *Carroll G. Taylor.*

## NO DEATH PENALTY IN MICHIGAN

Toledo, Ohio — As Charlie Chan would say, "Excuse please, but permit me to suggest that Honorable Editors as well as writer of article, Law on the Hip, which appeared in February 12 Liberty, would acquaint themselves with Criminal Code in Michigan, and thus find there is no death penalty imposed by court of law in that state."

We are sorry to see an error like this go uncorrected.—*Mrs. A. F. Justice.*

# Thirty-two Ways to Make a Million Dollars

MAYBE YOU DON'T wish to make a million dollars. . . . Many of us do not. . . . Especially nowadays. . . . But whether you do want a million or not, you are certainly going to be interested in an article we shall bring you next week which will tell you what are the things the world wants today so badly that it will shower fortune on the man or woman who will find the way to provide them. . . . The whole issue next week is full of interest. . . . For instance, baseball. . . . "PLAY BALL!" . . . The time is near at hand when the rookies are gathered together and shaken up and taken apart and the old-timers begin to warm up and the spring spraining season is under way. . . . The experts all say that from many points of view the baseball year of 1938 will be a crucial period for the whole game. . . . Behind the scenes in the big leagues large matters are being debated and strong decisions will have to be made. . . . Meanwhile the rebels of the smaller leagues are not idle. . . . There is a clash of opinions and of interests. . . . No prophet can tell what the new season holds for baseball, but an expert player can make an accurate estimate of what is likely to happen. . . . That is what Joe DiMaggio—and is *he* an expert?—will do in Liberty next week. . . . In a meaty article entitled 1938's Baseball Surprises, Joe, the swatter, dark-eyed and shy, becomes articulate and even eloquent on the one subject that he knows. . . . Start the new season right by having this exciting chat with Joe DiMaggio. . . . As the season comes on, you will know what to watch for, if you have these inside tips from Joe DiMaggio. . . . His article is one of a bright group of features in the table of contents next week. . . . THERE WILL BE A FEAST of good stories, including two moving and charming short yarns, Meet Me in Dreamland, by Edward Tyndall, and The Letter of the Law, by Leslie T. White. . . . Among the other important articles will be How Long Will We Have Religious Liberty? by George Sokolsky; What I Think of Clark Gable, by Robert Taylor; and many others . . . and, of course, large installments of all the serials. . . . HERE IS AN ITEM we are hepped up about. . . . In our issue of October 9, last, Frederick Lewis published an article, Spencer Tracy Conquers Himself. . . . Wrote Mr. Lewis: "If Spencer Tracy doesn't get the Academy award this year, the Academy is out with me." . . . Well, on March 11 Tracy was given the Academy's gold statuette as the best actor of 1937, for his characterization of a Portuguese sailor in Rudyard Kipling's Captains Courageous. . . . SOME GLEANINGS from the mail, after a hurried journey through the Mediterranean: Horatio Winslow, who won first award in our Short Short bonus offer, writes: "The award may have astounded a lot of people but none more than myself. I am reasonably stunned, but happy." . . . Ernest E. McMahon, secretary of Rutgers Alumni Association, sends a copy of their excellently edited monthly publication, with an article dealing with their courses on safety and police efficiency. . . . This undertaking is something Rutgers University can well feel proud of. . . . Katharine Haviland-Taylor, author of a beautiful little tale, Where the Heart Is, which we published recently, writes of her delight in the illustrations. . . . There is an orchid for the artist, George Brehm. . . . Of this story, incidentally, the Dispatch, York, Pennsylvania, wrote: "It should be read by every browbeaten parent." . . . And Helen Worden sends us the following editorial ribbing from the unusually sportive New York Times: "Mr. Roosevelt's first article in Liberty is supposed to take 22 minutes 5 seconds in the reading. The time allotment is a Liberty formula which appears at the head of all its reading matter, but it obviously has peculiar relevance for an article on the New Deal from so authoritative a source. The heart of the New Deal is the planned life as against the cutthroat competitive go-as-you-please life. And what could be more happily planned and regulated than a world in which everybody knows beforehand that a certain magazine article will take 22 minutes 5 seconds to read, no more, no less? . . . History has known some rugged individual readers. Lord Macaulay could probably do the Liberty article in three minutes flat. Rudyard Kipling covered print almost as fast, if we may trust the recollections of his social companions from Stalky & Co. This would be cutthroat, cannibalistic reading, and we are not surprised to find that Macaulay believed in laissez-faire and Kipling was an imperialist. A social-minded generation, curled up with a good book or magazine in an ever-normal world, will refuse to let the devil take the hindmost reader. It will rejoice in a fixed social schedule of 22 minutes 5 seconds. It will rejoice particularly in the 5 seconds."

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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## Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin was unavoidably omitted from this issue.

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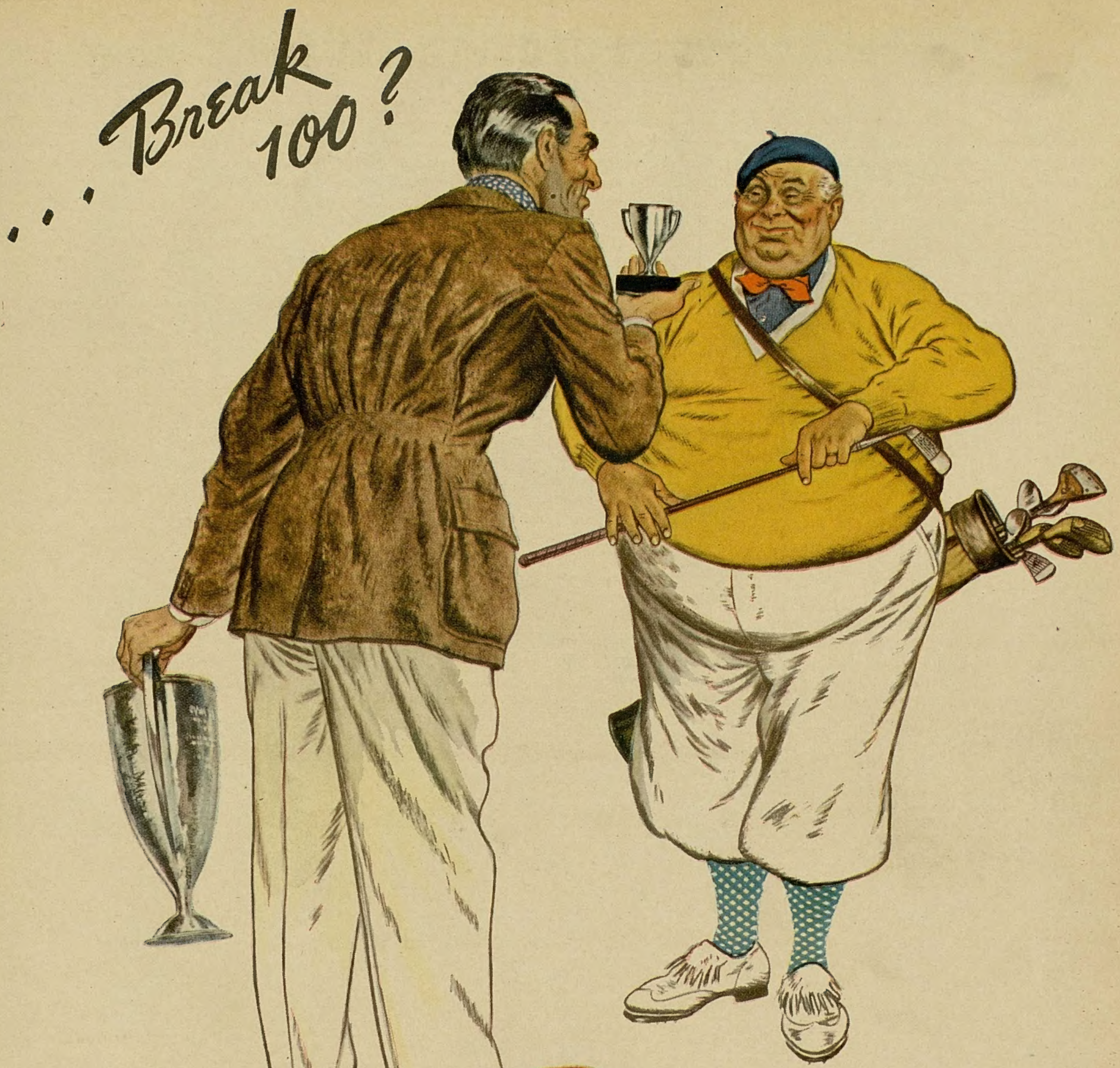

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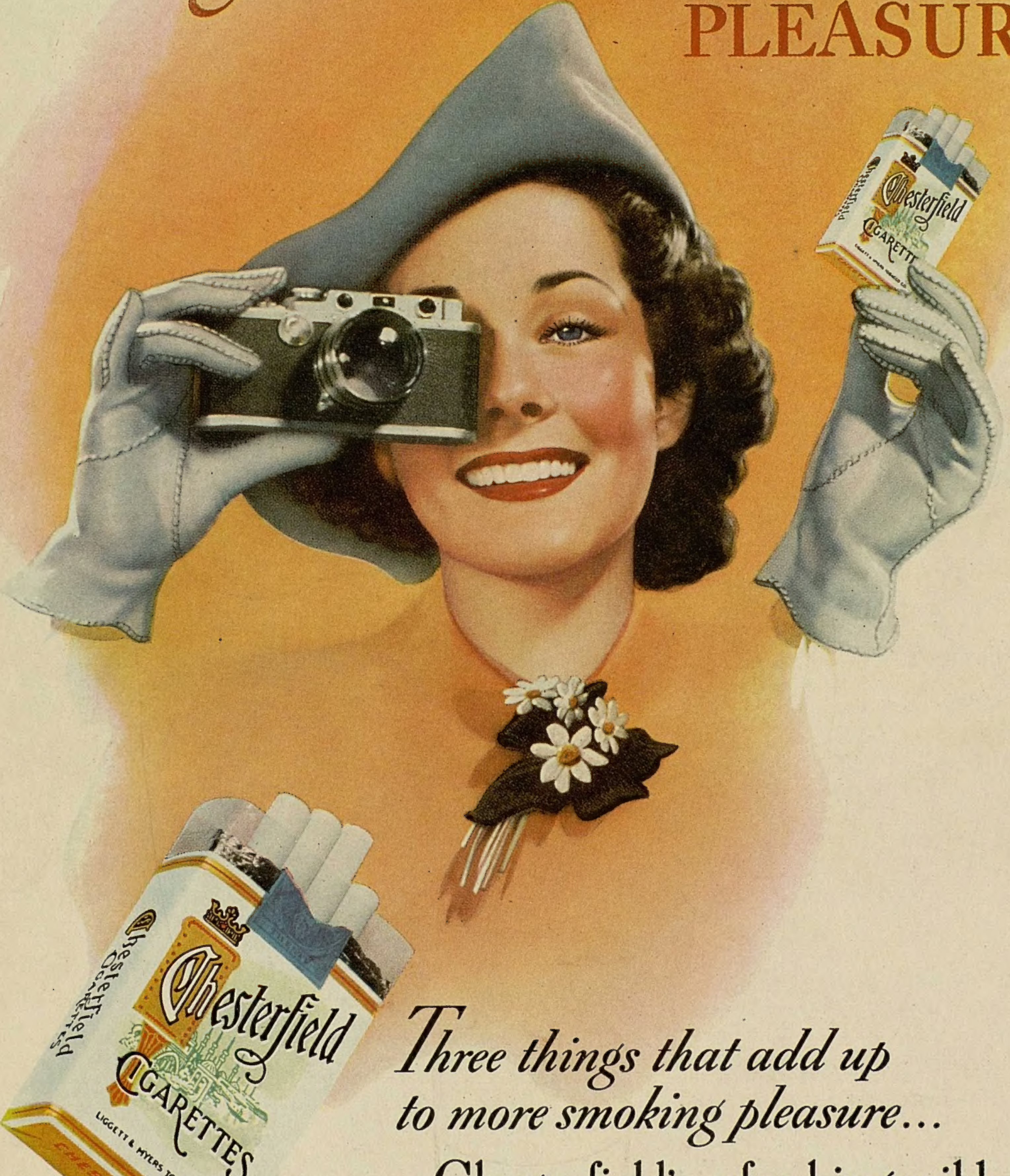
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